The Outlook

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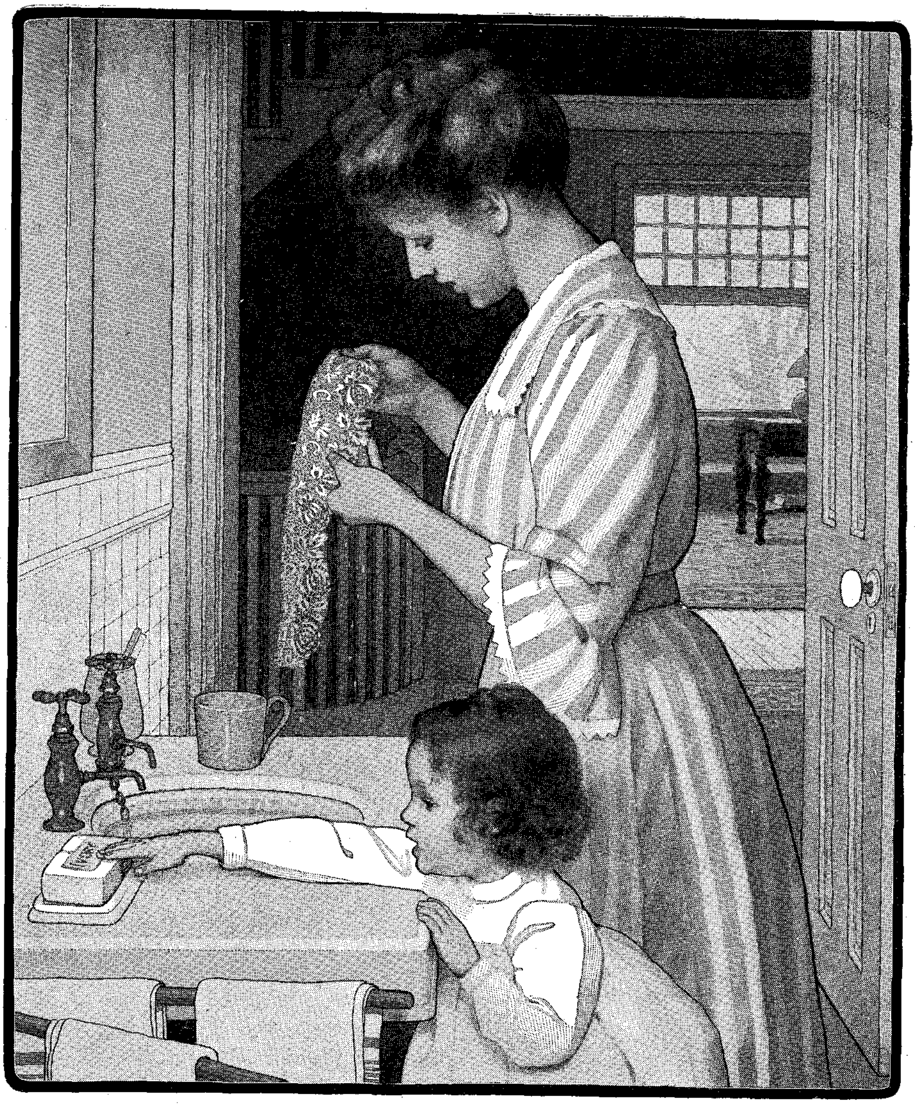

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The Outlook

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Russia Threatens China

Gladly taking advantage of the Boxer rebellion of three years ago as a pretext, Russia occupied the Chinese province of Manchuria, ostensibly to protect the workmen on her great railway, but after the close of hostilities signed a treaty agreeing to restore the province under certain conditions. Last week the Russian representative at Peking informed the Chinese Government that no further steps in the Russian evacuation of Manchuria would be taken until China had signed an agreement forthwith presented. This agreement is nothing more or less than a "hold-up." It demands (1) that there shall be no new treaty ports and no new foreign consulates in Manchuria—a special thrust at the United States Government, which, in the new Chino-American treaty just presented to the Imperial Government, asks for the establishment of treaty ports at the Manchurian towns of Mukden and Takushan; (2) that the customs revenues of Niuchang, the Manchurian treaty port, be paid into the Russo-Chinese Bank, and not into the Chinese Customs Bank; (3) that no portion of Manchuria be alienated to another Power than Russia; (4) that none but Russians be employed in a military or civil administrative capacity in Manchuria; (5) that the present status (Russian) of the administration of Manchuria remain unchanged—a clause apparently included in the preceding; (6) that Russia have the right to own the telegraph wires wherever there are Chinese telegraph wires in Manchuria, using the same poles; (7) that Russia control the Niuchang sanitary regulations. In view of the uncommonly drastic nature of these demands—those with regard to Niuchang of course violating treaties between China and the various Powers—it is not surprising that Japan, the nearest of the Powers, has ordered three war-ships to Niuchang, and that the Japanese press insists on immediate and vigorous action, not unreasonably confident of the support of the United States as well as of the British Government. While the Chinese Government is reported to be greatly disturbed, it is apparently powerless in the matter. Though Prince Ching, Chinese Foreign Minister, has refused the Russian terms, his refusal probably pleases Russia almost as well as his acceptance would have done, since either alternative means the relinquishment of Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria. As those acute observers, Messrs. Gerrare and Shoemaker, have shown in their just-published books on Manchuria, Russian occupancy of the great province is now practically complete. Even if Russia fulfills the exact terms of the treaty by which she agreed to relinquish Manchuria, the removal of her soldiers and officials from one part of the country only concentrates them in another part—that is, along the line of her great railway, bisecting the province and connecting the trans-Siberian road with Port Arthur. By the terms of the treaty, Russia has a right to protect this railway, and she chooses to believe that its protection demands the presence in Manchuria of about two hundred thousand men, mostly soldiers.

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The Dreyfus Letter

Last week a letter was published in the French papers, written by ex-Captain Alfred Dreyfus, under date of April 21, to General André, Minister of War. The communication is likely to have historical importance in the history of the Dreyfus drama. M. Dreyfus pleads that the court martial which sentenced him at Rennes was improperly influenced, (1) by the annotated document ascribed to the German Emperor, and (2) by the false testimony of certain witnesses, and, reinforced by new facts, begs that an inquiry be instituted as to the further fraudulent practices only now discovered. The letter has caused agitation in France, not only by reason of its appeal for a reopening of the case, but also because of the dramatic recapitulation of the "Five Years of My Life." "Picture to yourself," implores Dreyfus, "the horrors of a soldier whose whole life was devoted to duty, to work, to loyalty, and to profound devotion to his country; and who in an instant is stripped of his good name and despoiled of the honor of himself and his children. For five years this soldier is subjected to horrible sufferings . . . amid the tortures of a murderous climate. . . . He is absolutely innocent of all crime, and struggles in vain to penetrate the mystery. . . . At last he is brought back to France, the guilty one is discovered, and the soldier hears himself proclaimed innocent by some of those who before reviled him as a traitor. . . . But, alas! if I returned to find the devotion of friends who have battled for truth, it was to find also that deadly hatreds had been unloosed. . . . My second condemnation was but an aggravated reaffirmation of what occurred in 1894." These words are none too rhetorical. When Esterhazy was recognized as the author of the treason, the same men who had cheated justice in 1894 sought to cheat it again five years later, and by practically the same maneuvers; that they succeeded in their aim constitutes, as The Outlook said at the time, the infamy of army judicature in France. Fortunately, in the inquiry now ordered there is hope for Dreyfus and hope for the dignity of French institutions.

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The Little War in Somaliland

Since last autumn, when the startling check to British arms in Somaliland, East Africa, occurred, there has been little news from that region. During the winter and spring reconnaissances of dismounted troops have been ordered, the advance being a march in hollow-square formation. Orders were given that the square formation should be maintained even during the halts. From recent news, however, it would appear that the hollow square formation has not been of sufficient military power to overawe the natives. At all events, they overwhelmed a hollow square last week, annihilating nearly two hundred men and a large number of officers. The pleasant feelings aroused in England by the unexpectedly favorable terms of British taxation for the ensuing year were chilled by the receipt of this intelligence, which recalled the early days of the Boer War. General Manning, commanding the British forces in Somaliland, has, it is evident, a more difficult task than has been supposed. With a large force he immediately started for Gumburru, the scene of the casualty, forty miles from his own station at Galadi, and on Saturday an engagement was reported by which Colonel Cobbe was relieved; 2,000 of the enemy, it is said, were killed by the British forces. While there is no more doubt about the ultimate result in Somaliland than there was in South Africa, it would not be surprising if the hardy native chiefs under the so-called "Mad Mullah" were to give the British troops as long a resistance as did the whites in the south. The possession of Somaliland has, of course, a strategic value, in the development of Anglo-African trade, in the building of the great Cape-to-Cairo railway, and because it commands, with the colony of Aden on the Arabian shore, the entrance to the Red Sea.

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Unrest in Morocco

Last week's news from Morocco was certainly startling enough. It culminated in the announcement that Muley Mohammed, the Sultan's brother, had been proclaimed Emperor at Fez. Though this despatch is as yet unconfirmed, the news was not unexpected, since the Moroccan pretender, who is really only the leader of a rebellion, announced some time ago that he did not wish the throne for himself; he only wished the downfall of the present Sultan, on account of the latter's pro-foreign tendencies. Ever since Abdul Aziz began his reign, nine years ago, he has evinced a remarkable partiality for everything European—a tendency ascribed to the fact that his mother was a Circassian. As the pro-foreign tendencies of the Chinese Emperor are said to have been a principal cause of the Boxer Rebellion, so the pro-foreign tendencies of the Moroccan

Emperor became the chief cause of the recent insurrection in that country. The Emperor persisted in purchasing all kinds of goods from abroad, in introducing European methods of administration, and even in appearing in European dress. When the rebellion became really serious, he dismissed the Europeans in his entourage, but, as soon as he thought that he had crushed the insurrection, immediately resumed his bicycling, polo games, and foreign costumes, meanwhile recalling his European friends. Hence there was a second outbreak. This is more serious than the first, because it affects a larger region of country, extending even to the seacoast towns, the inhabitants of which are now so terrorized that in some cases they have asked for ships to be sent to take them away, on account of the large forces of mountaineers who are robbing them. Even such important places as Melilla and Tetuan have yielded to the demands of tribesmen, while Europeans traveling on the principal Moroccan highway—that between Tangier and Tetuan—have been robbed of animals and baggage. Mequinez, the headquarters of an American mission, and a town thirty-six miles from Fez, the capital, has been attacked and pillaged; it is believed that no Americans have resided in the place during recent weeks. At the capital itself discontent is increasing, owing to a great rise in prices, caused partly by the rebellion and partly by the drought. The superstitious think the drought due to the presence of the Christians at court, especially as rain has fallen at Marakesh, where there are no Christians. While these events are happening, the French Government looks calmly on, not ill pleased at a disintegration which makes a hoped-for reintegration more possible.

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Turkish "Reforms" As a rule, the unspeakable Turk deserves little sympathy; but last week all the world had to acknowledge that he was in a sorry plight. To begin with, the foreign ambassadors at Constantinople had audiences with the Sultan in which, while acknowledging the Porte's good intentions, they urged the imperative necessity of immediately checking the Albanian disorders. These disorders have taken on a more serious aspect since two of the new reform judges were shot by Albanians at Skutari. The other judges appointed under the reform scheme of the Powers now act in fear of their lives. The Albanians are also detaining the Sultan's reform commissioners as hostages, threatening that, if the native who shot the Russian Consul at Mitrovitsa, in North Albania, is executed for his crime, an awful revenge will fall on the Sultan and on the Christians who forced the death sentence. However, three trials by a Turkish court martial were required before this verdict was secured. In contrast with these facts, the Government's official statement of progress forms interesting reading. It asserts that the Courts of Appeal have been successfully reconstituted, half of the judges being Mohammedans and half Christians; but it declares that the Orthodox Bishops are dissuading Christians from accepting positions in the gendarmerie, alleging that they would be forced to become Muslims. The pay of the gendarmerie has therefore been increased by one-quarter, and the Government has assured the Christians in writing that their religion is in no danger. In Macedonia the institution of these reforms and the publication of these assurances do not seem to have made much impression. The Bulgaro-Macedonian brigand bands continue their programme of pillage, outrage, and murder, hoping thus to compel the Powers' intervention. At Opela, for instance, a sanguinary fight occurred last week, at which the revolutionists resorted to the use of dynamite, hurling bombs among the Turks, seventy of whom were killed or wounded. The next day, at Radovitz, a band of about five hundred insurgents, partly in Bulgarian uniform, was defeated by Turkish regulars. While Russia and Austria continue their apparently impassive attitude as regards measures other than diplomatic, a British battle-ship has sailed from Malta to Volos, on the Greek coast, close to the Albanian frontier. It is to be hoped that the British and Austrian Governments, recognizing their special responsibility for present conditions in the disturbed provinces, will now act in harmony with the Russian Government, instead of opposing any sensible plan of the last named, as they did twenty-five years ago. Wherever Slav Christians are in the great majority, as in Macedonia, they come more naturally within a Slav than a Teutonic sphere of influence. At all events, they must be redeemed from the terrible Turk.

❀

England's Peace Budget The English Chancellor, Mr. Ritchie, in presenting last week the first peace budget in four years, began with the remark that whereas his predecessors had been compelled to increase tax burdens, it was his privilege to reduce them, but he did not add—as a less optimistic mood would have required—that it was not his privilege to reduce them as much as his predecessors had increased them. The South African war, together with the short campaign in China, he reported, had cost nearly eleven hundred million dollars, of which less than a third had been paid out of current revenues, and less than a fifth could be recovered from the Transvaal and China. A full half of this vast sum, therefore, or $550,000,000, was added to the permanent debt of the country. The interest upon this new debt, however, forms the smaller part of the increase in the nation's expenditures. The increased army estimates Mr. Ritchie regarded with great concern, and hoped soon to effect reductions in this field, but the increase in the naval estimates he regarded as inevitable and unalterable unless Great Britain's neighbors called a halt in their armaments. If this were done, however, he added, "Great Britain is fully ready to follow suit." The Chancellor stated that there were hopeful indications of a movement for lessened armaments, but, unfortunately, Italy is the only Continental country where this movement is strong outside of the ranks of the Socialists. The net result of the increased expenditures is that the peace budget this year calls for appropriations aggregating $719,000,000, as against $515,000,000 six years ago. Heavy as the war taxes had become, it was only possible for the Chancellor to propose a reduction of $50,000,000 a year because of the return of peace. Forty millions of this sum the Ministry would grant to the income-tax payers, reducing their tax from six per cent. to four and a half, and the remainder would be granted to the whole body of consumers by repealing the new tax on imported grain. Sir William Harcourt, the last Liberal Chancellor, spoke for his party in condemning the Ministry for relieving the well-to-do classes more than the wage-earners. In Mr. Gladstone's time it became the custom to divide reductions in taxation, so that indirect taxes burdening the poor should be as much reduced as direct taxes burdening the property-owners. By the new budget the latter class get four times as much relief as the former. But the Liberal protest against this feature of the budget did not compare in warmth with the rejoicing over the repeal of the tax on grain, which a year ago seemed to threaten a return to the old system of taxing the bread of the wage-earners to "protect" the rents of the landlords. The abandonment of this grain tax also indicates flagging faith in the possibility of an imperial customs union, by which Great Britain and her colonies might grant each other preferential duties against the rest of the world.

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The Merger Decree Relaxed To the surprise of the stock market, Judge Sanborn, of the United States Circuit Court—one of the four judges who had united in the decree against the Northern Securities Company—last week modified the injunction so as to permit the Company to pay to its shareholders the regular May dividend. At the hearing before Judge Sanborn the representative of the Attorney-General opposed the modification, taking the position that it involved permitting the company to continue to violate the law. Judge Sanborn, however, held that the major portions of the injunction forbade the Northern Securities Company from controlling the operation of the two competing railroad systems it had purchased in order to unite, and from voting their stock, and maintained that it was a matter of minor importance whether the company paid the dividends earned by these roads pending the decision upon its appeal to the higher courts. These dividends, he pointed out, would in the end go to the same parties, whether paid by the Northern Securities Company or by the railroad companies merged into it, and it would be a relief to the stockholders to get their dividends now. The Supreme Court, he argued, had provided a rule by which judges granting injunctions might suspend them pending appeal, if the suspension would not affect injuriously the party securing the injunction. In this case the United States had secured the injunction, and he believed its interests were not affected injuriously by the modification granted. So far as financial interests go this is doubtless the case, but there is a public injury if the public in the slightest degree loses its confidence that its laws are enforced with the same rigor against the strongest corporations and the weakest individuals.

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Disastrous Effect of Rate Changes

Week before last the people of the middle Northwest were astounded to learn that practically all the flour-mills in Minnesota and the Dakotas engaged in making flour for more than a local trade had closed. The great mills of Minneapolis, with a daily capacity of 75,000 barrels, and an average daily production of approximately 50,000, consuming over a million bushels of wheat a week, stopped their machinery, or continued to run only long enough to meet contracts. The mill-owners announced that they had shut up their mills because the discrimination against flour and in favor of wheat by the transportation companies had reached such a point that they were losing money. The immediate effect of the closing of the mills was to put the price of flour up from ten to twenty cents a barrel, and to throw out of work 2,500 men in Minneapolis and 2,000 at other milling towns. The millers announced that their mills would not turn a wheel until the transportation companies granted them fair rates. The rate on flour is nearly three times the rate upon wheat. The difference is so great that the Minneapolis mills, with all the economies of water-power and immense capacity, are not able successfully to sell flour in competition with the smaller Eastern mills in supplying the Eastern or export trade, or with the mills of Europe, though the latter use American wheat. The transportation companies assert that wheat can be transported much more cheaply than flour. The millers admit that it can be moved somewhat more cheaply, but insist that the present difference has passed the bounds of reason. They also insist that the real interests of the railroads, which control the lake lines, is in making it possible for more and more wheat to be ground into flour in the Northwest, as the industry contributes directly and indirectly much more revenue to the railways than the mere hauling of raw wheat. The Minneapolis flour-mills, by far the largest in the world, were built up to their present eminence on a flour rate of 7.5 cents to Chicago per hundred pounds, and 18 cents to New York; to-day the rates are 10 and 25.5 cents, respectively. Fortunately, the manufacturers injured by this advance were able to make their protests heard both in railroad and legislative circles, and last week they received assurances of redress, which led them to reopen their mills.

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The New Stock Exchange in New York City

Last week the new building of the New York City Stock Exchange was formally opened, and the opening marks another period in its history. It was formed in 1792, and its first meetings were held under the historic buttonwood-tree in front of the old Tontine Coffee-House in Wall Street. The Exchange has well lived up to the very first article of its constitution: "To maintain high standards of commercial honor among our members, and to promote and inculcate just and equitable principles of trade and business." The importance of the Exchange was well illustrated by Mayor Low in his speech at the dedicatory exercises. After referring to the projected expenditure of many millions of dollars by the Pennsylvania and New York Central Railways in construction work in New York City, the Mayor asked: "How could these things be done for our city if such institutions as this did not exist to make a market for the securities of these companies, and to enable the companies to secure from the banks the necessary facilities to obtain funds? This is a home illustration, but it is equally significant for the whole country. Before the end of this century it will be equally significant for the whole world." The Mayor was equally apt in referring to the new structure itself: "I think it no accident that, in building your new home, you have made it beautiful. To me it signifies the idealism that characterizes the conduct of great business affairs. It is said that trade is sordid; but I think it is true that the man who is to succeed in it on a great scale must be gifted with the imagination of the poet." The building is indeed beautiful, as any building is likely to be which has for its architect Mr. George B. Post, and for the sculptor of its ornamentation Mr. J. Q. A. Ward. The new Exchange is in the form of a Grecian temple, constructed of Georgia marble, the severity and harmony of outline in grateful contrast with certain Philistine, complicated, and over-elaborated sky-scrapers in the vicinity. The demolition of the old Stock Exchange was begun just two years ago, and occupied a long time, because, first, the walls had been laid in cement and had to be blasted; secondly, the site was now surrounded by new and immensely tall buildings; and, thirdly, while the walls were being reduced, the safe-deposit vaults, which were in the center of the old building, about twelve feet below the street level, presented a delicate problem. Inasmuch as the floor of the cellar of the new building was to be thirty feet below the floor of the old vault, the slightest settling by a fraction of an inch in the mass of masonry and iron would have caused the doors to bind, and would have prevented access to the many safe-deposit boxes containing the securities of bankers and brokers who must have them for daily use. To show the excellence of modern methods, we may add that not once did such a state of things occur.

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An Act in Favor of Disease

One of the Acts passed by the New York Legislature, just adjourned, is so obstructive to the public health of New York City and of the State that we sincerely hope the Governor will withhold his approval. The history of the act is this. Dr. Ernst Lederle, Health Commissioner of the City of New York, planned an outdoor charitable hospital, or camp, for consumptives, to be located in the pretty village of Central Valley, in Orange County, this State. The plan—although to some extent experimental—conformed with the very successful work which the Health Board and the Department of Charities have accomplished in this city in fighting the scourge of tuberculosis. It has been very definitely proved by practical experience that tubercular patients and invalids, when living under hygienic conditions and control, are not a danger to the community in which they live. This is indicated by the community at Saranac Lake in the Adirondack Mountains, in which is situated the widely known sanitarium established by Dr. E. L. Trudeau. But some of the wealthy property-owners in the neighborhood of Central Valley, with what seems to us to be a very unreasonable if not an inhumane fear, brought such pressure to bear upon the State Legislature that Assemblyman Bedell introduced an act prohibiting any individual, association, corporation, or municipality from establishing a "hospital, camp, or other establishment" for the treatment of consumptives "unless the Board of Supervisors of the county and the Town Board of the town shall each adopt a resolution authorizing the establishment thereof and describing the limits of the locality in which the same may be established." No doubt all hospitals should be established and conducted under proper regulation. As a matter of fact, all hospitals, either in cities or in the country, are now subject to the regulation of the local and the State Boards of Health. The Bedell act, however, makes it exceedingly difficult if not impossible for tuberculosis hospitals, either private or public, to be built in the State of New York. For it is very unlikely that such an unwieldy body as would be composed of the county Board of Supervisors and the town Boards could agree on anything, whether it be a school, a hospital, or a village band-stand. It appears to those who are most interested in fighting the dreaded disease of tuberculosis that the act was framed for the very purpose of preventing the establishment by New York City of hospitals for consumptives in the country. Tuberculosis is one of the most terrible of diseases in its ravages. About sixteen thousand individuals die annually in the State of New York from it, and yet it is difficult to get the public to support the work of those faithful men and women who are doing what they can to cure the disease and alleviate the suffering arising from it. That it can be cured, prevented, and controlled is clearly proved by medical statistics. In the city of New York, under modern methods of treatment, the deaths from tuberculosis have been very greatly reduced in number. One such modern method of treatment is the maintenance of patients in outdoor camps or hospitals. It seems to us unfortunate that intelligent men with influence and money should use their power to combat those who are fighting tuberculosis, in not only a humane and public-spirited way, but with scientific, hygienic, and successful methods.

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National Municipal League Convention

The annual meetings of the National Municipal League serve to mark the progress of this country toward higher standards of municipal conduct and efficiency. The Detroit meeting (April 22 to 24) was no exception to the rule. The Secretary's annual report and the special reports from New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, and other cities, both large and small, were all hopeful in a marked degree. Perhaps the most striking paper was that of James L. Blair on the "St. Louis Disclosures," in which he completely and satisfactorily dispelled the recently prevalent idea that, notwithstanding all the splendid and significant work of Attorney Folk in convicting the rascals, the same old crowd was still in control. Of the six Councilmen elected at the recent election, five were men of the very highest business and social rank; the sixth, though not ranking so high, was yet much above the average partisan nomination. Likewise the twenty-eight nominations on both sides for the House of Assembly were above the average performances in the past. Mr. Blair also refuted the current impression of a misunderstanding between Mayor Wells and Mr. Folk, and that all the candidates indorsed by the latter were defeated. He showed how Mayor Wells has personally raised $15,000 to enable Mr. Folk to pursue his prosecutions, and that the latter did not indorse any candidate, announcing that he would take no active part in any campaign because he thought it improper to do so in view of the peculiar nature of his office. The subject of instruction in municipal government in educational institutions was treated of in several brilliant papers, and a committee, with Superintendent William H. Maxwell, of New York, as Chairman, was authorized to take up the work of extending the League's activities along these lines to the secondary and elementary schools. The need for such instruction was most clearly set forth. The idea of a closer federation of the National bodies interested in the various phases of the municipal problem was considered by J. Horace McFarland and representatives of the other bodies interested, and the idea of a civic alliance to promote this idea was heartily indorsed. The League's practical work in the direction of uniform municipal accounting was given deserved prominence. Although the committee has been but two years at work, its schedules have already been adopted in the Ohio cities and Boston, Baltimore, Providence, Detroit, not to mention a number of smaller communities like West Newton and Brookline, Mass. Charles J. Bonaparte was elected President in place of James C. Carter, who was made Honorary President, and Horace E. Deming, of New York, was made Chairman of the Executive Committee.

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The Boston "New Voters' Festival"

A "New Voters' Festival" was held in Boston on Sunday, April 19, "Patriots' Day," the anniversary of the battle of Lexington. The service—for it was religious as well as patriotic in character—was held in Faneuil Hall, unconventionally and artistically decorated for the occasion. The "Boston Equal Suffrage Association for Good Government" had invited a large number of young men, those who had just reached, or were about to reach, voting age, to assemble and hear addresses on the duty of the citizen. The addresses were made by the Mayor, the Lieutenant-Governor, a member of Congress, two clergymen, and a Jewish rabbi. It is worth incidentally mentioning that the subject most frequently reverted to in these addresses was the value of immigrants as citizens, and that two of the speakers were foreign-born. On the programmes distributed there were printed suggestions as to proper "study of the affairs of the city, State, and country." Information was given concerning clubs and societies that would direct the aim of young citizens to unselfish and patriotic service of the community and the Nation; concerning prizes offered by the Equal Suffrage Association for essays on the city's government; and, finally, concerning the names and Public Library numbers of useful books for new voters to read. The celebration, it is expected, will hereafter be annual. The fact that this meeting was devised and carried out by women who are organized to promote the cause of woman suffrage afforded an example of that spirit, too rare among reformers, which is willing to use other than favorite instruments for attaining the supreme end of all civic reform—the righteousness of the State. This meeting may suggest to other municipalities the adoption of some custom by which new voters can be welcomed and advised.

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The Southern Educational Conference

The sixth session of the Southern Educational Conference, held in Richmond on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and at the University of Virginia on Saturday of last week, brought together a large number of men distinguished in educational and literary work, North and South; and the exercises, held in the Richmond Opera-House, were attended by crowded and responsive audiences. Never before in the history of this great movement has so much popular interest been manifested, and it is doubtful if any previous meetings have been more stimulating. Mr. Robert C. Ogden's opening address struck the keynote of fraternal co-operation and broad educational advance. Governor Montague's welcome was more than cordial; it was a forceful statement of the enlightened policy which has won for him, as for Governor Aycock, the significant title of "Educational Governor." The reports from the field by such educational leaders as Dr. Frissell, of Hampton Institute, Dr. Alderman, of Tulane University, Dr. McIver, of the State Normal College at Greensboro, N. C., President Dabney, of the University of Tennessee, registered the rapidity of the forward movement and gave a vivid impression of obstacles overcome and a tide of public opinion rapidly rising in all parts of the South. The programmes were devoted chiefly to practical subjects, such as local taxation for educational purposes, consolidation of schools in rural districts, transportation of pupils, technical education, model schools; and the addresses were strikingly progressive, hopeful, enthusiastic; it was significant that reactionary notes, whenever struck, were heard in silence. Mr. St. Clair McKelway spoke frankly and fervently of the common work and feeling of the North and South, and at the closing session Dr. Lyman Abbott interpreted the Conference as one of the most impressive evidences of the reunited Nation. The hospitality of Richmond was without bounds; and nothing was left undone of graceful and cordial courtesy and thoughtfulness.

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Mr. Carnegie's Gift to Tuskegee

During this Conference a letter was made public, written by Mr. Andrew Carnegie to Mr. William H. Baldwin, Jr., one of the members of the Endowment Fund Committee of Tuskegee Institute, and a trustee of the Institute. In this letter Mr. Carnegie gives the sum of $600,000 to the Institute, with absolutely no restriction except the one requirement that suitable provision be made for Principal Booker Washington and his family. It is known that Mr. Washington has unreservedly given his life to his work and has never had time to think of the ordinary and quite proper efforts of professional men to accumulate provision for the future. Mr. Carnegie well says: "I am satisfied that the serious race problem of the South is to be solved wisely only through Mr. Washington's policy of education—which he seems to have been specially born, a slave among slaves, to establish and in his own day greatly to advance." It was pointed out at the recent Madison Square Garden meeting in New York City that one great need of Tuskegee was that Mr. Washington should be able to give more of his attention directly to the management of the Institute, and that the only possibility of this lay in completing the proposed endowment fund. Already about $400,000 have been raised for that purpose, and Mr. Carnegie's generous gift will complete the first million dollars; another million will be required to put the endowment on a thoroughly satisfactory basis. Although the 1,400 students pay their own board, usually in labor, and buy their own books, the expenses are necessarily very heavy, and the opportunities are practically boundless. It was particularly pleasing that the announcement of Mr. Carnegie's gift should have been made during the sessions of the Southern Educational Conference, in which men of both sections of the country were earnestly trying to systematize and perfect plans for the increase of educational facilities for both races throughout the South.

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The New President of the City College, New York

Professor John Huston Finley, of Princeton, who was chosen last week to be President of the College of the City of New York, has had an unusual career as an educator. After graduation from Knox College, while a student in Johns Hopkins University, he began to contribute by his writings to the discussion of sociological topics. He then became Secretary of the State Charities Aid Association of New York. When he was only twenty-nine he became President of Knox College, Illinois. From there almost directly he went to Princeton University, where he has since occupied the chair of politics. While at Princeton he adopted unconventional and effective methods for acquainting his students with the political methods of different countries, by organizing them into legislative bodies. Dr. Finley has also done considerable literary and editorial work. He will be expected to achieve lasting changes for good in the institution of which he is now the President-elect. The College of the City of New York is a free college—a part of the public-school system. It is one of the three or four colleges in the United States that are under city control. The oldest of these is the picturesque College of Charleston, S. C., which dates from the eighteenth century. The College of the City of New York is, on the other hand, we believe, actually the youngest, having been founded as a high school in 1847 and having been made a college as late as 1866. But its value to the city has been very great; it has done much to democratize higher education, and, like the system of which it is a part, has aimed to make the instruction which it has furnished practical rather than merely academic. Next fall the corner-stone of the first new building on its new site, on the heights uptown, will be laid, and at the same time the new President will be installed.

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The Work of the Methodist Episcopal Church

Two measures of far-reaching importance are now before the Methodist Episcopal Church for consideration. The first has to do with the unification of the publishing interests, and involves a number of radical changes. At the present time the publishing department of the Methodist Episcopal Church is conducted by the Methodist Book Concern and the Western Methodist Book Concern—the former located at New York and the latter at Cincinnati—and there are depositories in various cities. The Book Committee at its recent session in this city drew up a paper, which is to be presented to the next General Conference, in which it recommends that there be one publishing house, called the Methodist Book Concern, and that all the publishing interests of the Church be conducted by that establishment. The plan is to consolidate the manufacturing plants now existing at New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, and locate the new plant in a place contiguous to some large distributing point. The impression is that this new location will be in a small town in the region of Chicago. The conduct of the publishing interests is to be under the direction of a Publishing Agent elected by the General Conference, instead of four Publishing Agents as at present. The plan also calls for sub-agents at New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago; and there are various other details which give the entire measure an exceedingly radical aspect. It is claimed that in these days of the consolidation of business interests the Methodist Episcopal Church should fall in line and develop its resources to its greater financial benefit. The advocates of unification claim that over one hundred thousand dollars a year will be saved by their plan, and that in a short time the annual dividends appropriated to the superannuated ministers of the Church, which are a part of the earnings of the Book Concern, will be greatly increased.

The second proposition comes from a Commission, appointed in accordance with the action of the last General Conference, which has had under consideration for the last two years a plan for the consolidation of the benevolent societies of the Church. At present there are six such organizations—the Missionary Society, the Board of Education, the Board of Church Extension, the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, the Sunday-School Union, and the Tract Society. The headquarters of four of these organizations are in New York; the Church Extension office is located at Philadelphia; and the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society has its headquarters at Cincinnati. The plan proposed divides and combines these societies into three new organizations: a Board of Foreign Missions, with headquarters at New York; a Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, with headquarters at Philadelphia; and a Board of Education, with headquarters at Cincinnati; this latter board to be composed of the present Board of Education, the Sunday-School Union, the Tract Society, and the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society. This plan is quite as radical as the proposition for the unification of the publishing interests of the Church, and together they are sure to produce a considerable amount of debate. It is impossible to forecast the action of the General Conference, but it is quite likely that both of these measures will be adopted, with modifications.

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A Union Service in Holy Week The opportunity which Holy Week affords for union services of churches of different denominations was exemplified in the borough of Kittanning, Pa., this spring. The rector of the Episcopal church there, the Rev. F. C. Hartshorne, who directed such a service, writes us that it "was rendered possible by the cordial co-operation of the ministers of the various churches, and, owing to their influence, the chorus was composed of singers belonging to many different churches." The service was held in an Opera-House. It had been widely advertised. The place was crowded with a heterogeneous audience, including many children. The narrative of the week was read in the words of the New Testament until the event of the crucifixion was reached; then Stainer's "Crucifixion" was sung; then the narrative was resumed through the events of Easter Day. The whole was illustrated with stereopticon pictures. Upon the audience, which was composed only in part of usual churchgoers, this made a strong impression. The people were quiet and reverential throughout the entire service. Mr. Hartshorne estimates that from one-half to one-third of the population of the town, excepting the aged, the sick, the incapacitated, and infants, were present; and he comments: "It proves that, whether church attendance falls off or not, the power of Christ to draw is as great as ever; and the problem is to find ways in which to lift him up. . . . It was noticeable at the time, and from comments heard afterwards, that the more refined and artistic the picture, the greater the impression it made." He mentions the religious atmosphere that prevailed in spite of the unconventional character of the service and the place in which it was held, and adds that it certainly "was something to have brought the facts of the Passion, Crucifixion, and Resurrection to the attention of twelve hundred people." If there is any time above another when denominational differences ought to disappear, it should be in the celebration of these events, and it is for that reason that this service seems to us worthy, not only of notice, but also, in its spirit at least, of imitation.

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Tennessee Almost Saloon-Free In the Southern States the anti-saloon movement continues to make steady advances, and to-day very much the larger part of the territory south of Mason and Dixon's line is free from saloons in which liquor can be bought to be drunk on the premises. A fortnight ago we published an account of the recent advances in North Carolina. This week a correspondent in Tennessee sends us an account of the advances that have been made there. Anti-saloon legislation in Tennessee began, he says, in 1873, when Major Fairbanks, then associated with the University of the South at

Sewanee, secured the election of a legislator pledged to propose a law forbidding the sale of liquor within four miles of the University. The bill for that year was defeated, but it was reintroduced two years later and passed. In 1877 the law was broadened so as to forbid any sale in the rural districts within four miles of any incorporated institution of learning. A little later the act was still further broadened so as to forbid sales within four miles of any school. This act practically forbade the sale of liquor outside of incorporated or chartered towns. So popular, says our correspondent, was the prohibition that "some towns having charters surrendered them and did without town government in order to come within the provision of the law." It was the existence of this law that kept the State from adopting the prohibitory amendment submitted in 1884. The people believed that they had in the four-mile law practically all the prohibition that could then be enforced. Two years ago, however, agitation against the liquor traffic was renewed with great vigor, and a bill was passed in the Legislature extending the four-mile law to all towns of less than two thousand people which should hereafter become incorporated. Soon after the passage of this act "nearly all the towns in the State in this class surrendered their old charters and became incorporated anew in order to come within the provision of the law." Last year the Anti-Saloon League, which had secured this broadening of the law, entered upon a new agitation and secured the extension of the four-mile law to all towns of less than five thousand people which should hereafter become incorporated. This act, says our correspondent, was passed early in the recent session, and the "greater number of towns affected began at once to take steps toward getting rid of their old charters." At the present time there are only eight cities in the State in which liquor may be sold to be drunk on the premises. Tennessee thus has achieved the enviable position of suppressing the saloons, wherever their suppression is made practicable, by the honest sentiment of the people, without enacting a State prohibitory law to be nullified by perjured officials or genuine public opinion in the larger cities.

Public Ownership Conflicts

The exciting scenes of last week in the Legislatures of New York and Illinois all turned upon the public ownership of city franchises. In New York the advocates of the city's rights in this field met with a succession of defeats—but they were in the main defeats by narrow majorities for bills which could not have commanded a handful of supporters six years ago. The most important measure, perhaps, was the bill introduced by Mr. Robert Grier Monroe, the Fusion Commissioner of Public Lighting in New York City, authorizing the city government to construct its own electric plant for the lighting of city streets. Mr. Monroe's report in favor of this proposal, showing the absence of competition among the private lighting companies and the extortionate charges paid by New York City—especially when compared with cities having their own street lighting plants—is one of the most convincing arguments for public ownership that has yet been submitted. Commissioner Monroe's report, and the indorsement of it by the Merchants' Association of New York City, give the cause of municipal lighting a prestige it has not before enjoyed in the Nation's financial center. The other important bill defeated was that authorizing the city of New York to construct rapid transit subways independent of those already under way, and lease them to operating companies for not more than twenty years. This measure, known as the Elsberg bill, was drafted by the Citizens' Union, and indicated the advanced attitude of that great organization in favor of the immediate public ownership of municipal monopolies and more rigid public control of the operating companies. The one defeat for public ownership which left the public poorer was the passage of a bill reviving charters of a great suburban trolley company which had lapsed because of non-usage. The possession of these charters had for years enabled the company to keep competitors from constructing lines on the streets covered, although the company itself did not render the service delegated to it. The final lapsing of the charters should have restored to the municipalities concerned the right to re-lease them to any company on the best terms obtainable. The act of the Legislature in restoring them to the old company, without price or conditions, was a flagrant betrayal of public rights. Fortunately, even here the opposition that the bill aroused bespeaks the great public awakening that has taken place in this matter. The metropolitan press condemns the "grab" bill, and Governor Odell may yet veto it.

In Illinois the conflict upon the same subject has been even more violent, and the evidence of the great public awakening still more striking. After the municipal election, as well as before, the Republican and Democratic candidates for Mayor have stood shoulder to shoulder in their vigorous demand for legislation authorizing the city of Chicago to own and operate its trolley lines. Behind them, too, has stood the reformed City Council. Practically the whole city has stood back of the Mueller bill, freeing the hands of the city to deal with its street railway problem as it saw fit. The bill had passed the Senate, yet the powerful private interests opposing it were able to dominate the House committee to which the bill was referred and report a substitute entirely unsatisfactory to the people of Chicago. It soon became evident that while a majority of the Legislature was willing to carry out the policy of the overwhelming majority of the people, the machinery of the House was in the hands of those who wished to force the city of Chicago to make a new contract with the old traction companies—many of whose franchises are about to expire—before the city was in a position to turn to other bidders or undertake the service itself. The Speaker of the House showed himself ready to take practically any action demanded by the opponents of the city's emancipation, first dexterously failing to recognize members rising to put motions in behalf of the city, and finally openly refusing to allow roll-calls demanded by a majority of the House. This high-handed action the Speaker lamely defended by claiming to be governed by vague reports that bribery was being used to advance the measure desired by the public—a report which seems now to have originated with a newspaper man, who is openly and widely alleged to be servilely devoted to traction company interests. When the Speaker thus brazenly refused to discharge the duties of his office, members rushed toward the chair, a wild *mêlée* ensued, the Speaker fled, another representative was seated in his stead, and the Mueller bill was passed by the reorganized majority. The day following the House declared its want of confidence in its Speaker. The Speaker is to be given an opportunity to defend his course before an investigating committee appointed, and it is likely that no extreme charge can be proven against him, but the course already taken by the determined majority is significant of the public resolution to obtain the rights demanded for the city of Chicago.

These rights ought to be the city's for the asking. The Mueller bill in Illinois, like the Monroe and Elsberg bills in New York, simply asks for public corporations the rights everywhere enjoyed by private corporations. None of these measures proposes to force the cities of Chicago or New York to operate their own lighting or transit systems. The measures simply authorize the cities to do this if they see fit. One of the most telling arguments used in favor of the Monroe bill in New York is the fact that a great many private corporations, by reason of their right to put an electric lighting plant in their own buildings, have saved thousands of dollars—sometimes by the cheapness with which they can make their own light, and sometimes by the low rates granted them by the electric lighting companies to keep them from making the experiment. Municipal corporations should be armed with the same weapon of self-defense. In every field of governmental action it is being found that the right of the government to furnish its own supplies is the surest guarantee against extortion from contractors. In the last issue of the "Atlantic Monthly" Mr. George C. Sikes points out that the Senate amendment to the Naval Bill two years ago, authorizing the Department to construct its own armor-plate works if it could not secure reasonable terms from private companies, resulted in the receipt of bids twenty per cent. less than Congress had been on the point of granting before the public ownership amendment was carried. In the municipal field the same advantage has been experienced again and again. The first street railroad in America to grant three-cent fares was in Toronto, Canada, and there the then unprecedented offer was made to the public only because the city itself had taken over the roads and favorable terms were necessary to prevent municipal operation. Similarly, in the electric lighting field the great reduction in street lighting charges secured by the public operation of lighting plants is not more striking than the reduction in the bids made by private companies since municipal competition entered the field. If cities are to secure good service from private companies, they must be made free to serve themselves if private companies refuse reasonable terms. Better than either private operation or public operation in many communities is the right of the public to choose between them.

A Voice from the Past

No one who is familiar with the history of this country will question that Henry Ward Beecher was a friend of the African race. He was one of the first to enter the lists in behalf of that race. Before he had graduated from college he spoke for the negro. Before he had graduated from the theological seminary he bore arms for the negro in Cincinnati against the mob. He plead for him, bearing witness against American slavery, in Indianapolis, where there was no prejudice against slavery and much prejudice against abolitionism. The first Sunday that he preached in Brooklyn he reaffirmed his loyalty to liberty. When the compromise measures were proposed in Congress, he outlined the principles which the Republican party afterwards adopted as its platform, and upon which it elected Abraham Lincoln. In all these years he faced obloquy, reviling, threatening. There is more than mere historical interest in reading what this man said in 1865, six months after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and two months before the notable speech of Thaddeus Stevens in the House of Representatives in behalf of the reconstruction measures afterward adopted, based upon universal suffrage. This is what Mr. Beecher said:

> All the laws in the world cannot bolster a man up so as to place him any higher than his own moral worth and natural forces put him. You may pass laws declaring that black men are men, and that they are our equals in social position; but unless you can make them thoughtful, industrious, self-respecting, and intelligent; unless, in short, you can make them what you say they have a right to be, those laws will be in vain. . . . I am satisfied that while we ought to claim for the colored man the right to the elective franchise, you will never be able to secure it and maintain it for him, except by making him so intelligent that men cannot deny it to him.

Prophetic words. The Nation disregarded the wise counsels of such counselors—and he was but one of many. Congress gave political power to the African first, and trusted that he would acquire political wisdom afterwards. It was a grievous error, and grievously has the Nation suffered for it. And the negro has been the worst sufferer. To give a race the ballot before it has been taught its meaning is to give a child a gun before he has been taught how to shoot. It is worse than that. Man is emerging from the brute. He is as yet, at the best, imperfectly developed. To give him political power before the brutal appetites and passions have been brought under the control of the higher reason is to enthrone the brute in him and in so far to enthrone the brute in the community. No man is prepared to control others until he is prepared to control himself. That ought to be axiomatic; but the doctrine of universal suffrage denies it. Brood the egg and the bird will appear. Wait till he is fledged and the bird will fly. America tried the experiment of throwing the egg out of the nest as soon as the bird's head appeared though a crack in the shell; and the consequences were disastrous.

We do not defend the recent suffrage laws in the South. Suffrage should depend on character, not on the color of a skin or the accident of birth. Ignorant, incompetent, and corrupt suffrage is no better for being white. The States which have shut off ignorant and corrupt suffrage which is black will suffer from permitting ignorant and corrupt suffrage which is white. But neither the State, the Nation, nor the negro was benefited by an unconditional suffrage; and neither would be benefited by a return to it. The inequity is in allowing incompetent white voters, not in disallowing incompetent

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negro voters. And it is well to remember two facts: First, that in all the Southern States the negro can acquire the right to vote by qualifying himself. We do not think that in any State the qualification is put so high as to be prohibitive to the aspiring and the energetic. Second, that probably fewer negroes are excluded from voting by the law than before were excluded by lawless methods. Practically, in most of the Southern States, the negro is as well represented since the recent legislation as before; perhaps better represented. A hundred votes that are respected and counted are of greater value than a thousand votes that are neither respected nor counted. A hundred votes that represent the intelligence and will of the voter are of more value to the race than a thousand votes that are purchased at two dollars apiece. In fact, the first votes are of value to the race, the latter are injurious to the race.

What, then, Mr. Beecher said in 1865 The Outlook repeats in 1903: it is the key to the whole situation; in it lies the secret of the true enfranchisement of the negro; it discloses the only possible method of securing to the negro the political privileges and prerogatives which are coveted for him, which—of that we are not so sure—perhaps he covets for himself. "You will never be able to secure the elective franchise for the negro and maintain it for him, except by making him so intelligent that men cannot deny it to him." This was true then; it is true now; it is always true. The question of suffrage can wait; it is secondary. The question of education cannot wait; it is primary. Suffrage depends on education. Even if it did not, education is far more important than suffrage. If the negro is educated, he will prosper, even if he cannot vote; if he can vote, he will not prosper unless he is educated. Manhood suffrage may be important; but the manhood is more important than the suffrage, and the manhood must precede the suffrage. Nine millions of negroes, soon to become fifteen millions—who can estimate the wealth they will add to the country if they are chaste, temperate, honest, intelligent, industrious? Who can estimate the burden they will be to the country if they are licentious, intemperate, idle, dishonest, ignorant? "All the laws in the world cannot bolster a man up so as to place him any higher than his own moral worth and natural forces put him." Our problem is not to bolster up the negro with laws, State or Federal, but to inspire him with moral worth and develop in him natural force. "Unless you can make them thoughtful, industrious, self-respecting, and intelligent; unless, in short, you can make them what you say they have a right to be, those laws will be in vain." Our problem is to make them thoughtful, industrious, self-respecting, intelligent. Then those laws will not be in vain.

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To Parents and Teachers

Eighteen years have elapsed since the beginning of a movement in public-school work in this country which has been carried on with a quietness surpassed only by its importance and value. In 1885 Mr. J. H. Thiry, who in early manhood had left his home in Belgium for America, an immigrant who came to give, as well as to receive what the New World offered, was appointed School Commissioner for Long Island City, in the State of New York. At this time press and public were aroused over the prevalence of cigarette-smoking among boys and gum-chewing among girls—habits which were spreading to an alarming extent throughout the school population of the country. To Mr. Thiry, remedy for these enticing and injurious indulgences seemed to lie not in restrictive measures. If the children have some other use to make of their money, he argued, they will not spend their pennies for gum and tobacco and such self-gratifications. When a young man, he had taught for a few years in a normal school in Belgium, and remembered the system of savings in the schools of his former home and in other Continental cities. He wrote to the Ministers of Instruction of various European countries for the methods and statistics of this branch of their work. With these before him he devised a plan adapted for use in this country. Co-operation of savings bank, principal and teachers was gained, and in March, 1885, in one of his schools in Long Island City the plan was put in operation.

It would at first seem complicated to

take a penny here and a nickel there from four or five hundred children, and keep the accounts in order, but practically there are no difficulties. On Monday morning at roll-call each child, as his name is called, brings his week's savings to his teacher. Beside his name on the roll-book the amount is written. A hasty addition is made, the money is put into an envelope, sealed, and sent to the principal. The principal takes the envelopes which come to him from all the classes, makes a note of the teacher's name and the amount written on the outside of the envelopes, and gives them to the janitor to be taken to the bank. Mr. Thiry has sometimes met a janitor on his way to the bank with envelopes amounting to seventy-five dollars—and this from a school in a city which would not be considered the most prosperous in the United States. It is not to be wondered that American children have the reputation of handling more money than the children of any other country.

At the bank the money is carefully counted. On the first Monday morning in each month the teacher sends the roll-book containing the name of each child and his weekly deposit to the bank. These are recorded, and a small bank-book is issued to each child when his deposit has reached the sum of one dollar. A few long-established banks have objected to undertake the extra bookkeeping involved, but all those which have accepted the school savings have found more than compensation in their increased number of depositors, for in many families the parents followed the child, and his bank-book was the means of his father and mother having one also.

In some schools details slightly differ, but the system as first adopted has proved both adequate and admirable. In over fifteen hundred schools throughout the country it is now working, and every week brings to Mr. Thiry requests from other schools for information and blanks concerning his system. Sometimes he is invited to visit a school to explain and inaugurate the plan. He always tells the children that it is not the money he is after; that is a small thing. The object is to foster the habit of saving, of providing for the future, of teaching them that a coin given or earned is not to be spent for the gratification of the moment, but represents a power to be rightly used; that the self-denial and self-control which saving indicates are the basis of all manhood, all citizenship, all right living.

Money can be drawn out by the child alone, but by him only with the written indorsement of parent, teacher, and principal. The whole object would be defeated if a quarter or a dollar were constantly withdrawn, or could be taken back as easily as when one shakes a toy savings bank upside down; for the aim is to promote regularity. While in some period of family distress the child's savings have often proven a blessing, his teacher can guard him against unjust demands from home. For if father or mother too frequently visit the saloon, and the child is told, "Johnny, you have twelve dollars in the bank; you can let me have two of them," the teacher, knowing the probable disposition, can decide which parent must sign the indorsement.

Once a year Mr. Thiry writes to each school where the plan is followed asking for the year's statistics, that he may prepare an annual report. Certainly the beanstalk that reached the sky after a night's growth of a tiny bean, and the farthings for the horseshoe nails that netted a fortune, are not more marvelous than these cold figures, which show at once how much money the children have, and how much they might have wasted. In Long Island City, during these eighteen years, one hundred and fifty-one thousand dollars has been deposited, and to its three thousand school depositors is now due thirty-five thousand dollars. In Los Angeles, California, the plan has been in operation since 1900; from its fifty-three schools thirty-eight thousand dollars has been collected. Owosso, a town in Michigan, began to save two years ago; the children of its four schools have now in the bank one thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven dollars. These places are taken at random from the returns the principals send, generally with some word of appreciation of the benefit they have found coming to their communities and their pupils from this effort to put in practice the old-time, homely virtue of thrift.

The Outlook commends these facts to the consideration of its readers, and especially of teachers, school authorities, and parents throughout the country.

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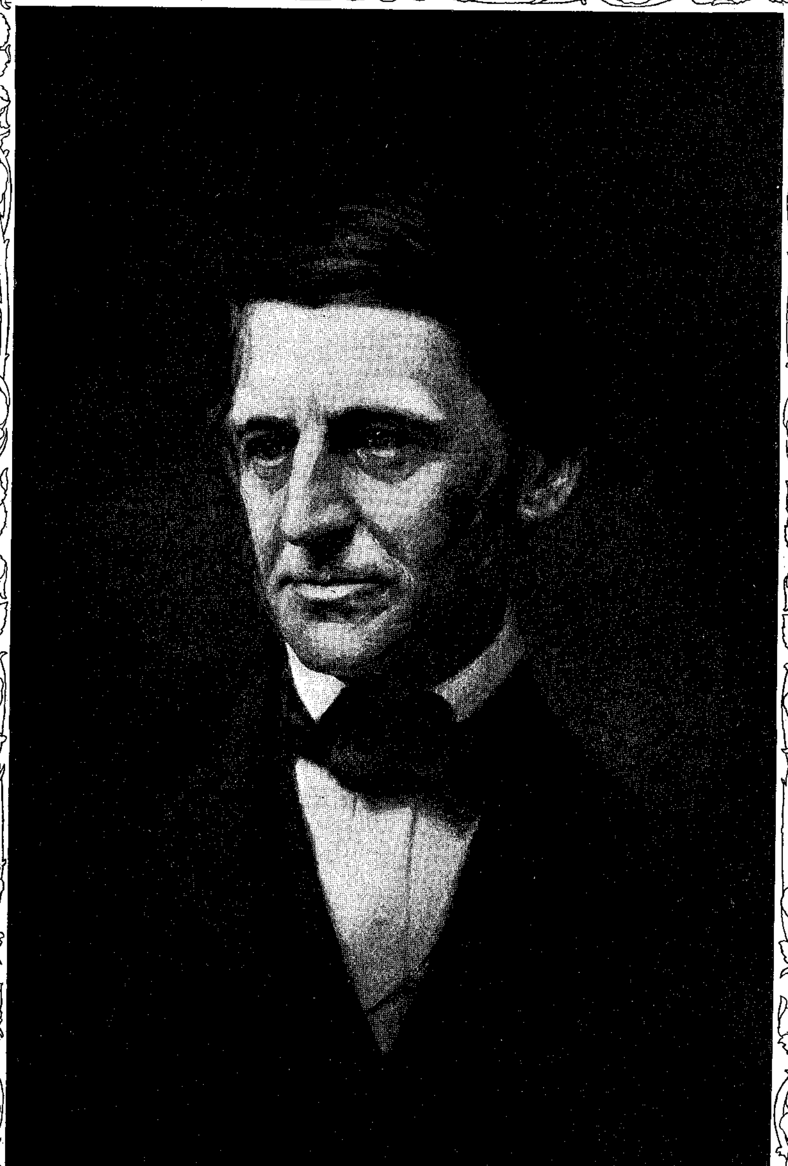
Power and Resistance

In a recent volume of "Sermons" bearing the imprint of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, by one of the most thoughtful men who has spoken from a New York pulpit for many years—the Rev. Dr. Jacob S. Shipman—a phase of the Christian life is presented which many people are in the habit of overlooking or ignoring. Many earnest men and women are persuaded that if they were living in the Middle Ages it would be easy for them to be saints, and that they are not saints because of the distractions of modern life. They imagine that if they were taken out of the turmoil, and released from the claims of a hundred so-called secular duties and the pressure of an immense amount of so-called secular work, they could develop their spiritual natures without delay or hindrance. There are hosts of people who still associate the religious life exclusively with the atmosphere of the Church, and who look upon all out-of-church life as essentially antagonistic to the development of the spirit and inimical to its interests. This is, of course, a survival of a very partial view of religion, but it is still quite general, and many persons are misled by it because they have never analyzed the real sources of religious power, nor have they ever clearly and adequately defined for themselves the real scope of the religious life. A life spent in devotion, with sacred images around them, with chants, hymns, and the subdued light of great church windows, and the associations of worship, seems to such people all that would be necessary to create the religious atmosphere and develop the religious character.

Dr. Shipman very clearly points out that in locomotion two things are necessary—power and friction. The locomotive cannot move if there is a glare of ice upon the track; it cannot take hold of the rails. The bird ascends, not only because it has the faculty of flying, but also because it meets with the resistance of the air. In the development of the religious life there must be the presence of these two elements—power and resistance. Without resistance the power remains undeveloped; there is no gain of strength, no toughening of the muscle, no conquest of temper, no assertion of principle; in a word, no character. In the Church, in all its forms of worship, the soul finds its motive power, gathers its strength, prepares itself for its growth; but it is in the world in which it meets resistance that it uses this power, increases it, and turns it into moral strength. "We worship God that we may get strength from him to do our work in life religiously. But that work is not here in the church; it is at home, amid the nameless worries of those noisy children, in the shop, the office, the field. Wherever your daily occupation is, wherever your daily trials are, there is your religious work. If religion consisted in praying and singing and feeling good, then, I grant you, the time devoted to the everyday duties and drudgeries of life would be so much time lost. But, as religion consists, in fact, not simply in acts or emotions, but in character—in being loving and pure and patient and honest and truthful—I can conceive of nothing more favorable to the best religious culture than a life filled to overflowing with the very commonest of duties and cares."

There is a profound truth in this statement which many good people overlook. The resistance of the world, and in many cases its antagonism, are quite as essential to the growth of the spirit as acts of worship. Without that resistance no man or woman is ever thoroughly tested, and without testing there is no final development of character. We are slow to learn and quick to forget that the division between the so-called religious and the so-called secular is of human and not of divine making. Not until we recognize that all things were made by God for the highest uses; that the body is in its way as sacred as the mind, and the mind as sacred as what we call the soul; that the home is as religious as the church; that to public life is due the same conscientiousness that is brought to worship; that men are saved, not by their creeds, but by their characters, and that no man can really love God, whom he cannot see, unless he loves his neighbor, whom he can see, do we enter into the fullness of the religious life, or grasp the conception that Christ lived and died to interpret to man.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The centenary of Emerson's birth will be observed on May 25

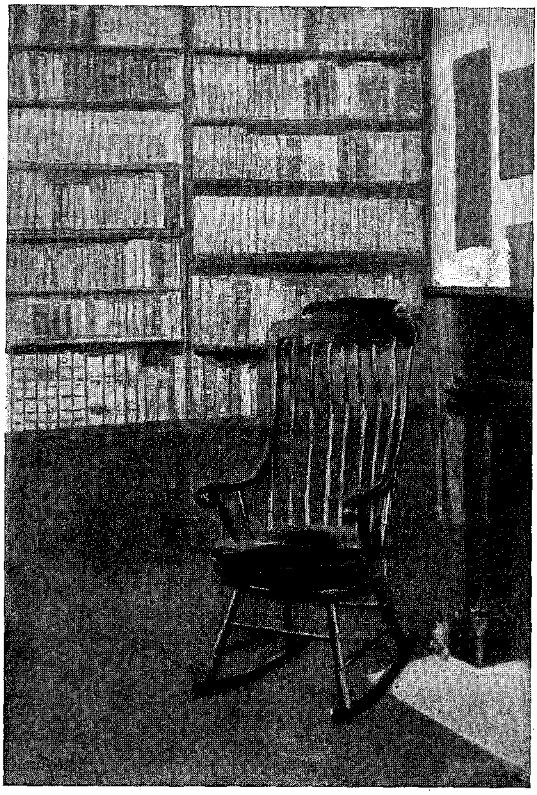
From the portrait by Alfred L. Smith. Copyright 1898, by Foster Brothers, Boston.

R. WEIR CROUCH

CONCORD AND EMERSON

By Hamilton Wright Mabie

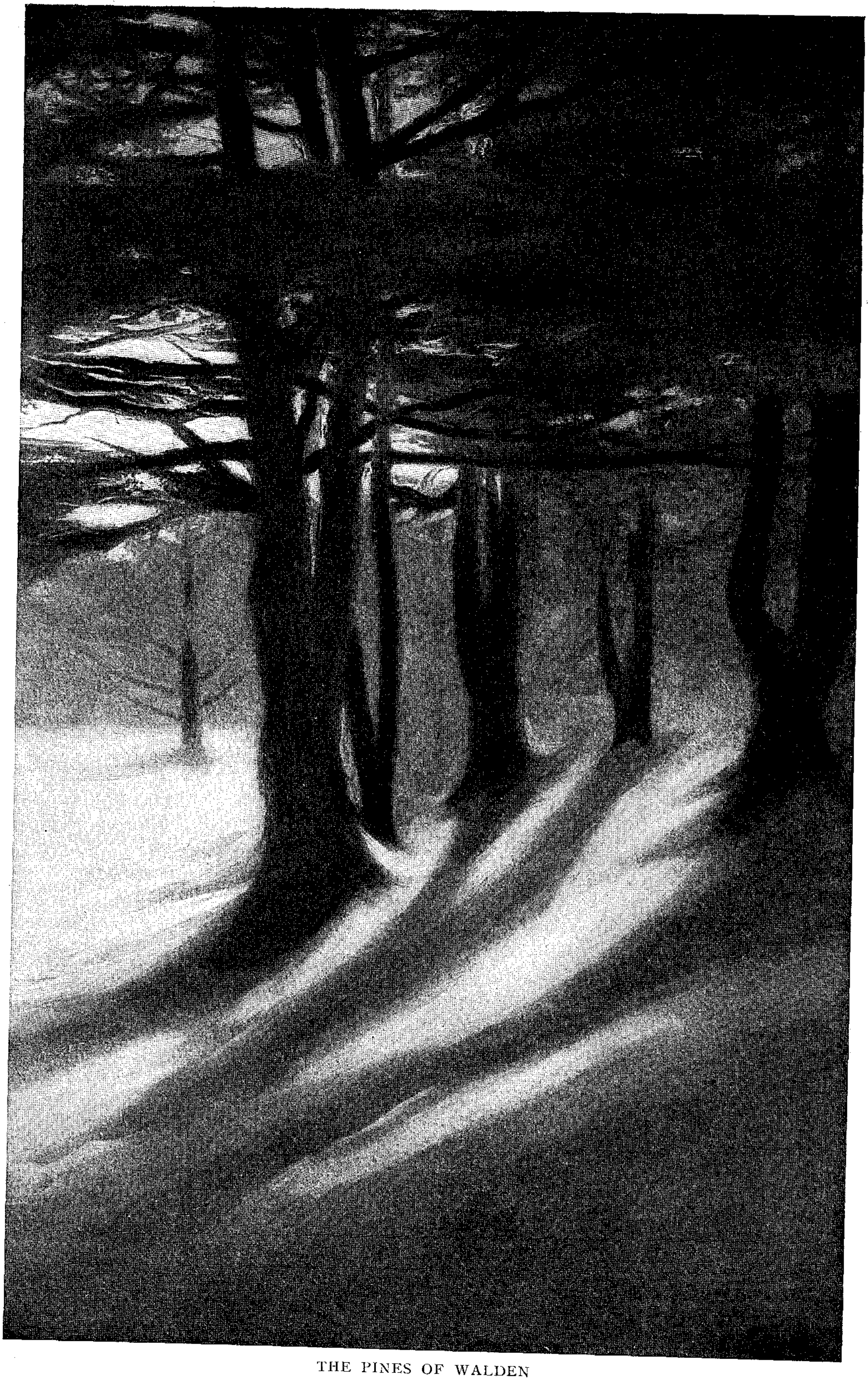
With pictures by Elizabeth Wentworth Roberts



EMERSON'S FAVORITE CORNER

EMERSON was born in what has become one of the busiest sections of Boston; but when the future poet and thinker opened his eyes in this world, on the 25th day of May, 1803, it was in a Congregational parsonage "in the silence of retirement, yet in the center of the territory of the metropolis," where, to continue the words of his father, "we may worship the Lord our God." That was the lifelong occupation of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and it is interesting to note that from the beginning it was singularly free from conventions and forms of every kind. Nature is, to most men, a middle term between God and man; to Emerson it was a common ground over which the Universal Spirit always brooded, and where the open-hearted might happen upon inspiring hours. He felt the sublimity of the Psalms of David, and the noble swell of the Te Deum, the ancient hymn which the centuries have sung in antiphonal worship, never left him cold; but his highest thoughts came to him in the broad silence of summer afternoons in the fields, or when the stars kept up the ancient splendor of the wintry heavens. "Boys," Dr. Holmes reports him as saying to two youths who were walking with him as they entered the wood, "here we recognize the presence of the Universal Spirit. The breeze says to us in its own language, How d'ye do? How d'ye do? and we have already taken our hats off and are answering it with our own How d'ye do? How d'ye do? And all the waving branches of the trees, and all the flowers, and the field of corn yonder, and the singing brook, and the insect, and the bird—every living thing and things we call inanimate feel the same divine universal impulse while they join with us, and we with them, in the greeting which is the salutation of the Universal Spirit." In the life of the author of "Wood-notes," as in that of the author of the great ode on "Intimations of Immortality," Nature was a background so intimately and reverently lived with that the work of both poets was not only colored but penetrated by it.

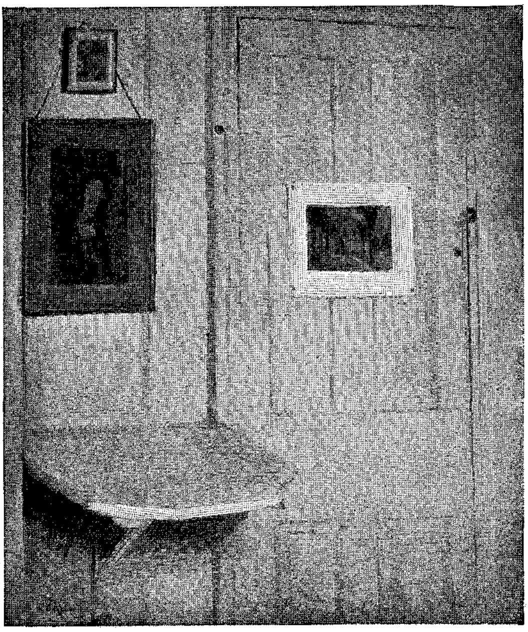
Favorable conditions conspired in Emerson's ancestry, birth, and childhood to make him peculiarly sensitive to the influence of star and field and wood, by familiarizing him with the simplest habits of life and centering his interest in the things of the mind. He was the child of a long line of highly educated and poorly paid ministers; men who had the tastes and resources of scholars, but whose ways of living



THE PINES OF WALDEN

were as frugal as the ways of the poorest farmers to whom they preached. "We are poor and cold, and have little meal, and little wood, and little meat," wrote his father at the close of his Harvard pastorate and on the eve of the removal to Boston, "but, thank God, courage enough."

The moral fiber of the stock was as vigorous as its life had been self-denying and abstemious; but it must not be imagined that the long line of ministers behind Emerson were pallid ascetics. When his father was on the edge of death, he wrote to a relative: "You will think me better, because of the levity with which this page is blurred. Threads of this levity have been interwoven with the entire web of my life." This touch of gayety could hardly be called levity; it was, rather, the overflow of a very deep spring in the hearts of a race of men and women who kept their indebtedness to external conditions at the lowest in order that they might possess and use freely the amplest intellectual and spiritual means. Again and again, in the simple but noble annals of this family, whose name was on the college roll in every generation, one comes upon the fruit of this kind of frugality of appetite in the fine use of common things, and, above all, in an intimate sense of access to Nature and the right to draw freely on her resources of beauty and power.



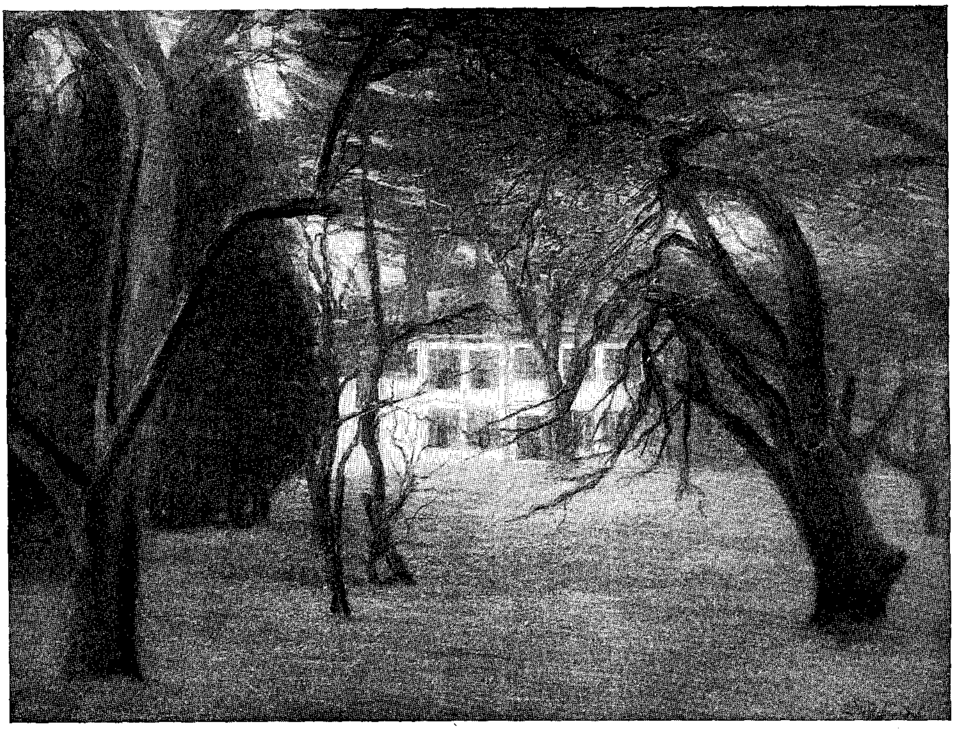
EMERSON'S DESK

This ancestral heritage of simple fare and good books first comes to light in the little community with which the greatest of the long line of scholars and teachers is so intimately associated that to think of "Nature" and "Wood-notes" is to see Concord lying in quiet beauty in a tranquil New England landscape. There were Emersons in the pulpit in Ipswich and Mendon, but it is upon Peter Bulkeley, grandfather at the seventh remove of Ralph Waldo, that attention rests as typical ancestor. He was descended, one of the oldest of the colonial chronicles tells us, from an honorable family of Bedfordshire; educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, of the rich tone of whose second quadrangle Ruskin spoke with glowing enthusiasm; was given a goodly benefice, but found himself later unable to conform to the services of the English Church; came to New England in 1635, and after a brief stay in Cambridge "carried a good Number of Planters with him, up further into the *Woods*, where they gathered the *Twelfth Church*, then formed in the Colony, and call'd the Town by the Name of Concord."

This pioneer scholar is described as a well-read person, an exalted Christian, who had the reverence not only of his own people but of all sorts of people throughout the land, and especially of his fellow-ministers, "who would still address him as a "Father, a Prophet, a Counsellor on all occasions." He had, we are told, "a competently good stroke at Latin Poetry," and he gave no small part of his library to Harvard College. William Emerson, who came five generations later, was as notable a leader in Concord as his great-great-grandfather had been. He preached the gospel of resistance to tyrants and practiced it as well; for he left the pulpit in Concord to join the army at Ticonderoga. When the miniature but immensely significant fight in which

"... the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world,"

took place at the bridge, he stood on the steps of the Old Manse, which he had built ten years before, and



EMERSON'S HOME FROM THE ORCHARD

was kept out of the fray only by the vigorous intervention of his friends.

In 1834, when Ralph Waldo Emerson was at the end of his period of apprenticeship, had withdrawn from the pulpit and made his first memorable trip to Europe, he went back to the Old Manse in Concord as to his ancestral home; henceforth he was to know no other. His grandfather, Dr. Ripley, sustained in the famous old house the best traditions of his race; "he was a natural gentleman," wrote Emerson in a charming character study; "no dandy, but courtly, hospitable, manly, and public-spirited; his nature social, his house open to all men. His brow was serene and open to his visitor, for he loved men, and he had no studies, no occupations, which company could interrupt."

In September of the following year Emerson took his young wife to live in the house which was to be his home to the end, and which has become, by reason of its association with him and his friends, one of the places which both illustrate and interpret American life at its best. The village of Concord was then the quietest of rural communities; no trains connected it with Boston; no literary pilgrims visited it; no city folk had discovered it. It was rich in historical associations; it had long been the home of a small group of families of social and intellectual distinction; the memories of its heroic age were still fresh in the minds and hearts of elderly people; but it did not stand out as yet on the map of the modern world. It was what Dr. Holmes would have called a Brahman town; in quality and dignity of character and habit it held a place by itself; and when, later, three or four men of genius made it famous, it seemed as if they had revealed Concord to the world rather than imparted to it a sudden prestige by reason of their residence there.

The country which was to be the background of Emerson's life and work was in such consonance with his temper and habits that, as in the case of Wordsworth and the English lake country, it is not fanciful to trace a real rather than an accidental relation and resemblance between the men and the landscapes they loved. In a very true sense, all history and all countries were behind Emerson's thought and work; he seemed to have the two hemispheres in his brain, one lobe being Oriental and the other Occidental. In certain moods he was of the East as distinctly as in the applications and urgency of his thought he was of the West. He was akin with Saadi in the breadth of his view and the catholicity of his experience; and he was brother to Hafiz, not in physical delight in fragrance and melody, but in instinctive ease in softening the hard line of the fact by evoking its mystical significance. He was enamored of Plato, and spoke of him with more warmth of advocacy than was in his tones in urging the claims of any other man of representative genius. He valued the Roman power of organization; he felt the immense sense of reality in Dante's symbolism of the experience of the soul in the three worlds; he had read nearly all the fifty-five volumes of Goethe that he owned in the German, although he was never a methodical reader, and he was in deep sympathy with Goethe's great contemporaries; and he was at home in the wide range of English literature. He moved lightly through the storehouse of the past, with sound knowledge of what it contained and with a sure instinct of finding what was of value to him. He borrowed generously, as he had a right, from the capital of the race, and in every case he repaid the loan at a high rate of interest.

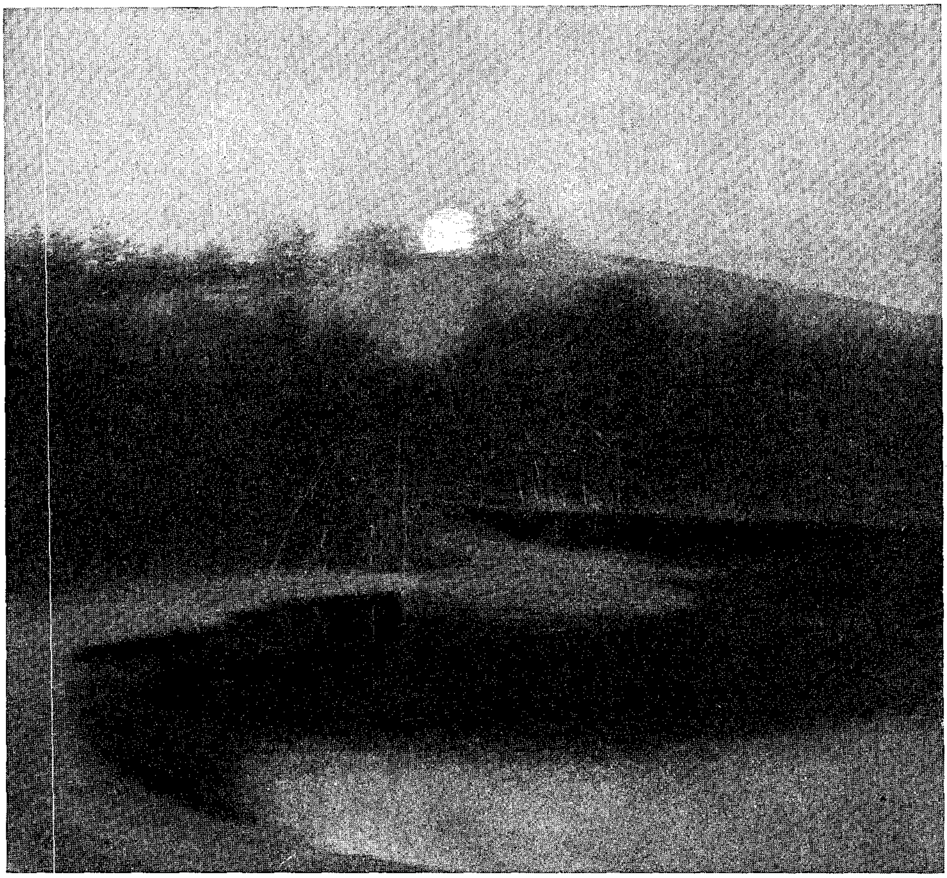
Cosmopolitan as Emerson was in his interests, his surroundings, his tastes, he was nevertheless a true New Englander of the Concord quality. No one roamed further, but no one was a more devout home-keeper. He was eager to get the spiritual product, the deposit in the spirit, of the strain and storm of life; but he hugged his own hearth and was content to hear faint echoes of the tumult of life in the distance. A cosmopolitan in the range of his intelligence, he was a provincial in his habits and personal associations; and this was the prime characteristic of Concord. To a European it must have been a place of extraordinary contrasts; it was the home of the loftiest idealism and of the simplest manner of life. The little group of men and women of culture, among whom Emerson took his place by personal and hereditary right, shared this habit of rural or rustic simplicity with the farmer folk who surrounded them. In the old-fashioned farm-houses, which stood and still stand along the roads or hidden among trees in sheltered nooks, there was a mingled air of thrift and generosity. They were built on ample lines, and their frugality was tempered by hospitality. The living was of the plainest; the mug of hard cider and the pot of beans were in every house; but there were also reverence, sobriety, respect for learning, the peace of God, and a love of liberty that had elements of passion in it.

"These poor farmers, who came up that day to defend their native soil," said Emerson in a memorable historical address, "acted from the simplest instincts; they did not know it was a deed of fame they were doing. These men did not babble of glory; they never dreamed their children would contend which had done the most. They supposed they had a right to their corn and their cattle—without paying tribute to any but their own Governors. And as they had no fear of man, they yet did have a fear of God." And he recalls the simple statement of one of these "embattled farmers" "that he went to the services of the day with the same seriousness and acknowledgment of God which he carried to the church." The spirit of the best in New England is revealed in these few words. They feared God, but they feared nothing else; they held to the highest truths in the simplest speech; and the best of them carried the world in their minds and stayed quietly at home. They had penetrated to the foundations; and although there was in Concord, as elsewhere in New England, an aristocracy of birth and intellect, men and women were honored on a basis of character.

This independence went so far that it sometimes became whimsical, as in Thoreau, and sometimes issued in such an excess of nonconformity that a man found it impossible to get on with his neighbors, and took refuge in isolation. The peculiarity of the New England hermit has not been his desire to get near to God, but his anxiety to get away from man. In later years, when Concord had become a Mecca, a whimsical self-consciousness was sometimes evident in the more individualistic members of the community. Alcott said that Thoreau thought he lived in the center of the universe and would annex the rest of the planet to

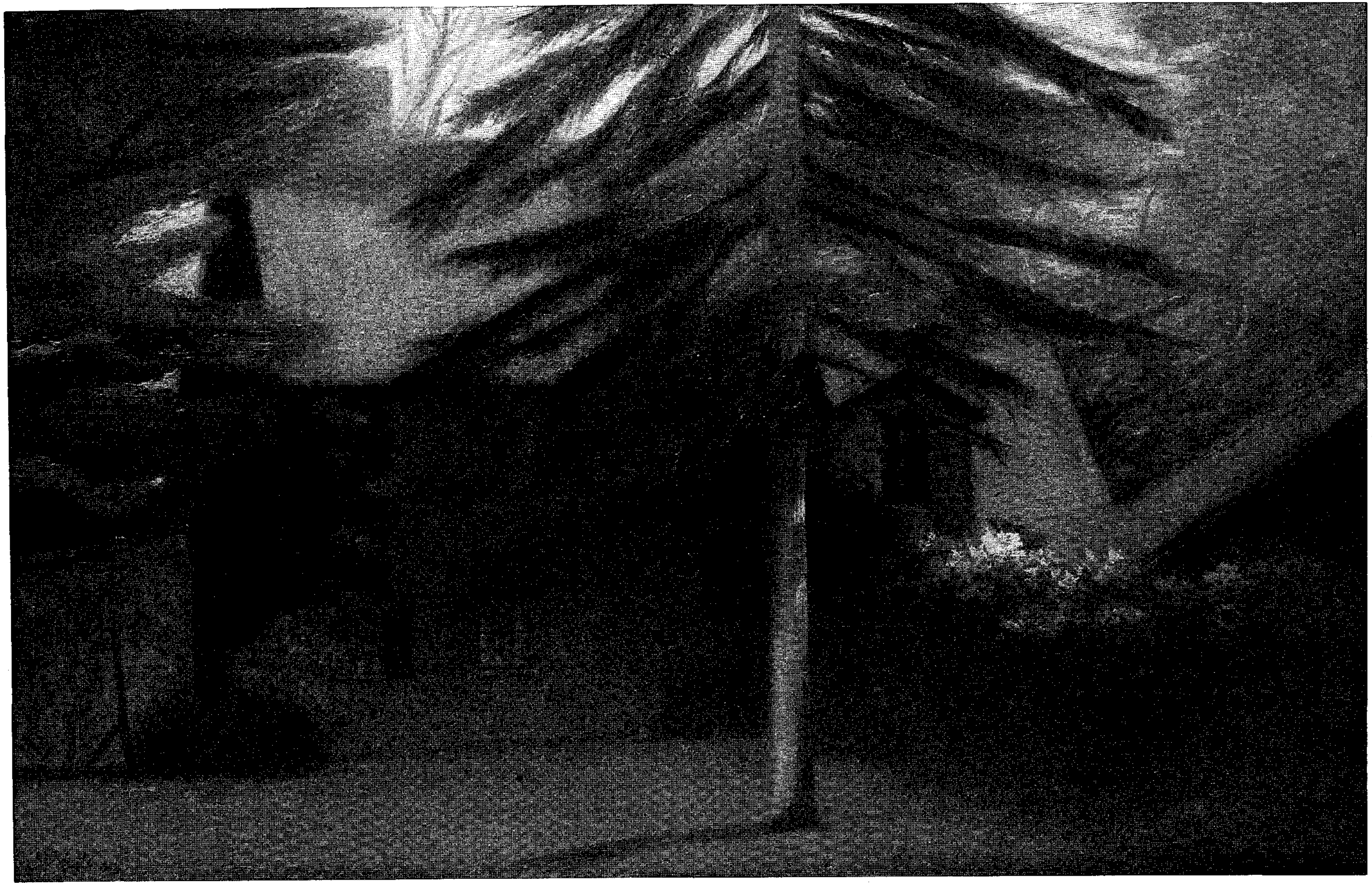
Concord; while Thoreau's view of his own relation to the place is reflected in his confession: "Almost I believe the Concord would not rise and overflow its banks again were I not here." This note of superiority did not escape the keen-witted neighbors of Thoreau. "Henry talks about Nature," said Madame Hoar, "just as if she'd been born and brought up in Concord."

Emerson was the highest type of this mingled frugality of the life of the body and generosity of the life of the mind; of this harmonization of the highest and broadest interests with the simplest domesticity. He took pleasure in dissociating the resources and distinction of the intellectual life from the conventions and forms of an elaborate social life; and he seemed to affect in dress and manner a slight rusticity as heightening the effect of his thought, as the slight hesitation of his speech in public address brought out the marvelous felicity of his diction. He would not have disclaimed the compliment of being called the "Yankee Plato;" so entirely content was he to be a resident of Concord as well as a citizen of the world. In nothing was his soundness of nature, his health of mind, more evident than in the delicacy with which he protected himself from the intimacy of some who were eager to gain some personal possession of his thought, and the gentle persistency with which he held unbalanced people at a distance and kept himself clear of all rash attempts to bring in the millennium prematurely.



WALDEN LEDGE BY MOONLIGHT

Hawthorne has given us a characteristic report of the strange folk to be met in Concord in the days of the "newness:" "It was necessary to go but a little way beyond my threshold before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere in a circuit of a thousand miles. These hob-



EARLY MORNING AT THE OLD MANSE

goblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spreading influence of a great original thinker, who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face. Young visionaries, to whom just so much insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clue that should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists whose systems, at first air, had finally imprisoned them in an iron framework, traveled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom."

No one will ever know the annoyances, perplexities, and dangers of Emerson's position; what every one does know is that he never fell a victim to the countless illusions, delusions, and unbalanced dreams in which reproachful and perhaps impertinent followers, who misread his leading, endeavored to involve him. The foremost idealist of the New World, he rendered incalculable service to the cause he had at heart by holding it clean and clear above the touch of fanaticism, impracticable experiment, and the bitterness of the egoistical reformer. If he had committed the fortunes of Idealism to a disastrous venture, the loss to the youth of America would have been irreparable.

In April, 1824, two years before he took refuge in Concord, "stretched beneath the pines," Emerson wrote the poem which expresses the deepest instinct of his nature and the tranquillity and detachment he was to find in the quiet village:

GOOD-BYE, proud world! I'm going home:

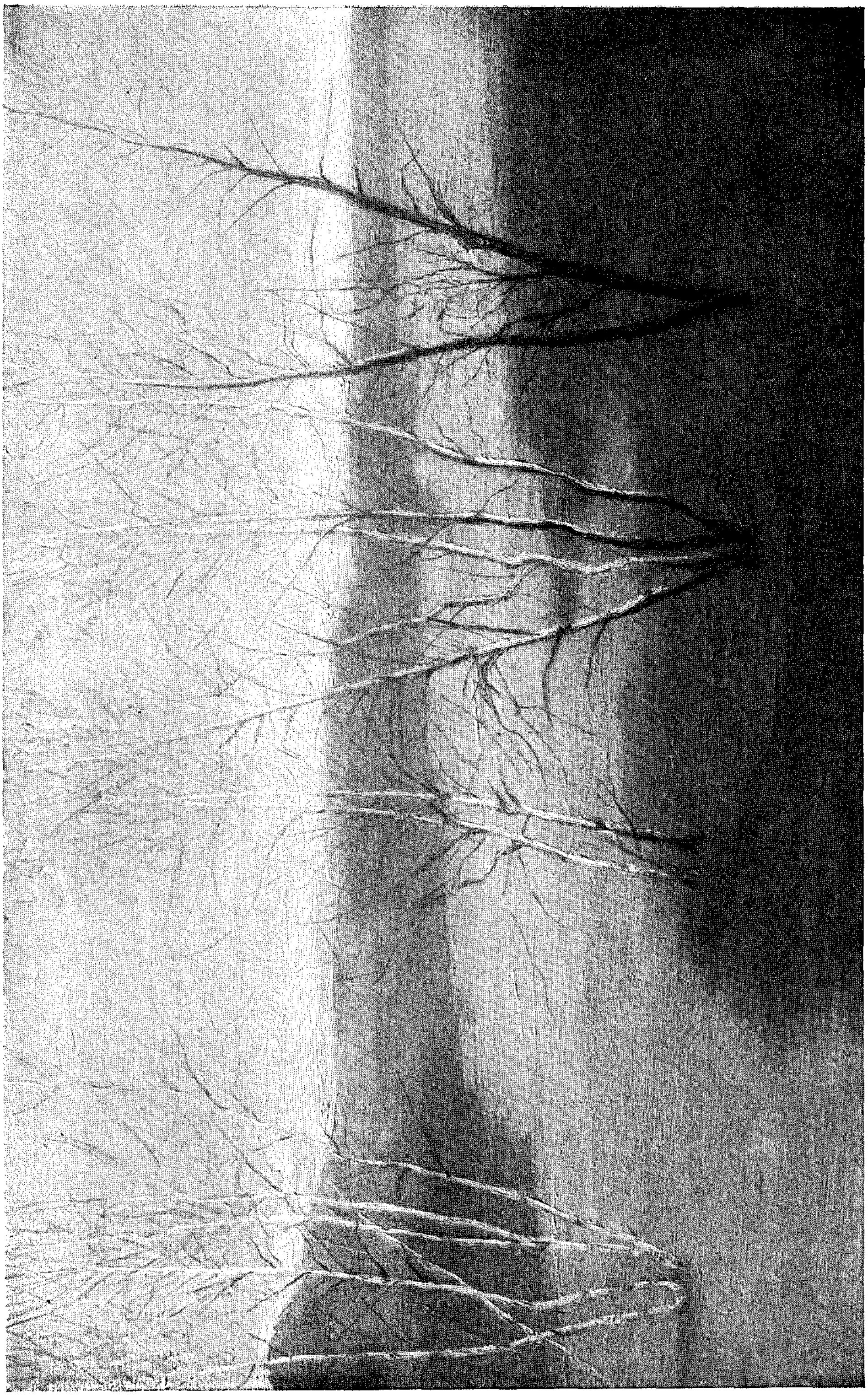
. . . .

I am going to my own hearthstone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the love and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

THE CONCORD RIVER (MUSKETAQUID)

Emerson was in no sense a hermit; an inveterate traveler of the mind, he was, for his time, an experienced traveler among his kind. His trips to Europe were memorable by reason of his quick and decisive insight, of which the "English Traits" is a permanent record; and by reason of what he brought back in broader sympathies and clearer discernment of the great race qualities. He was for many years a familiar and honored figure on the lyceum platform in distant sections of the country, and he came to have a wide knowledge of the United States of the middle decades of the nineteenth century. He had a keen appetite



THE GREAT MEADOWS

for good talk, and he was often seen in Cambridge and Boston in social gatherings, great and small. But his genius was essentially meditative; he brooded over his subjects until they cleared themselves in his mind; he kept himself in an attitude of invitation, and his thoughts came to him; above all, his work was the fruit of the ripening of his own nature, and he needed alike the quiet of the fallow and of the growing field. The solitude in which a man finds himself and the silence in which his thoughts come to him he found in Concord.

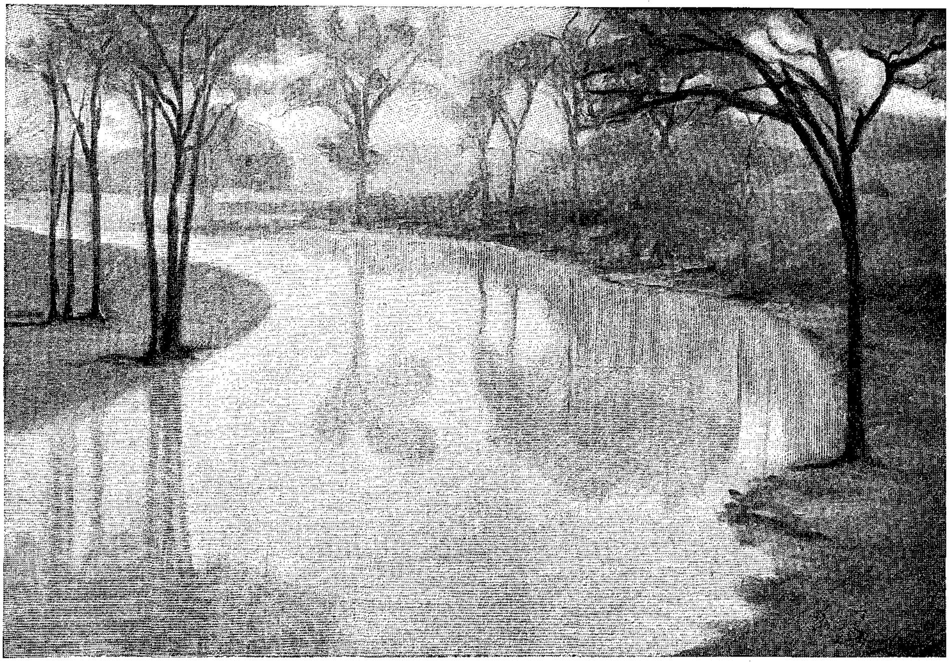
Tranquillity and peace were its possessions by reason of its isolation and of the conformation of its landscape. Monadnock and Wachusett stood on the horizon for those who went to look at them; but Concord lay content along a river of slumberous mood, with a group of pellucid lakes or ponds within easy reach, with broad meadows and low hills and stretches of whispering pines at hand. It was a shire-town, and it had business relations with lumbermen and farmers who came to it for supplies. It was on the route of four stage lines, and under the roofs of as many taverns old-fashioned toddy was mixed for home consumption and as an expression of hospitality to guests and travelers. Thoreau noted in the quiet village all the signs of the ordinary uses and habits of men: "I observed that the vitals of the village were the grocery, the bar-room, the post-office, and the bank; and, as a necessary part of the machinery, they kept a bell, a big gun, and a fire-engine at convenient places, and the houses were so arranged as to make the most of mankind, in lanes and fronting one another, so that every traveler had to run the gauntlet, and every man, woman, and child might get a lick at him."

It must be remembered, however, that two houses within call made a crowded community for Thoreau, and that the appearance of a strange or inquisitive person on the highway sent him incontinently into the woods. Concord, in the thirties and forties, was an entirely normal village, with the usual conveniences for conducting life; but the life of the time was exceedingly deliberate in movement, and the passage of several stages a day did not make a fever in the blood of the villagers. Emerson found there seclusion without isolation, and solitude and silence tempered with the most congenial companionship.

The Old Manse, in which he lived for the first year, is a dignified old house, in a locality of heroic tradition, in a place of singularly reposeful beauty, in so quiet an air that one can easily overhear the whisperings of the pines. Under its roof generations of gentlefolk have lived frugally and in loyal devotion to the highest interests of the spirit; from colonial days books of classic quality have been within reach in the halls and rooms; in a small room on the second floor at the back of the house Hawthorne wrote a part of the "Mosses from an Old Manse" and Emerson wrote "Nature." When the latter appeared anonymously, the question, "Who is the author of 'Nature'?" brought out the reply, "God and Ralph Waldo Emerson."

If tranquillity is the distinctive note of Concord, a tinge of something dim and shadowy seems to touch the Old Manse and impart to it, not gloom nor sadness, but something of the twilight effect of the pine groves. When one recalls its traditions of plain living and high thinking, one is reminded of Dove Cottage; but the little stone cottage embosomed in foliage where Wordsworth spent the most productive decade of his life is now a shrine set apart to memory, while the Old Manse is still a home from which in these later years has come pictorial genius of a high order; and the impulses which have made Concord a place apart have not spent their force.

In this rural community, snugly at home in a landscape full of repose, Emerson found the best conditions for his growth and work, and through his long life lived on most intimate terms with his nearest and most companionable neighbor, Nature. "Hail to the quiet fields of my fathers," he wrote when he had settled himself in the Old Manse. "Not wholly unattended by supernatural friendship and favor let me come hither. Bless my purposes as they are simple and virtuous. . . . Henceforth I design not to utter any speech, poem, or book that is not entirely and peculiarly my work. I will say, at public lectures and the like, those things which I have meditated for their own sake and not for the first time with a view to that occasion." In these words is to be found



THE ELMS OF THE CONCORD RIVER

the secret of his relation to Concord and of his beautiful and fruitful life; he came to Nature as to the word of God, and he gave the world only the ripe fruit of his quiet, meditative, consecrated life. The twin activities of his spirit found their field and their inspiration under the open sky. He played with Nature and she worked with him. With him, as with Wordsworth, his working-room was outdoors; his writing-room was the place where he made a record of his hours and studies under the open sky. No season barred the woods to his eager feet; he was abroad in winter as in summer, and he loved lonely walks at night, finding companionship with the stars full of inspiration.

The pine woods brought him some of his happiest moods and many of his most felicitous thoughts and phrases. In all weathers he went abroad alert and expectant, waiting serenely and confidently on the ancient oracles; and, holding himself in this trustful, receptive attitude, the pines became for him

"Pipes through which the breath of God
doth blow
A momentary music."

Thoreau, keen observer though he was, took into the woods a personality which affected his vision and made him the most conspicuous object in the landscape; Emerson left himself at home and brought to Nature the most receptive and impersonal of moods. He saw fewer things than Thoreau, but he saw more deeply. "But if I go into the forest," he wrote, "I find all new and undescribed; nothing has been told me. The screaming of wild geese was never heard; the thin note of the titmouse and his bold ignoring of the bystander; the fall of the flies that patter on the leaves like rain; the angry hiss of some bird that crepitated at me yesterday; the formation of turpentine, and, indeed, every vegetation and animation, any and all, are alike undescribed. Every man that goes into the woods seems to be the first man that ever went into a wood. His sensations and his world are new. You really think that nothing can be said about morning and evening, and the fact is, morning and evening have not yet begun to be described. When I see them I am not reminded of these Homeric or Miltonic or Shakespearean or Chaucerian pictures, but I feel a pain of an alien world, or I am cheered with the moist, warm, glittering, budding, and melodious hour that takes down the narrow walls of my soul and extends its pulsation and life to the very horizon. That is Morning; to cease for a bright hour to be the prisoner of this sickly body and to become as large as the World."

Compare this account of the attitude which Emerson took toward Nature with the fragrant, dewy, glowing account of a day under the pure sky which Corot left among his records, and the secret of spiritual and artistic vitality and freshness is plain. The men of genius, who recreate life in art to assuage the thirst and renew the heart of the world, are immortal not only in their works but in themselves; for they are the children of God, playing in a world in which their fellows toil.

There was a garden on the south side of the Emerson house, and apple-trees brought the most ancient fragrance and domestic associations to the place; but Emerson was more at home in the broad landscape which inclosed his own acres. What the old road over the hill to Grasmere and Loughrigg Terrace were to Wordsworth in the long years at Rydal Mount, the Great Fields and Meadows, the shores and groves of white pine about Walden Pond, Peters Woods, and the level stretches through which the Musketaquid, most quiet of rivers, flows, were to Emerson during the most fruitful period of his life. He found endless delight in the ownership of a tract of land from which he could look down on Walden Pond and away to the farther hills:

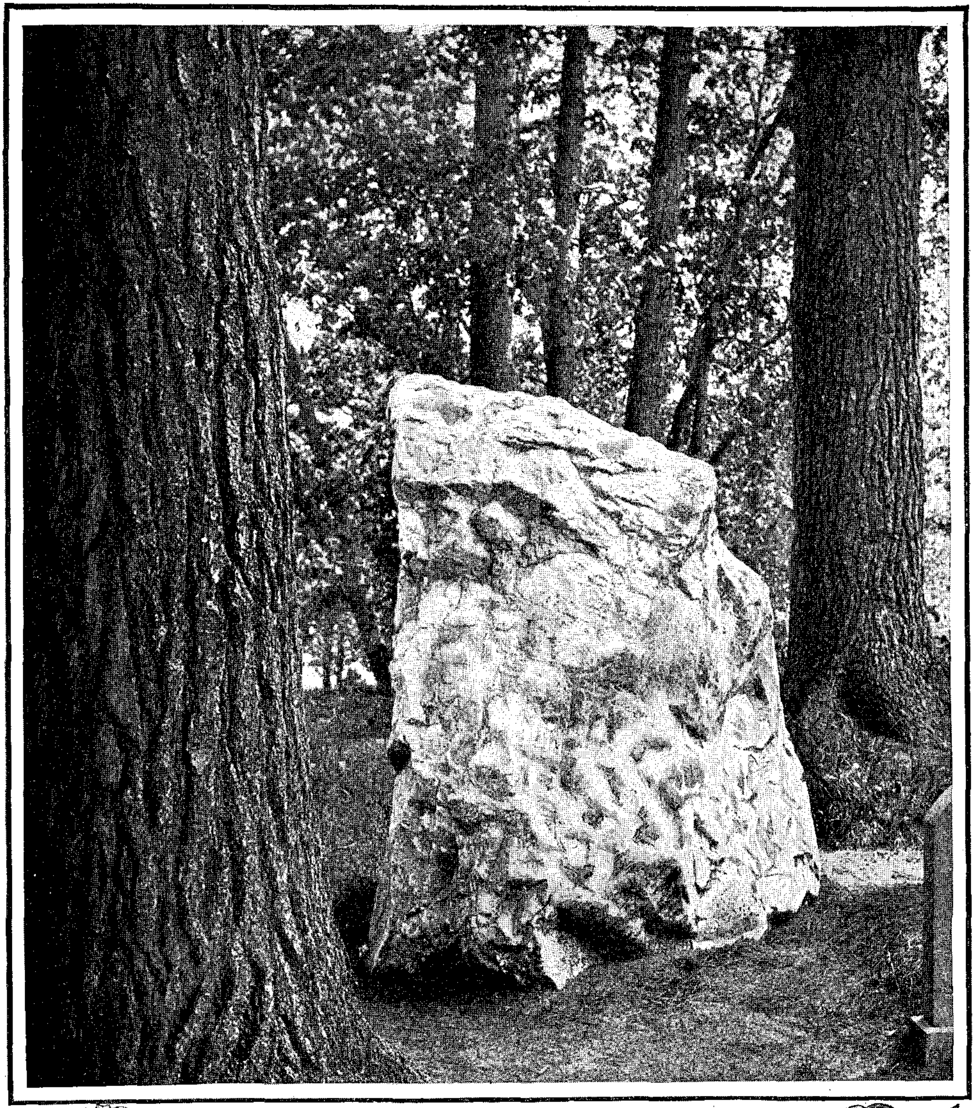
"My garden is a forest ledge
  Which older forests bound;
The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,
  Then plunge to depths profound.

Self-sown my stately garden grows;
  The wind, and wind-blown seed,
Cold April rain and colder snows,
  My hedges plant and feed."

Emerson was not a successful farmer, though he had the respect of the practical farmers about him, and was known as "a first-rate neighbor and one who always kept his fences up;" his business was not with the acres, but with the landscape. No one ever took ampler or nobler harvests of the spirit off the land than Emerson. He had a keen eye for the small facts of natural life, but he cared chiefly for the vital processes, the flooding life, the revelation of truth, the correspondence of soul between man and Nature; he was, in a word, the poet in the woods and fields. With serene faith and loyal fellowship he kept friends with Nature from youth to age, and the joy of his intimacy suffered no shadow of estrangement as the years went by. A walk in the woods, he declared, was "one of the secrets for dodging old age;" and in an address "To the Woods" he wrote: "Whoso goeth in your paths readeth the same cheerful lesson, whether he be a young child or a hundred years old. . . . Give me a tune like your winds or brooks or birds, for the songs of men grow old, when they are uprooted; but yours, though a man have heard them for seventy years, are never the same, but always new, like Time itself, or like love."

To the very end this devout lover of Nature lived in daily intercourse with her, and it was during a walk in a cold April rain that he contracted the illness which proved fatal after a few days of sitting in his chair by the fire calmly waiting for death. In the quiet place where he lies, near Hawthorne and Thoreau, the pines seem to be always whispering among themselves; but, alas! there is no longer one who understands them.

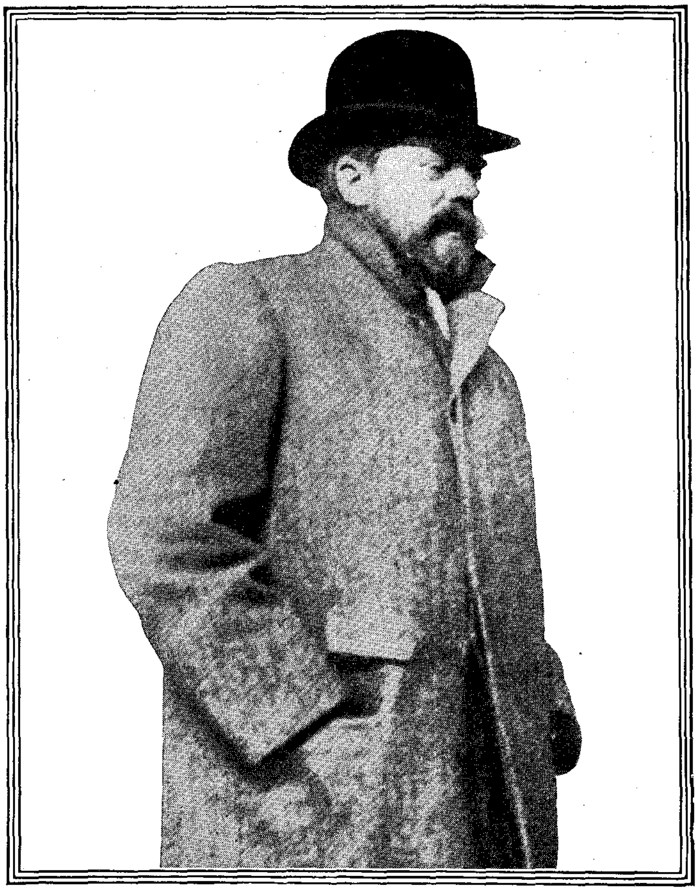
PETERS WOODS



AT·EMERSONS·GRAVE·

BY CHARLOTTE·BREWSTER·JORDAN·

What afterthoughts the rough-hewn, uncarved stone
Which marks the resting-place of Concord's Sage
Suggest to our time-serving, restless age!
How strong is its simplicity! Unknown
To it complexity of line! Alone,—
Amid the commonplace who ever gauge
Life's guerdon by its fickle gauds and wage,
Unheedful of the world's grave undertone,—
It stands, fit type of him whose soul's behest
Transcended mere convention's petty bound.
The boulder's rugged outline power implies;
The rose tints, gleaming through the quartz, suggest
That inward light which energized and crowned
A gracious spirit, kindly, keen, and wise.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF JOHN S. SARGENT

Sargent the Portrait Painter

By John C. Van Dyke

Professor of the History of Art in Rutgers College

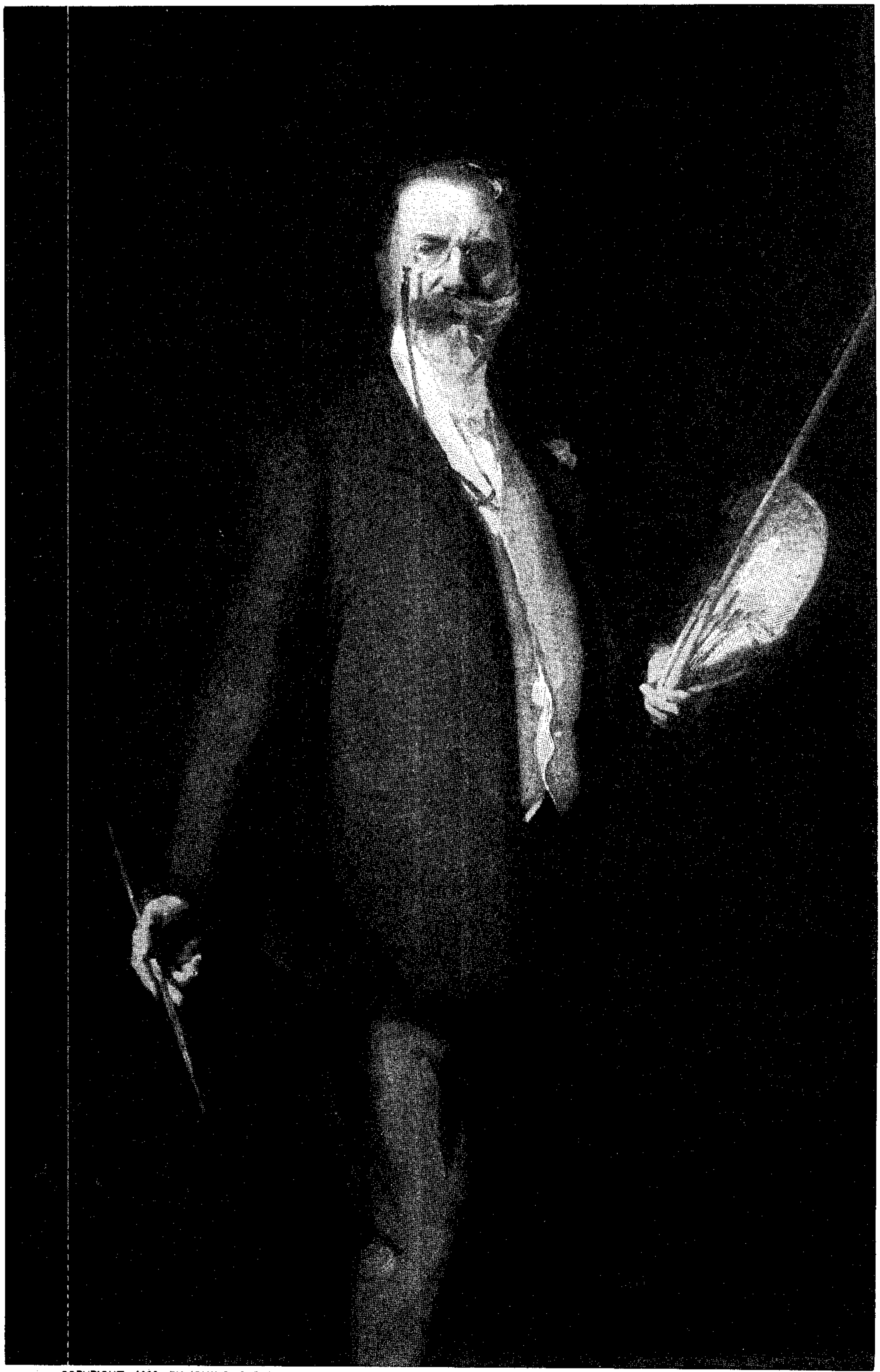
MR. Sargent, the painter, is not a person whose career may be safely summarized at the present time. The chances are that at forty-seven his style is established, and that he will not change radically hereafter, but in that assumption lies danger. No one can foresee what new manifestation may be flung off by his active talent, nor how contradictory it may be to his earlier work. Thus far he seems to have developed in one direction—a direction not difficult to point out—but who shall say that he will always continue as now? It were wiser, perhaps, to follow him in what he has done than to waste words in predicting what he may do hereafter. And wiser, too, not to worry ourselves about whether he will "rank with Titian and Velasquez." We are not the best judges of that. Posterity will give him his place, and no doubt it will be a conspicuous one; but we may be reasonably sure it will not be the place we assign him.

The events in Mr. Sargent's life, as we read them or hear them told, seem not in any way striking or fateful. He was born in Florence in 1856. His parents were Americans residing in Italy, and legally Mr. Sargent is an American, too; but the legal tie is about all that binds him to us. We like to claim him now that he is the most celebrated portrait-painter living, but in reality he is American only in name. He was not reared nor educated here, he has not lived here, he has not fought in our quarrels, nor failed in our failures, nor succeeded in our successes. The greater part of his life has been lived abroad, amid other scenes and other peoples. As a boy he traveled about Europe with his parents, speaking German as his first acquired language, and gaining the bulk of his schooling in Italy and Germany. At seventeen he was an art student in Florence, and a little later he went to Paris and entered the *atelier* of Carolus-Duran—at that time perhaps the most dashing technician of the French school. It was not until 1876, when Mr. Sargent was twenty years old, that he made his first visit to the United States. He did not stay for any length of time, and what were his impressions of the land and people we do not know. Several times since then he has been here for short periods, but one or another of the large European capitals has always been his residence. Since 1884 his permanent abiding-place has been London, though he lived for some time in Paris, and has traveled in Morocco, Spain, Egypt, and elsewhere.

It would seem, then, that, however much pride we may take in Mr. Sargent's achievements, we can hardly be proud because he is peculiarly our own. He is not American in the sense of knowing the land and the people, sympathizing with our aims and aspirations, and reflecting our life and civilization. Just as little has his birth in Italy made him Italian or his residence in France and England made him French or English. No country can appropriate him, no people can claim him, for in reality he is a citizen of the world at large—the manner of man we sometimes call a cosmopolite. If there is one place above another that he can be traced to and said to emanate from, it is Paris; and Paris is no longer merely the first city of France. It, too, has become cosmopolitan—the center of modern life and the gathering-place of the world's knowledge, intelligence, and fashion. Mr. Sargent reflects its taste and its skill, but not anything else that is peculiarly French—not anything that smacks of the French soil. The accomplishments of Paris are his, but without the sentiment or the feeling that is French.

It is questionable if a man who is equally at home in London, Paris, Florence, and New York will or can have a very strong sentiment for any one of those places. He can hardly spend a winter in New York and become vitally interested in democracy, and the next winter go to London and fall deeply in love with aristocracy. Nor can he live for a few months in Spain or Germany and penetrate to the quick the life and character of the people. The cosmopolite who moves hither and yon about the globe hardly ever takes to heart the affairs and interests of those with whom he is temporarily sojourning. On the contrary, it is rather his attitude of mind that nothing is to be taken too seriously. To ruffle one's composure with an emotion or to worry one's self about a sentiment is the very thing he seeks to avoid. He accepts facts as facts, concerns himself with the appearance of things, is a great stickler for the refinements, and a great student of manners, methods, and styles. He quickly absorbs whatsoever is intelligent or artistic or learned, his perceptions are very acute, his knowledge and skill are polished to the last degree; but the strong feeling that, after all, lies at the bottom of great endeavor finds no utterance in his work, and the national beliefs that are really the insistent and the persistent things in both literature and art are not the mainspring of his action.

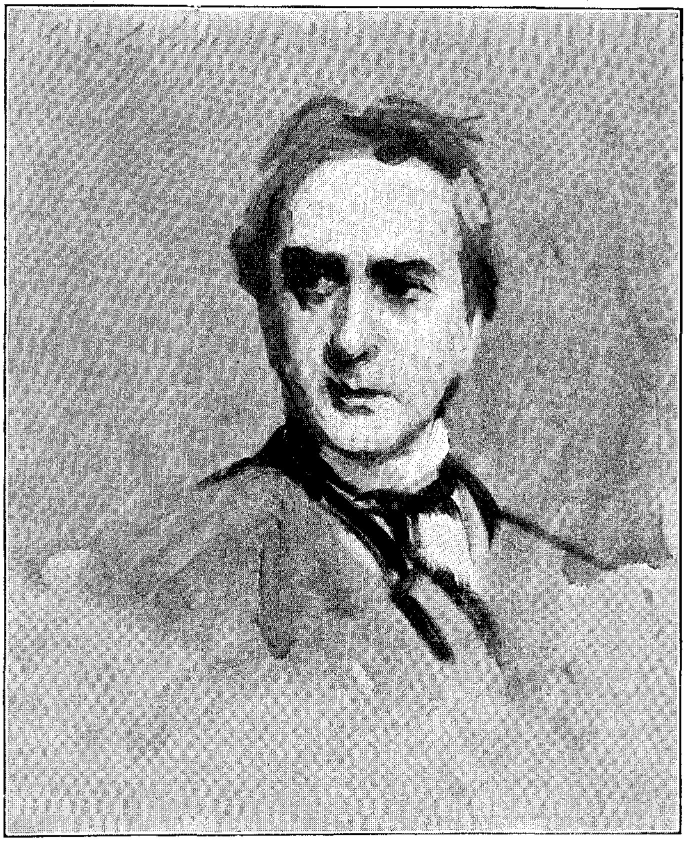
So much may be said in a general way about the man we are considering. And so much without a thought of either praise or blame. Mr. Sargent's life has been the result of peculiar circumstances—fortunate circumstances, some may think, or perhaps unfortunate, as others may hold. At least they have brought forth an accomplished painter whose art no one can fail to admire. That his work may be admired understandingly it is quite necessary to comprehend the personality of the artist—to understand his education, his associations, his social environment. For if the man himself is cosmopolitan, his art is not less so. It is the perfection of world-style, the very last word in method, learned to a startling degree, accurate, scientific, almost faultless; but it belongs to no country, reflects no people, discloses no sentiment, and causes no emotion. It is calmly intellectual and begets enthusiasm



COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY JOHN S. SARGENT. FROM A COPLEY PRINT, COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CURTIS & CAMERON, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF W. M. CHASE, THE ARTIST only for its absolute truthfulness to appearance and the brilliancy of its achievement.

To achieve and to accomplish—that is, to draw and to paint—seem to have been Mr. Sargent's ambition from the start. He early became proficient with the brush. Leighton remarked his skill as a boy, and before he left Florence he was accounted a student of uncommon ability. He had grown up in the home of Leonardo and Andrea del Sarto, and had studied the works of the old Italians from many points of view. Everywhere among the Renaissance painters he had met with the skilled technician, and doubtless his early aspirations were to excel as a craftsman. Certainly it was with no little knowledge of drawing that he presented himself at the Paris *atelier* of Carolus-Duran in 1874, aged eighteen. Mr. Beckwith, who opened the door for him and presented him to the master, speaks of his sketches thus: "We were astonished at the cleverness shown in the water-color and pencil work, and his début was considered a most promising one. He made rapid progress from the day he entered the school, and gradually rose to perfection in academic study." He soon surpassed his master, learned all that was to be taught in Paris, and then passed on to newer fields. If one may judge from appearances, craftsmanship—the best way of doing things—continued to be his quest wherever he journeyed. It is easy to imagine that in Madrid he would admire such a painter as Velasquez, in Antwerp Rubens, in Holland Frans Hals, in London Sir Thomas Lawrence. No doubt a man of his sensitiveness sees and sympathizes with the sentiment of painters like the early Italians, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, and possibly Millet; but he thinks and works in quite a different way from them. His attention is drawn by the



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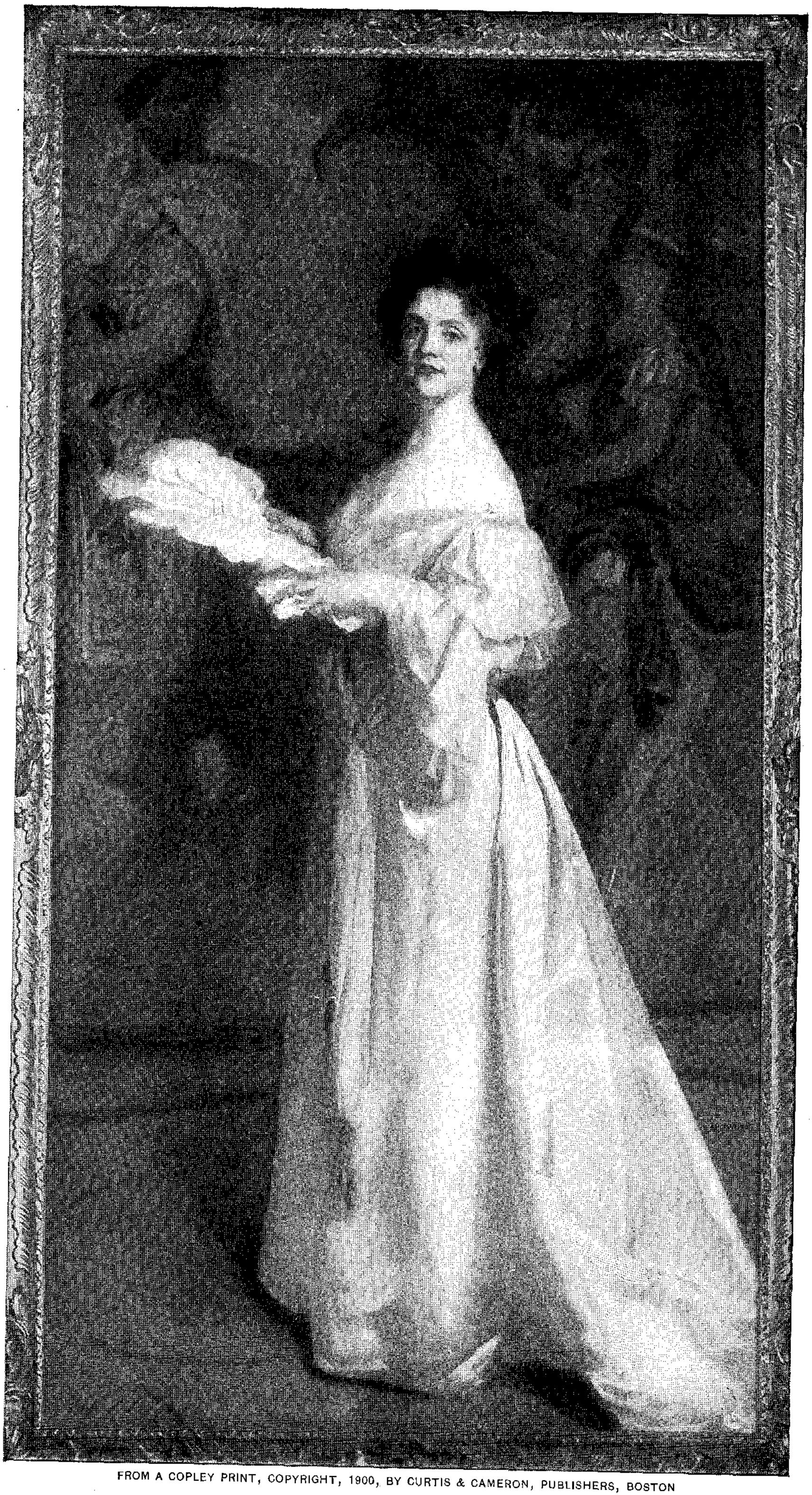
SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF EDWIN BOOTH



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SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF ADA REHAN

picturesque appearance, and his handling has more in common with Lawrence than Rembrandt, more affinity with the robust, matter-of-fact Velasquez than the nervous, hesitating Gainsborough. But while he may have admired one more than another, he gained what he could from all. And at last, like the eclectic Raphael, having absorbed from many sources, he finally established a style of his own.

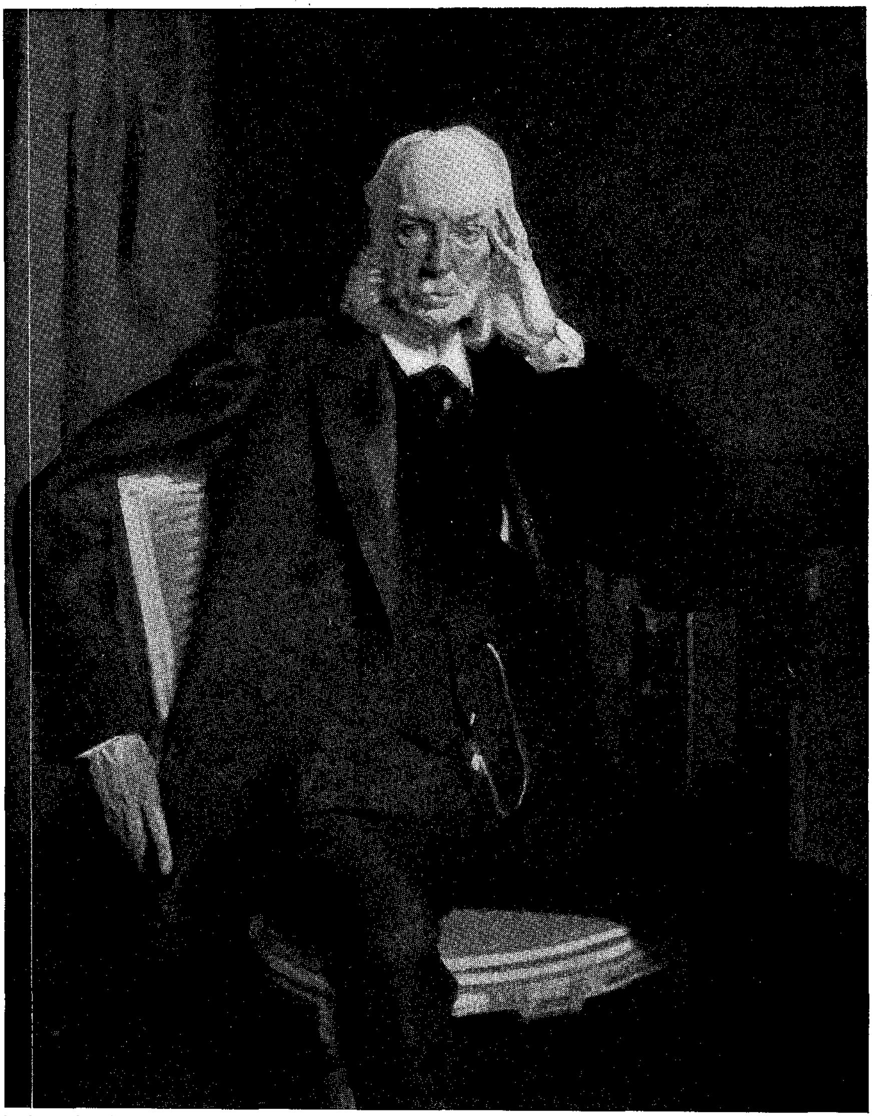
In choosing portraiture for the field of his operations Mr. Sargent was perhaps wise as well as fortunate. For it requires something of the keen, cool observer, the man who can record the fact without romance, to make a good portrait-painter; and Mr. Sargent has proved himself an observer above all. His successes in other fields are perhaps only manifestations of the same peculiar talent. The lovely "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose" is little more than the portraits of two young girls lighting Japanese lanterns in a flower garden, told with great beauty of color and light. "Carmencita" is a portrait in costume. "El Jaleo" is a portrait of a Spanish interior with a dancing figure, and his Venetian scenes are not different. All of them are treated in the portrait spirit—that is, from the point of view of an observer and a recorder, rather than a lover or a rhapsodist. Mr. Sargent does not rhapsodize—at least not in his works. The decoration in the Boston Public Library is no exception. It evidently cost the painter much time and thought, but the symbolism of it bewilders, and its excellence lies less in meaning or appropriateness than in masterful execution. It does not enthrall or sway or charm; it astonishes by the brilliancy of its coloring and the supreme excellence of its workmanship. It is something that one marvels over but cannot fall in love with. And the sanest part of it is perhaps the panel of the prophets, which is essentially protraiture again—that is, something painted from the model.

To say that Mr. Sargent has produced only portraits is not by any means to depreciate either the painter or his subject. On the contrary, it may be affirmed that painting knows no higher range than portraiture, and to-day the masterpieces of the world will be found in that department. And to say that he produces a portraiture somewhat wanting in intimate sympathy, devoid of race bias, a calmly intellectual product that has little sentiment back of it, is not to underrate its value as pure art. Seldom, indeed, do we find the intensely sympathetic and the technically skillful combined in painting. There is usually a strong leaning toward one or the other extreme. But the loss of either quality has its compensation in the superior excellence of the quality which is gained.

Mr. Sargent's portraits are good illustrations of this. They may not be all that could be wished for in soul, but they are not lacking in life. You will not be able to look into the eyes and seem to know the inner consciousness of the sitter, as in a portrait by Rembrandt; but you will feel the bodily presence, the physical fact, as you do in a portrait by Frans Hals. There is the Marquand portrait at the Metropolitan Museum, to which reference may be made. How well he has emphasized the facts of the spare figure, the thin, nervous hand, the refined if somewhat weary face! How very effective the placing of the figure in the chair, the turn of the head, and again that thin hand against which the head rests. Every physical feature is just as it should be. Look at the bone structure of the forehead, the setting of the eyes, the protrusion of the lower lip, the modeling of the mouth and chin. Could anything be more positive?

All his portraits of men are of this character. They stand well, weigh well, have bulk and body—in short, they live and breathe. The "Speaker Reed" and the "Mr. Chamberlain" are likenesses of men in the flesh, done apparently without a thought of their being statesmen. There is nothing of the official about them, but everything of the actual. Just so with the celebrated portrait of Mr. Wertheimer, or the portraits of Mr. Booth, Mr. Richard M. Hunt, or Mr. Widener. It is the look of the man that is given in each case rather than the professional air.

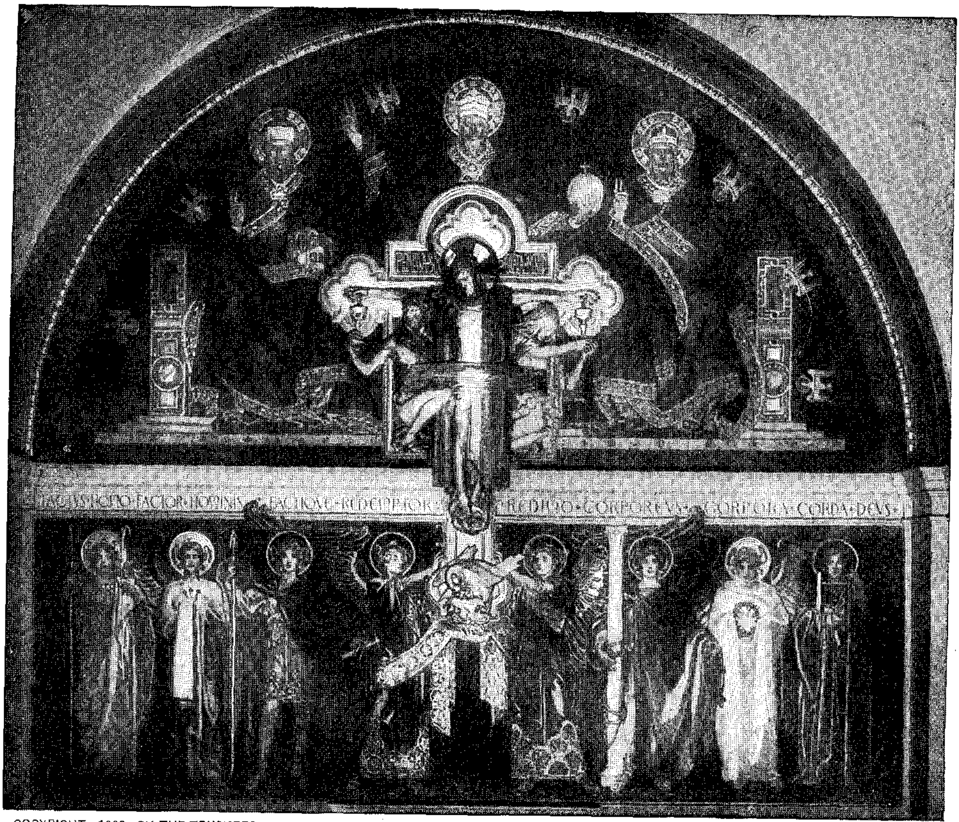
His portraits of women are not different. He seeks the personal presence, sees keenly every physical peculiarity, and gives as truthfully as is consistent with pigments the facts as he sees them. There is no romance of mood, no idealizing or prettifying of the likeness. All phases of fashionable life have come to his studio,



COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF HENRY G. MARQUAND

and he has painted a host of celebrities—some of them more worthy of his brush than others. Many times he has painted the grand lady in flashing jewels and gorgeous robes, and been accused of vulgarity in the doing of it. But the accusation will not lie. Frequently the vulgarity has been in the sitter and has been shown by the painter; but that is a portrait fact which it is just his business to show, not suppress. Many times the lady, the robes, and the jewels have been given without a suspicion of vulgarity. That wondrous creation which appeared in the Salon some years ago—the tall lady in the magenta gown—was something bordering upon the bizarre; it was flashing, glittering, noisy; but not unrefined in any sense. The portrait of Miss Terry as Lady Macbeth is "stagy," as perhaps it should be, for again the "staginess" was before the painter; but surely it is not wanting in taste. And for refinement, distinction, sensitiveness, what could be better than the beautiful portrait of Lady Agnew, shown some years ago among the "Portraits of Fair Women" in London? Whatever may be the qualities or the



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THE DOGMA OF REDEMPTION

Sargent's new decoration for the Boston Public Library.

defects of the sitter, Mr. Sargent may be trusted to record the facts before him exactly as they are. For his knowledge is almost absolute and his execution almost faultless.

In the production of the portrait clear and accurate observation is half the battle. If a painter sees and knows his subject thoroughly, he will have little trouble in telling what he sees and knows to other people; and to repeat of Mr. Sargent that he sees rightly and records rightly is to state the case in a sentence. Nothing in the physical presence escapes him. The slight inclination of a head, the shyness of a glance, the mobility of a mouth, the uneasiness of a hand, the nervous strain of a gesture, are all turned to account. Every tone of color in itself and in its relations to the other tones, every light in relation to its shadow and to the other lights, every melting contour in contrast with every accented contour, and every texture in relation to every other texture—all are caught within the angle of the painter's focus.

And how certain is his technical expression! Here comes in the value of his cosmopolitan education. His hand obeys his mind without flinching, without doubting, without hesitation. There is not the slightest uncertainty about the drawing in the Marquand portrait. The group of portraits, sometimes called the "Hall of the Four Children," was painted twenty years ago; it is an early work, and yet the exact values of the tones, the relations of the lights to the darks, the atmospheric effect over all, are precisely and irreproachably right. And as for color, there is the portrait of Mrs. Playfair to illustrate the truth of brilliancy, and the "Lady Agnew" again to illustrate the truth of sobriety, even if we had not the lovely coloring of the "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose" or that jewel-like setting of varied hues upon the ceiling of the Boston Library. All of his technical skill, all of his taste, all of the sentiment and emotional feeling that may be in his personality, seem to be shown in his beautiful child-portrait, "Beatrice." It was painted a dozen years ago, and since then the painter has done more talked-about but certainly not more effective work. The naïve look, the childish character, are given with convincing drawing and exquisite coloring. It shows the painter at his very best, and it must always be accounted one of his pronounced successes.

Possibly the feature of Mr. Sargent's work that excites the greatest admiration in his fellow-artists is his facile handling of the brush. The final result of it gives one the impression of work done easily—in fact, rather improvised than premeditated. But the impression is somewhat misleading. Every stroke is calmly calculated, every touch is coolly designed. If the effect looks labored, the palette-knife cleans the canvas and the work is done over again. There is no excitement or feverish haste, however swiftly the brush may seem to travel. The nimble hand obeys a well-trained mind, and if the work is easily and accurately done, it is not through any burst of inspiration or preternatural facility of the moment, but through long and careful training. In this respect our painter reminds us of that supreme master of the craft—Rubens.

Mr. Sargent's whole style is more Parisian than anything else, and is based upon that of his master, Carolus-Duran. Of course he has greatly improved upon his preceptor. Whatsoever he has found to be good in the art of the times he has studied, but not everything that came to hand has been accepted. He has never been led away by new movements, nor has he sympathized with mere fads. He has taken the best from without and added it to the best from within, producing a sane and individual style of his own. No cosmopolitan painter of the present day has a more individual expression than he. And one cannot think of a living painter who expresses himself so well. We have deprecated the ranking of Mr. Sargent with such old masters as Titian and Velasquez, and yet a comparison with present-day painters is very tempting. It is almost impossible to think of him otherwise than as the leading portrait-painter of the time. We need not claim that place for him, because it has already been given him by Europeans who bear us no great love, and some of whom still think of Mr. Sargent as "a typical American." We wish he were such an American; we wish our title to him as an American painter were a little less questionable.

Dawn

By Alice Ward Bailey

Darkness, on which no ray hath risen,
Fetter and guard and prison,
In vain I bar to thee my soul;
I give thee dole, I give thee dole!

Thy trailing robes I cannot reach,
Deaf are thy ears, thou hast no speech;
Thou art not what thou seem'st to be;
O formless Dread, depart from me!

Hark! far away I hear a ringing note
Answered from many a throbbing throat.
The East is dappled like a fawn—
It is the dawn, it is the dawn!

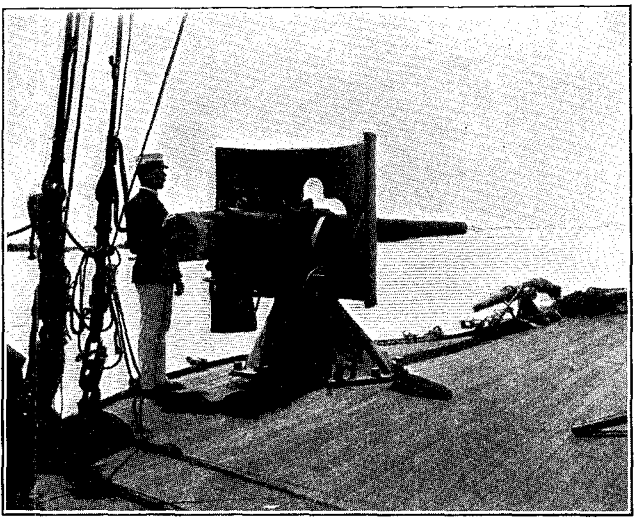
The day breaks and the shadows flee:
Sing, sing your Benedicite!
Let all the earth the shout prolong,
Thank God for Light, thank God for Song!

PHOTOGRAPH BY KADGIHN, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

Edgar E. Clark

No better selection could have possibly been made by President Roosevelt in filling the office of Assistant Secretary of the new Department of Commerce, of which Secretary Cortelyou is the head, than that of Mr. E. E. Clark; particularly is this the case from the point of view of the best element among the supporters of organized labor. Mr. Clark rose from the lowest place in the employ of a railway to that of a responsible official; while his influence among his fellow-workmen is shown by the fact that he was six times made head of the Order of Railroad Conductors. When President Roosevelt named Mr. Clark as a member of the Anthracite Coal Commission, he was regarded as filling the description of sociologist, that being one of the characterizations of the man to be selected made by the railway operators in their agreement to submit to arbitration. At that time the President himself defined a sociologist as " a man who has thought and studied deeply on sociological questions and has practically applied his knowledge." It was because Mr. Clark answered this definition that he was selected for the Coal Commission, and in that capacity, as is agreed by all his fellow-commissioners, Mr. Clark showed remarkable ability.

THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY[1]


THE GUN ON THE NASHVILLE THAT FIRED THE FIRST SHOT OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN

BY

JOHN D. LONG

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FROM 1897 TO 1902

THE BLOCKADE OF CUBA AND ITS EFFECT

By the terms of the joint resolution voted by Congress on April 19, 1898, and approved by the President on the following day, the Government of the United States recognized the independence of Cuba and pledged itself to remove Spanish control. Of itself, this resolution made that island the military objective of the American land and naval forces. All other offensive operations, though necessarily conducive to final victory, were simply incidental to its attainment. Mars had girded on his armor and was raising his sword to strike. In despatches to the President and the State Department, Minister Woodford, in Madrid, had asserted that a public sentiment was there crystallizing which would sustain the Spanish Government in its effort to preserve peace even though the price were the surrender of an island which had been an appurtenance of the Crown for four hundred years. So rapid was the march of events, however, that this sentiment failed to attain the strength necessary to enable Maria Christina, the brave and anxious mother of Alphonso XIII., to sever from the kingdom of her son the "Pearl of the Antilles." Approval by the President of the joint resolution of Congress was immediately followed by a request from the Spanish Minister in Washington for his passports. To Minister Woodford an instruction was sent directing him to demand formally that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces therefrom. Before the Minister could communicate this instruction to the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs, he was notified that diplomatic relations had been broken off. His further stay in Madrid rendered useless, he withdrew.

Diplomacy had failed. To the sailor and to the soldier the United States now intrusted the task of expelling Spain from Cuba. In the councils of the Navy Department there were some who asserted that this purpose could be most promptly and economically achieved by destruction of the commerce of Spain and by threatening ports of the Peninsula which lay upon the seashore and which were known to be as notoriously lacking in defense as

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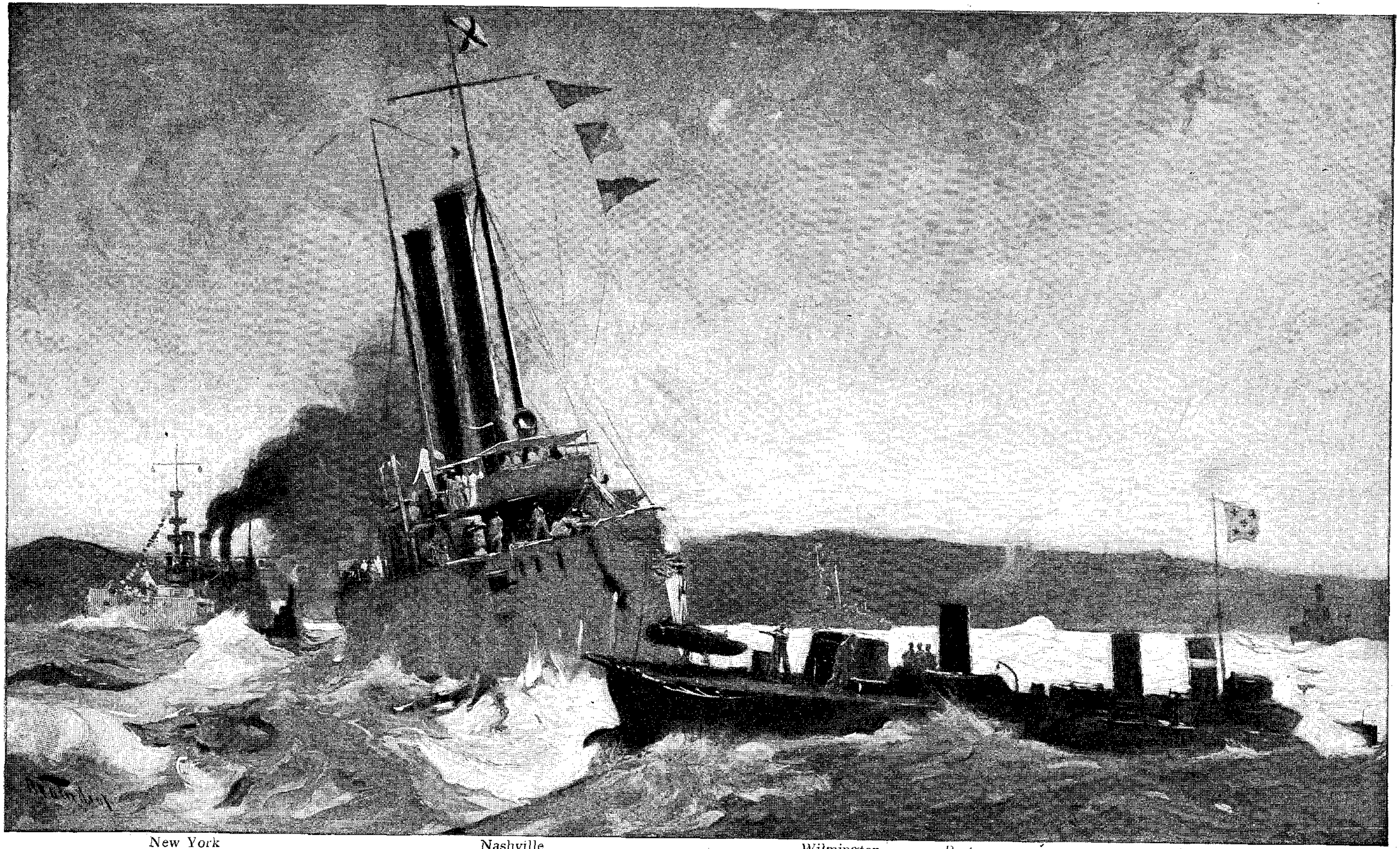
This is the seventh of a series of twelve papers to appear in the Magazine Numbers of The Outlook. Other papers will be: Bottling up Cervera's Fleet, The Battle of Santiago, Valiant Deeds in the War with Spain; Samoa, the Philippines, and China; Recent Naval Lessons.


New York
Nashville
Wilmington
Porter
Hudson

SOME BOATS OF THE BLOCKADING FLEET OFF THE COAST OF CUBA

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

were those situated near the seaboard of the United States. To such advice the Department gave consideration, but it was not followed because the plan worked out long before hostilities began contemplated a procedure which would place the greater strain upon Spain and give the United States the further advantage of time in which to organize an army sufficiently well equipped and drilled and adequate in numbers to overcome the enemy's troops in Cuba. History shows that Spain has been always courageous in defense. Napoleon's peninsular campaign placed his brother on the throne at Madrid, but Castilian pertinacity and Castilian patriotism forced its relinquishment. Mere bombardment of Spanish ports would have caused simply wanton destruction of property, and might have roused Continental Europe, avowedly sympathetic with Spain, to interfere in her behalf. Conquest of the Peninsula would have demanded an army large and highly trained, and its transportation a distance of more than three thousand miles—a dangerous maneuver in view of the fact that Spain's available naval force in the Atlantic Ocean was nominally the equal in fighting strength of that which we had assembled in our own waters. Had Admiral Cervera and his officers been permitted to direct the naval operations of their country, they would have endeavored to shift the burden of offense to the shoulders of the United States. "The idea of sending the fleet to Cuba," Admiral Cervera wrote before the war, "seems to have been abandoned, I believe very wisely. Concerning Porto Rico I have often wondered whether it would be wise to accumulate there all our forces, and I do not think so. If Porto Rico is faithful, it will not be such an easy job for the Yankees; if it is not faithful, it will inevitably follow the same fate as Cuba, at least for us. On the other hand, I am very much afraid for the Philippines and the Canaries, as I have said before; and, above all, the possibility of a bombardment of our coast, which is not impossible, considering the audacity of the Yankees, and counting, as they do, with four or five vessels of higher speed than our own." These views were entertained also by Cervera's subordinates, as is shown by the following decision of the council of war held on board the Cristobal Colon at Cape Verde Islands on April 21, before the squadron sailed for the Caribbean Sea:

> Several opinions were exchanged concerning the probable consequences of our campaign in the West Indies; the great deficiencies of our fleet compared with that of the enemy were made manifest, as well as the very scanty resources which the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico were able to offer for the purpose of establishing a base of operations. In consideration of this, and the grave consequences for the nation of a defeat of our fleet in Cuba, thus leaving unobstructed the coming of the enemy against the Peninsula and adjacent islands, it was unanimously agreed to call the attention of the Government, by means of a *telegram, in which the commander-in-chief* of the squadron, in agreement with the second in command and the commanders of the vessels, suggested to go to the Canaries.

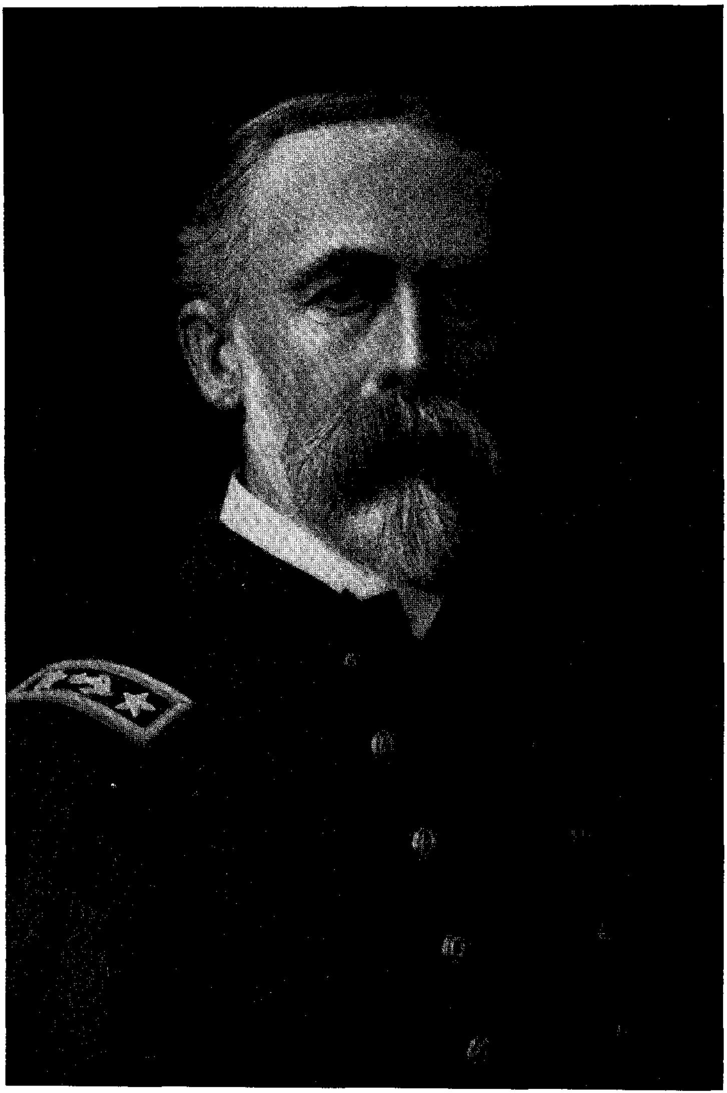
In the light of the best thought focused upon the situation, the Navy Department determined to concentrate our sea strength in the Atlantic upon Cuba particularly, and Porto Rico incidentally. Had we been opposed by a more powerful enemy, immediate capture of Porto Rico might have been advisable. Using it as a base, we could have threatened his communications and thus retarded, if not actually prevented, his relief of Cuba. Had he remained in occupation, he would have been in an excellent geographical position to defend Cuba and menace our ports. As the United States had no outlying colonies and no lines of communication to support, and our coast is distant only ninety miles from Havana, the Naval War Board rightly concluded that conquest of Porto Rico promised no results commensurate with the sacrifice such action would entail.

That Cuba had been selected as the first scene of American naval endeavor must have been apparent to Spain and to other naval and military nations, for at Key West lay a fleet at least able to initiate action for the accomplishment of the object declared in the Congressional resolution. Essential as was such mobilization, it was not regarded with satisfaction by the timid among the inhabitants of our seaboard. Apologies are profuse now for the fears of Spanish bombardment entertained by certain coast cities and towns, but in April of 1898 there was insistent demand for protection, and the Department was compelled to modify the rule of concentration adopted as the guide of its conduct during the war. The double-turreted, low-freeboard monitors—four in number—had been constructed specially to supplement the shore fortifications in repelling attack by an enemy. It was suggested that one be stationed at Boston, another at New York, a third at the mouth of the Delaware, and a fourth at Hampton Roads. But clamor for protection arose at points for which we had no monitors. Besides, a single vessel of this type, not of modern construction and armament, would be of little avail in a battle with five armored cruisers, swift and thus able to choose the scene and position in conflict, and provided with an armament composed of the latest models of heavy guns. To reduce this superiority, it was urged that the monitors be mobilized at a central point on the Atlantic coast. The insuperable objection to this plan was that the slowness of the craft would prevent them from reaching a distant port attacked by the enemy in time to catch him if he were disposed to avoid a fight. Were he willing to risk the chances of conflict, their unsteadiness as gun platforms in a seaway would increase their disadvantage.

Thus, though the monitors were built especially for coast defense, they were manifestly unsuited for this purpose, and the Department, driven to the employment of every weapon, whatever its value, was compelled to order them to Key West for participation in offensive operations for which they were equally unsuited. This decision necessitated, however, the division of the battle fleet, the full strength of which would be needed in case Spain made the natural tactical move and mobilized her entire fighting force. Circumstances consequently forced separation of the real effectives of the United States navy—its battle-ships and armored cruisers; but as far as possible the Department sought to overcome them and to place each squadron within supporting distance of the other. The "Flying Squadron," the name of which denotes the purpose of its organization, was assembled at Hampton Roads, one thousand miles from Key West, but nearer to that point and to Porto Rico than to New York, and yet within easy striking distance of this great commercial center, upon which particularly it was apprehended that an attack might be made. Organization of the Northern Patrol Squadron, at first composed of the San Francisco, flagship of the Commander-in-Chief; Prairie, Dixie, Yankee, and Yosemite, relieved to some extent the pressure upon the Navy Department to hold the Flying Squadron at Hampton Roads, and partially allayed the unwarranted terror felt by the inhabitants of the coast towns.

Instead of frittering away our naval strength by assignment of vessels before every port of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, the Department, by the use of makeshifts, succeeded in concentrating it into two squadrons. That at Key West, when war began, had an armored backbone made up of the battle-ships Indiana and Iowa, armored cruiser New York, and monitors Puritan, Miantonomoh, Amphitrite, and Terror. The lighter framework was made up of the cruisers Cincinnati, Detroit, Marblehead, and Montgomery, the gunboats Castine, Dolphin, Helena, Machias, Wilmington, Nashville, Newport, Vesuvius, Fern, and Mayflower, the transport steamer Resolute, revenue cutters McLane and Morrill, lighthouse tender Mangrove, tugs and converted yachts Accomac, Leyden, Uncas, Wompatuck, Eagle, Hawk, and Hornet, and torpedo-boats Cushing, Dupont, Ericsson, Foote, Rodgers, and Winslow. Other vessels were rapidly added. The Flying Squadron comprised the battle-ship Massachusetts, second-class battle-ship Texas, armored cruiser Brooklyn, protected cruisers Columbia, Minneapolis, and New Orleans, armored ram Katahdin, and converted yacht Scorpion. Hastening with all speed around Cape Horn were the battle-ship Oregon and gunboat Marietta, the former needed to reinforce the armorclads of the North Atlantic fleet and make them undoubtedly the superior of the Spanish ships believed to be ready for sea.

In the officers and men who formed the complements of the vessels which represented the naval arm of the United States, the country possessed efficient and courageous servants who could be depended upon to do more than their duty and to do it well. Commanding the division at Key West was Captain William Thomas Sampson, promoted upon the outbreak of war to the rank of acting Rear-Admiral and given supreme command of the entire naval force in North Atlantic waters. Before the destruction of the Maine, none of the

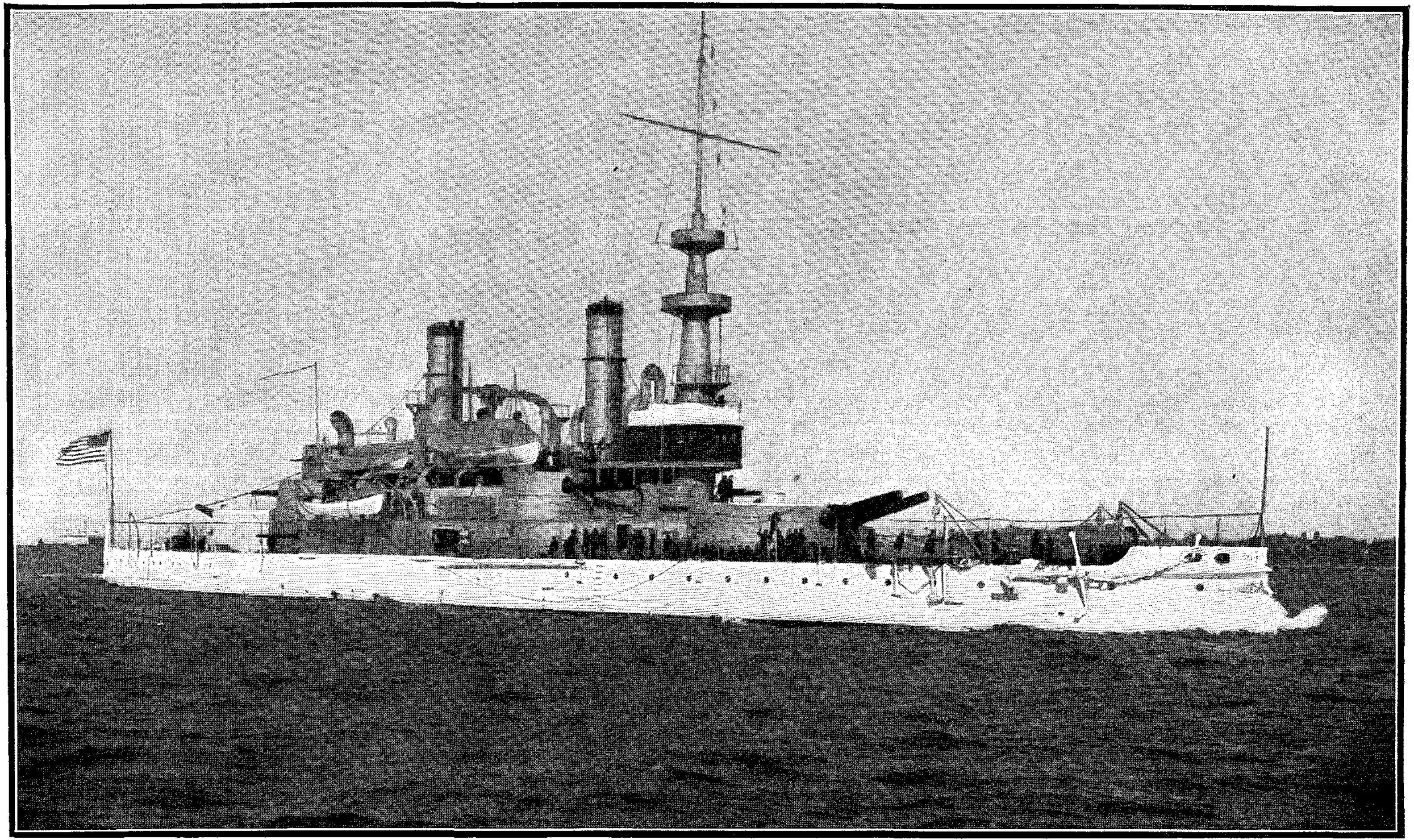


PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON

In supreme command of the American Naval Force in Atlantic waters during the war with Spain.

officers on the active list of the navy was prominently known to the country, though many had gained distinction in their profession and some had displayed gallantry and ability during the war of the Rebellion. Sampson was pre-eminent among this number. His courage had been proven by performance in the Civil War. An officer of the ill-fated Patapsco, sunk by a submarine mine at Charleston, S. C., he calmly stood on the roof of the turret while the vessel was going to the bottom, and when his men had safely left the ship he stepped into the water. He demonstrated his progressiveness by striving constantly to improve the service. His executive ability, especially in ordnance, made him a rare administrator, and was responsible for his retention on shore duty a longer period than usual. When I entered the Navy Department, Sampson was Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. He was offered a transfer to the Bureau of Navigation, but, believing that he would be more useful at sea and that his health would be benefited by the change, he declined it and assumed command of the battle-ship Iowa in the summer of 1897.



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THE MASSACHUSETTS, OF THE BLOCKADING FLEET

The North Atlantic squadron was then under Rear-Admiral Montgomery Sicard, who had earnestly and energetically striven to make his command an efficient instrument of war. Illness of this Commander-in-Chief caused the Secretary of the Navy, in March of 1898, to appoint a Board of Medical Survey to make an examination of his physical condition. To his own regret, no less than to that of the authorities in Washington, he was condemned, and the Department was advised that his health demanded his detachment from the squadron.

On the eve of war the Department was confronted by the necessity of choosing a fitting successor to this capable and conscientious officer. The moment required a man of splendid judgment, quick decision, possessing intimate knowledge of the characteristics of the vessels he would have to use and the officers and men manning them, and enjoying the esteem and confidence of his subordinates. The consensus of naval opinion was that Sampson had these qualifications. He had graduated number one in his class at the Naval Academy, and this without the prestige of blood, of wealth, or of position. He had maintained this superiority throughout his naval career. He had been a dominant voice in important boards which had considered the development of the *matériel* and personnel of the New Navy. He was the senior captain of the North Atlantic squadron, and in command of it during Sicard's incapacity. He enjoyed the full confidence not only of the officers and men of his own ship, but of the officers and men of the entire navy.

There was no political demand for Sampson. He had no friends in Congress to speak for him, nor did he directly or indirectly indicate to the Department that he desired to succeed Rear-Admiral Sicard. For his selection the Department is alone responsible; and it was made advisable by the interests of the country, to which the eye of the Department was single. The President gave his cordial approval to the choice, and Sampson, though there were worthy and efficient officers his seniors, was to give ample evidence that the assignment was justifiable.

Commodore Winfield Scott Schley was in Washington serving as Chairman of the Lighthouse Board when the Maine was destroyed. He at once made application for assignment to sea duty, and upon the organization of the Flying Squadron I selected him as its commander-in-chief. Among his naval associates Schley was not credited with as high a measure of professional ability and judgment as Sampson and some other officers. Nevertheless, his career was filled with stirring incidents which had their scenes in the War of the Rebellion, in the frozen North, where he voluntarily went in search of Greely and his daring companions, and in other parts of the world where American interests demanded protection. He had been Chief of the Bureau of Equipment, had commanded a vessel of the New Navy, and appeared to to be an officer of skill, judgment, and resource. That there might be no doubt of his position at sea, I personally informed him that, while his command would, for a time at least, be independent, it was a part of the North Atlantic Fleet, and when his squadron and that at Key West were merged he would be subordinate to Acting Rear-Admiral Sampson. To this condition he cheerfully agreed, and expressed his cordial readiness for co-operation and service.

To assure efficient operations on the part of the numerous vessels engaged in the blockade of Cuba, the Department determined, a few days after the outbreak of war, to order two officers of the rank of Commodore to report to Rear-Admiral Sampson. Commodore George C. Remey, who was senior to Sampson in actual rank, accepted, without the slightest objection, orders to command the naval base at Key West. In a letter to Sampson in regard to Commodore Remey's duty, it was explained that he would see that the ships of the squadron were coaled, provisioned, and supplied with ammunition speedily, and that any repairs on them were pressed with all the despatch possible with the facilities on the ships themselves and the station on shore. "One of his most important duties," to quote the letter, "will be to complete each vessel that you send him or that comes into his station as quickly as possible and return to you." Commodore John C. Watson, the junior Commodore ordered to report to Sampson, was appointed for employment in the squadron operating on the coast of Cuba or in the general neighborhood. The object of sending him was to provide Rear-Admiral Sampson with assistance in the military duties devolving upon him in connection with the squadron of operations. Commodore John A. Howell, the commander of the Northern Patrol Squadron, had been brought home from the European Station, of which he had served as commander-in-chief.

The captains of the ships would be largely the brains directing maneuvers in action; and upon their behavior and judgment would depend whether their commands fought well or ill. Anticipating war, the Department had been most careful in its selections of commanding officers. Of the armorclads, all but two were commanded by officers assigned during my administration, and the exceptions were Captain Henry C. Taylor, commanding the battle-ship Indiana, and Captain Francis A. Cook, commanding the armored cruiser Brooklyn, who had been assigned by my predecessor. Captain Taylor had gone to sea from the Naval War College, where at its head he had solved problems such as were likely to arise during the war. Captain Cook assumed command of the Brooklyn on December 1, 1896. Both thoroughly understood their ships, and could be depended upon to handle them with skill. The promotion of Captain Sampson left the Iowa without a commander, and the vacancy was filled by the assignment of Captain Robley D. Evans, at the time serving on the Lighthouse Board. Captain Evans's career showed intrepidity and resource, and the Department believed he could be relied on. The armored cruiser New York was under Captain French E. Chadwick. Captain Chadwick had been Chief of the Bureau of Equipment, which had charge of all matters connected with the equipment of ships and coaling, and the knowledge he possessed, especially in relation to such matters, made him valuable to the Commander-in-Chief, whose flag floated on the New York. Captain John W. Philip was the commander of the Texas. He was known to be a brave, God-fearing man. The Massachusetts had as her captain Francis J. Higginson, an earnest officer. The scout St. Paul was given to Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, who had commanded the ill-fated Maine; and Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, executive of that sunken ship, was ordered to the auxiliary yacht Gloucester when she was commissioned. Captain Bowman H. McCalla was on the Marblehead. The Department had no difficulty in obtaining willing hands, for most of the officers of the service on shore volunteered for sea duty, and those of sufficient rank were placed in command of vessels available. Like our own force, the section of Spain's armored fleet in the Atlantic Ocean was divided into two squadrons, one of which, homogeneous and mobile, was at the Cape Verde Islands, and the other, unready, although the work upon it was pushing to completion, was distributed among the ports of Spain. The squadron at the Cape Verde Islands had been assembled by the withdrawal from the West Indies of the armored cruisers Vizcaya and Almirante Oquendo, which had been sent across the ocean to display the flag of Spain and to show the United States that

PHOTOGRAPH BY BACHRACH

REAR-ADMIRAL WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY

Commander of the Flying Squadron during the war with Spain.

their Government possessed means of defense, and to inspire courage and faith among the loyal in the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico. War's approach caused the despatch of the Vizcaya and Oquendo to St. Vincent, where they found the armored cruisers Infanta Maria Teresa and Cristobal Colon, the torpedo-boat destroyers Furor, Terror, and Pluton, and three torpedo-boats and two colliers. This first move by Spain was sagacious, and it was anticipated that she would follow it up by adding the Carlos V. and Pelayo, the former an armored cruiser and the latter a battle-ship, to the force. Such action would have required concentration of all American armored ships in the Atlantic, for the Oregon could not have arrived at Key West by the time the Spanish fleet reached American waters, and singly each division would have been inferior to the enemy.

The exact value of the Spanish fleet was to us unknown. It was true that the Department had received many reports, some apparently authoritative and circumstantial, indicating that the ships were indifferently equipped and inefficiently manned, and these reports were worthy of some credence in view of the corruption notoriously existing in Spanish administration, and the studious neglect which the Madrid Government had observed toward its navy. After a visit to Cadiz in 1793, Nelson wrote: "The Dons may know how to build beautiful ships, but they do not know how to procure men. At Cadiz they have in commission four battle-ships of first rank, very beautiful ships, but miserably manned." Until the contrary was established, the Department was bound to estimate the Spanish ships as highly trained and efficient, to credit their officers and men with patriotism and strategical and tactical ability, and to put forth every effort to bring about their prompt destruction. Five of the Spanish vessels were armored cruisers, all of modern construction and armament and possessing swifter heels on paper than any of our armorclads with the exception of the Brooklyn and New York; and one was a battle-ship, which, if properly fought, could give a good account of itself in a duel with the Indiana. Spain had also a type of vessel which we had not, and which, its possibilities unknown, was greatly feared by experts and laymen. I refer to torpedo-boat destroyers. To the Department and to the world, Spain possessed a fleet composed of vessels of tactical and strategical value, and properly handled it would have a chance of obtaining control of the sea. We know now how misleading was our information. Writing in the month of April, shortly before the war, Cervera said:

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICE

REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE C. REMEY

Commander of the Naval Base at Key West during the Blockade of Cuba.

> My fears are realized. The conflict is coming fast upon us; and the Colon has not received her big guns; the Carlos V. has not been delivered, and her 10 cm artillery is not yet mounted; the Pelayo is not ready for want of finishing her redoubt, and, I believe, her secondary battery; the Victoria has no artillery, and of the Numancia we had better not speak.

In another letter he said:

> You talk about plans, and, in spite of all my efforts to have some laid out, as it was wise and prudent, my desires have been disappointed. How can it be said that I have been supplied with everything I asked for? The Colon has not yet her big guns, and I asked for the bad ones if there were no others. The 14-cm ammunition, with the exception of about 300 shots, is bad. The defective guns of the Vizcaya and Oquendo have not been changed. The cartridge-cases of the Colon cannot be re-

charged. We have not a single Bustamente torpedo. There is no plan or concert, which I so much desired and called for so often. The repairs of the servomotors of the Infanta Maria Teresa and the Vizcaya were only made after they had left Spain. . . . The Vizcaya can no longer steam, and she is only a boil in the body of the fleet.

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN A. HOWELL

Commander of the Northern Patrol Squadron during the Blockade of Cuba.

Spain's withdrawal of her Minister and the enforced departure of Minister Woodford from Madrid were, in themselves, defiant declinations to comply with the President's demands. Assured of the safety of Mr. Woodford and the Consular officers of the United States in Spain, who had started on April 21 for neutral territory, the President on the following day issued this proclamation of blockade:

PROCLAMATION

Blockade of Cuban ports. By the President of the United States, a proclamation. Whereas, by a joint resolution passed by the Congress and approved April 20, 1898, and communicated to the Government of Spain, it was demanded that said Government at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters, and the President of the United States was directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States, to such extent as might be necessary to carry said resolution into effect; and

Whereas, in carrying into effect said resolution, the President of the United States deems it necessary to set on foot and maintain a blockade of the north coast of Cuba, including ports on said coast between Cardenas and Bahia Honda and the port of Cienfuegos on the south coast of Cuba aforesaid, in pursuance of the laws of the United States and the laws of nations applicable to such cases. An efficient force will be posted so as to prevent the entrance and exit of vessels from the ports aforesaid. Any neutral vessel approaching any of said ports or attempting to leave the same without notice or knowledge of the establishment of such blockade, will be duly warned by the commander of the blockading forces, who will indorse on her register the facts and the date of such warning, where such indorsement was made, and if the same vessel shall again attempt to enter any blockaded port, she will be captured and sent to the nearest convenient port for such proceedings against her and her cargo, as prizes, as may be deemed advisable. Neutral vessels lying at any of said ports at the time of establishment of said blockade will be allowed thirty days to issue therefrom.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. [SEAL.]

Done at the city of Washington, this twenty-second day of April, A.D. 1898, and of the Independence of the United States the One Hundred and Twenty-second.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

By the President,
John Sherman,
Secretary of State.

With the limited force at Rear-Admiral Sampson's disposal, a blockade of the entire island was impossible; furthermore, the President had no intention of establishing merely a "paper" blockade, with its accompanying international embarrassments and entanglements. "A blockade to be binding and effective," to quote the instruction given to Rear-Admiral Sampson, "must be maintained by a force sufficient to render ingress to or egress from the port dangerous," and this principle of international law was observed strictly and legally.

In selecting the ports to be blockaded the Department had considered those which, closed, would shut the enemy off from food supplies and munitions of war. Cuba imports large quantities of foodstuffs, and the insurrection compelled the Spanish troops to obtain most of the components of their rations from adjacent lands. From Havana a railroad stretched to the east, connecting the capital with Cardenas and Matanzas, and to the west, where it provided communication with Bahia Honda. A branch connected the capital with Cienfuegos—an excellent harbor, which, it was anticipated, might be the objective of the Spanish squadron. In this section of the island most of the Spanish army was concentrated. Here its rule was effectually maintained, and here would occur military operations when the War Department determined the time propitious to invade the island.

By the measure of blockade three important results were anticipated: First, exhaustion of the Spanish army in Cuba without injury to ourselves; second, destruction of Spanish commerce—the main artery of which connected the Peninsula and its West Indian possession—and, third, the imposition upon Spain of the duty of sending relief to her colonies, and the consequent strain of conducting war more than three thousand miles from an effective home base. "They [the Americans]," wrote a Spanish captain of artillery who served in Cuba, "realized that, owing to our lack of naval power, the island of Cuba, separated from Spain by a long distance and without direct means for supporting its army and people as a result of the agricultural conditions, could be easily cut off, and reduced by starvation, without much effort or bloodshed." Great as was the promise of this measure, it did not appeal to those who could not understand the Department's refusal to permit an immediate assault upon Havana. Rear-Admiral Sampson himself advocated such a movement, pointing out that the batteries—the western batteries particularly—were well placed for an attack from the westward and close in shore, where they would be exposed to a flank fire, or to the fire of our big ships at short range, where the secondary batteries would have full effect. Rear-Admiral Sampson reported that he had discussed the plan with Captains Evans, Taylor, and Chadwick, and that they united with him in the belief that the direct attack was sufficiently promising of the capture of the city to warrant a trial. It is quite possible that had Rear-Admiral Sampson been allowed to make the assault, the results he expected would have been achieved. But the Department could not lose sight of the fact that, dashing though the project, it involved a grave element of risk for the vessels participating in it, and that even if Havana were captured, the Spanish squadron at Cape Verde was still intact and capable of inflicting heavy damage upon our coast, especially if there were any reduction in the fighting strength of our fleet. Writing to the Admiral under date of April 6, the Secretary of the Navy said:

> The Department does not wish the vessels of your squadron to be exposed to the fire of the batteries at Havana, Santiago de Cuba, or other strongly fortified ports in Cuba, unless the more formidable Spanish vessels should take refuge within those harbors. Even in this case, the Department would suggest that a rigid blockade and employment of our torpedo-boats might accomplish the desired object, viz., the destruction of the enemy's vessels, without subjecting unnecessarily our own men-of-war to the fire of the land batteries.
>
> There are two reasons for this:
>
> First, there may be no United States troops to occupy any captured stronghold, or to protect from riot and arson, until after the dry season begins, about the first of October.
>
> Second, the lack of docking facilities makes it particularly desirable that our vessels should not be crippled before the capture or destruction of Spain's most formidable vessels.

Spain would have welcomed an attack upon Havana. "It would likewise have been of good effect," observed the Spanish artilleryman I have already quoted, "if we had compelled the enemy to engage in a battle against Havana. A victory there would have cost them much time and blood." Moreover, Germany and France had made no secret of their wish that Spain should prove victorious, and Germany particularly, unofficially, it is true, indicated among her people her contempt for the American navy, and was not unconscious that she might develop into an important factor in determining how the war should end.

Preservation of our armored ships was, therefore, imperative. It would have been the height of recklessness to have risked the destruction of one or more of our few battle-ships while the Spanish fleet was afloat intact. Contributory to this decision was the unwillingness of the Department to stray from its purpose to devote itself to one thing at a time. Adequate fortification of the Atlantic coast would release the Flying Squadron and enable its location at Cienfuegos on the south of Cuba, the one place above all others where it should have been stationed. The blockade of the north coast was strengthened by the armored ships under Rear-Admiral Sampson; that of the south coast was maintained by small vessels, ridiculously inadequate in strength, and, at first, in numbers, which could have been brushed aside without the slightest difficulty by the Spanish cruisers. The Department was deeply concerned about the maintenance of the blockade of Cienfuegos. Had it been raised, Spain would have gained an advantage which would have been hailed with satisfaction in Europe and might have produced international complications. To re-establish it, formal proclamation and maintenance before the port of a sufficient number of ships to enforce it would have been necessary. But in the interim merchant ships flying neutral flags departing from or entering Cienfuegos could not have been seized under the provisions of the original proclamation. In consequence of the insufficient force at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief, a trade was developed by neutrals with Batabano and other ports in the vicinity of Cienfuegos not specifically closed, and thus the purpose of the blockade in the early days of the war partially failed of effect. International law recognized the legality of this trade unless declared contraband by the United States, and the President and his advisers were not disposed to take this action, because it would have increased the unfriendliness of nations none too well disposed toward us. Once Cervera's fleet was safely locked in the harbor of Santiago, and with additional converted war-ships available, it was possible to prevent this trade by extension of the blockade on the south coast of Cuba from Cape Francis to Cape Cruz. After the destruction of Cervera's fleet, an expedition was ordered to the Isle of Pines to occupy it as a base for small vessels operating against Cienfuegos, Batabano, and other southern coast ports; but the peace protocol suspended hostilities and the occupation was not effected. Not so much for the purpose of starving out the Spanish army in Porto Rico as to watch the port and prevent the departure of the Spanish torpedo-boat destroyer which had sought refuge there, a blockade of San Juan was declared.

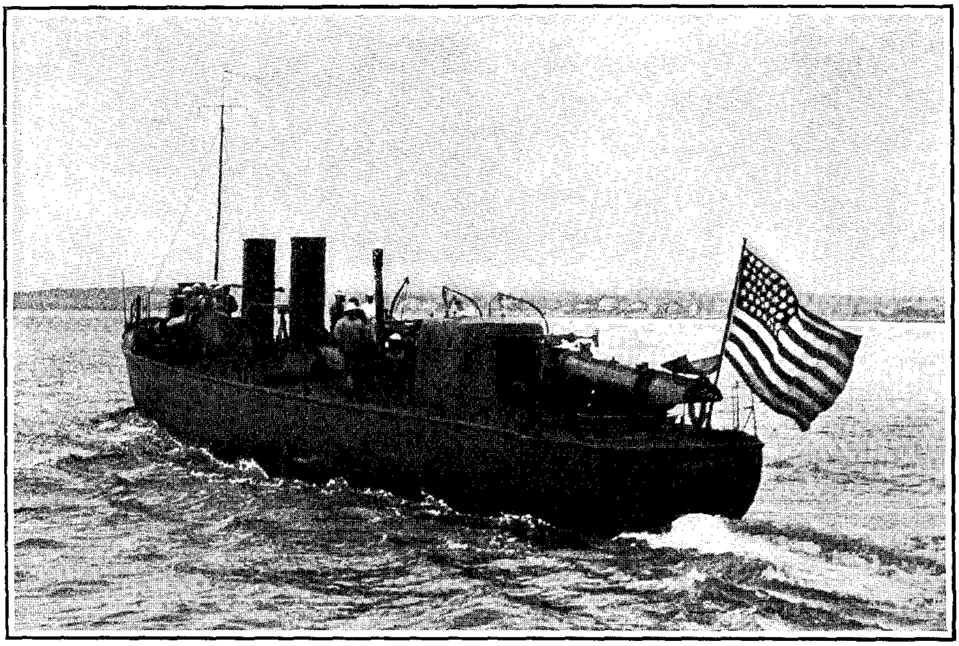
What was the gain of the blockade of Cuba? This question may be best answered by quoting from an article written by Commander Jacobsen, commanding the foreign cruiser Geier, whose constant inspection of the blockade was most irritating to the Department:

> A walk through the streets of Havana (May 17) revealed the usual every-day life. Of course the traffic was not as great as in time of peace. . . . Beggars were lying about in front of the church doors and in the main streets, among them women with half-starved little children, but not in very large numbers. Many a coin was dropped into their outstretched hands by the passers-by; but there was nothing to indicate that the blockade had entailed serious results for the poorer population. . . . The general opinion was that there were sufficient provisions in the city to sustain the blockade for some length of time; but what was to become of the poorer class of the population in that event was a problem. . . .
>
> Since our last visit to Havana, about a month ago (June 22), there was hardly any change noticeable in the aspect of the town and the conditions prevailing there. The harbor was empty and deserted. . . . Provisions were expensive, but the prices were held down by the Government, so as to prevent excesses on the part of the dealers. The poor were being taken care of as far as possible by the distribution of food in free kitchens and by entertainments for their benefit. . . . The rate of sickness and death was said to be hardly higher than usual. . . .
>
> We . . . again returned to Havana on August 1. . . . Few changes were noticeable in the city itself. There was not as yet an actual famine, but the poorer classes were evidently much worse off than they had been on our former visit, for the number of beggars in the streets had increased. Crowds of poor people would come alongside the ships in boats to try to get something to eat. . . . "If the Americans would only attack Havana," the people would say, "they would soon find out what the garrison of the capital is made of. They would get their heads broken quick enough. But Uncle Sam is only beating about the bush. He is not going to swallow the hot morsel and burn his tongue and stomach." No wonder that the Spanish troops, condemned to inactivity, poorly fed, cut off from the whole world, and without any prospect of relief, were anxious for the end to come . . .
>
> . . . But I have information from reliable sources that on August 12 the military administration of Havana had provisions on hand for three months longer, outside of what the blockade-runners had brought into the country and what was hidden away in the houses of the city. One can therefore understand the indignation of Captain-General Blanco when he heard that the peace protocol had been signed. But of what use would have been a further resistance on the part of the Spanish garrison? The United States Government only needed to make the blockade more rigid. That would necessarily have sealed the fate of Havana sooner or later. A fortress in the ocean, cut off from its mother country, can be rescued only with the assistance of the navy. The enemy who has control of the sea need only wait patiently until the ripe fruit drops into his lap.

None regretted more than the President and the people of the United States the condemnation of the poor of Cuba to starvation equally with the Spanish army. But war inflicts its wounds upon all classes. How different became the condition in Havana when the peace protocol was signed! I again quote from Captain Jacobsen:

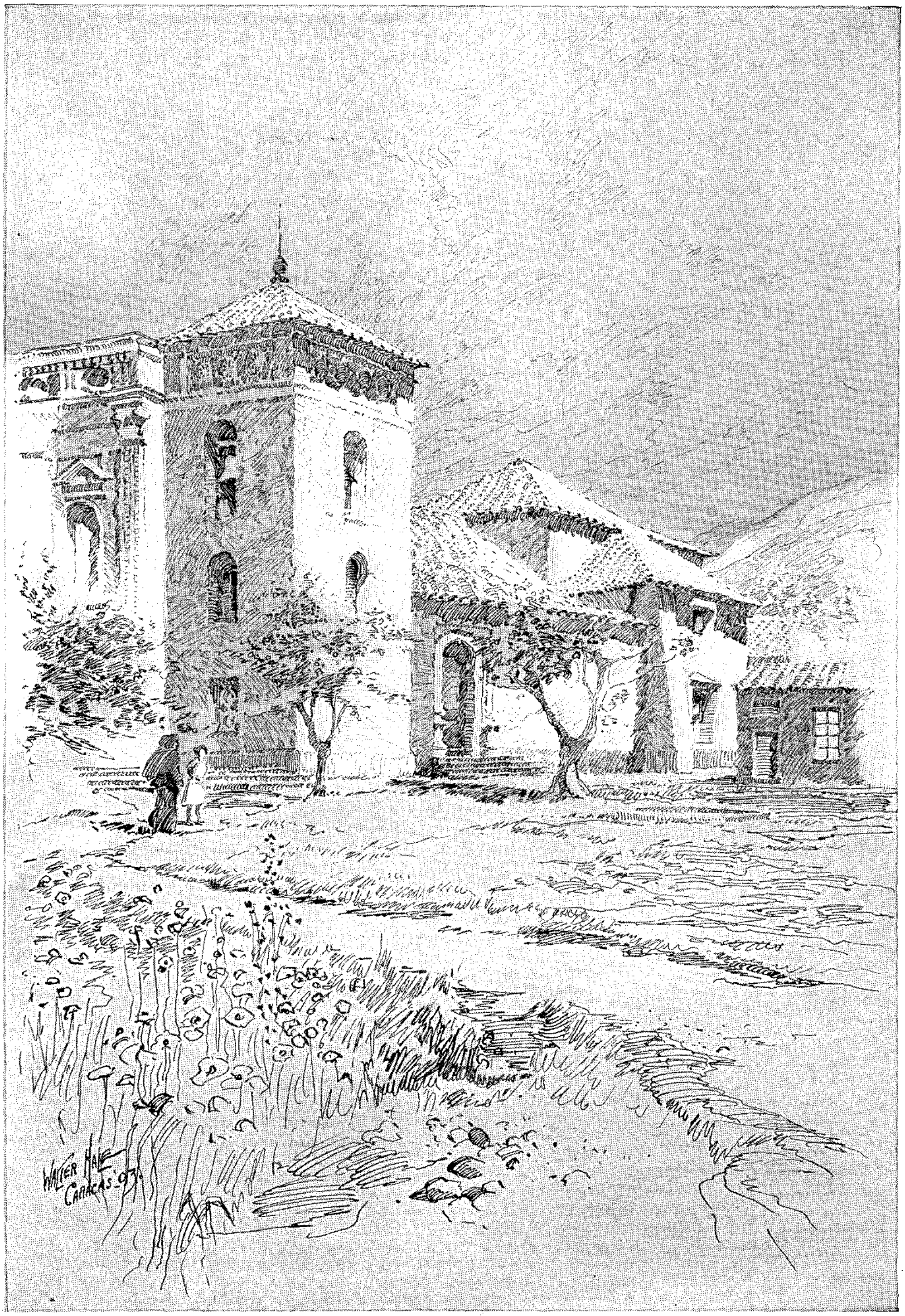
> . . . I returned to Havana for the fourth time on September 3. How different everything looked! The clouds of smoke of the blockading ships were no longer seen on the horizon. That circle of brave vessels, greedy for prey, ready every moment to pounce upon anything that came within their reach, had vanished. . . . The harbor entrance was animated. In the harbor itself German, English, and Norwegian steamers were busily engaged in loading and unloading. Alongside the custom-houses there were a number of American and Mexican sailing vessels that had brought food and wine. All the storerooms were filled with provisions of every kind. The city had awakened to new life, business houses were once more open, merchants were again at work, the streets were full of people. . . .

By her severance of diplomatic relations with the United States Spain had, by international usage, precipitated a state of war; and the United States gave recognition to the same condition by declaring a blockade of her colonies. To define more clearly the status of the United States, and, to quote Mr. McKinley, "to the end that all its rights and the maintenance of all its duties in the conduct of public war may be assured," Congress declared, in accordance with the recommendation of the President, that a state of war existed, and had existed since April 21. This declaration at once imposed the obligations of neutrality upon nations not party to the conflict. The Spanish squadron lay in the Portuguese harbor of St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands. It had been rumored that Portugal would throw in her fortune with Spain, and this report was important, because the attitude of the Lisbon Government would determine the length of time Cervera would remain at St. Vincent. That the King had no intention of injecting himself into the Hispano-American quarrel was shown at 5 P.M. April 28, when he signed the Imperial proclamation of neutrality. That proclamation permitted the stay of belligerent vessels in Portuguese ports for a "short time"—an indefinite period, somewhat puzzling to the men who were attempting to work out the grand problems of war. Cervera relieved our anxiety on this point, but gave us fresh cause for concern. On April 29 he left the Cape Verde Islands, and for almost two weeks the Navy Department floundered in a sea of ignorance as to his whereabouts.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ENRIQUE MULLER

THE TORPEDO-BOAT MORRIS


WALTER HALE
CARACAS 93

DRAWN BY WALTER HALE

THE OLD CHURCH OF LA CANDELARIA, CARACAS

The Land of Stand-Still

By James Barnes

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in Venezuela

IT is only the stirring events of the last few months that have forced Venezuela to the world's attention, only the immediate and positive evidence of the deep interest, financially and diplomatically speaking, of three great Powers, that filled the public press. Perhaps there was, frankly speaking, no special reason otherwise why curiosity should have arisen. For two or three centuries Venezuela had remained discovered and unchanged, and, saving the boundary-line dispute, now almost forgotten, and the omnipresent revolutions, she had individually done nothing. The occasional mention of her existence had been owing to the strength or activity of the recurrent local irruptions. The country had come to be regarded as merely a place on the map, whose location was more or less uncertain, but whose name had the vague familiarity of a distant and infrequently visited volcanic island. In fact, Venezuela, like many of the South American countries, is yet, in one aspect, nothing more nor less than an intermittent republic. Yet, in another, she has some of the potent forces of the slumbering volcano, and the flames that could arise there might redden the sky. Twice the warning has been given. Only those who see no deeper than the surface consider the trouble settled.

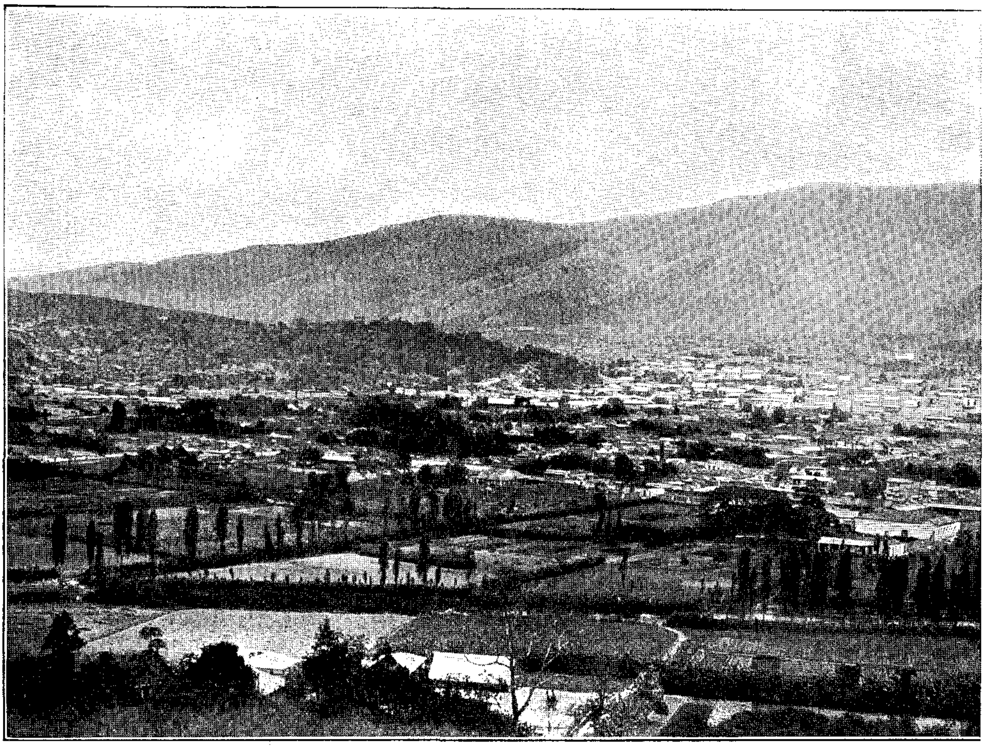
But it is not to the latent, nor to the present active, force that I would speak just now. Rather I would like to tell, in a few short words, of how Venezuela appears from the standpoint of visitor or traveler.

Remove the foreign and intruding elements of steam and electricity and we are in the past—a past whose promised glory has crumbled and decayed through neglect and age—we walk in the Land of Stand-Still.

It is a very beautiful and flowering land, where the thermometer varies but a score of degrees from year's end to year's end. Yet it is more than a superstition that the native feels when he says, "Wait till you have been here longer, and you will live as we do." Perhaps the visitor who yet feels the vim of the North in his veins, whose ambitions are awakened by the possibilities to the left and right—visible, tangible, and insistent—denies the possibility and condemns the excuse.

But will the alien ambition fade with the custom of the siesta, disappear under the balm of the upland day breezes and the long sleep of the cool, still nights? Will the spirit soften in the damp of the summer season and the warm, monotonous clearness of the unchanging winter? Will the soul sink hopeless in the few scattered pest-places where, resigned, the people accept without inquiry the conditions they have assisted nature to impose? That is a matter for conjecture—I do not believe it. The argument of proof is on the native's side, perhaps, for he stands immobile in a land that began with an onsweep of action and energy. He inherits but the desire for ease and apparently a delight in the amusement of bloodshedding, in one form or another, when aroused from his lethargy. The original Spaniard was ambitious; he gave full-swinging impetus to the mental pendulum that has now come to gyrate slowly in the circle of a dying or a slumbering national force. He was a hard taskmaster, but a harder worker.

Here are things that mean wealth and assure commerce; here is the capacity for self-support in the way of agriculture and industries; here are gold-mines that twenty years ago were giving an average yield of nearly four millions of dollars, while later new fields have been discovered, new sections prospected, and a war almost took place for their possession. But when the Boundary Commission had finished its work, and England had accepted the decision, Venezuela found the wealth within her boundary; and there are copper-mines there too, and even tin and silver, the extent of which has not been well determined. Bituminous coal of a good quality is abundant in many districts, good petroleum is refined in the State of



PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNESTO PARES

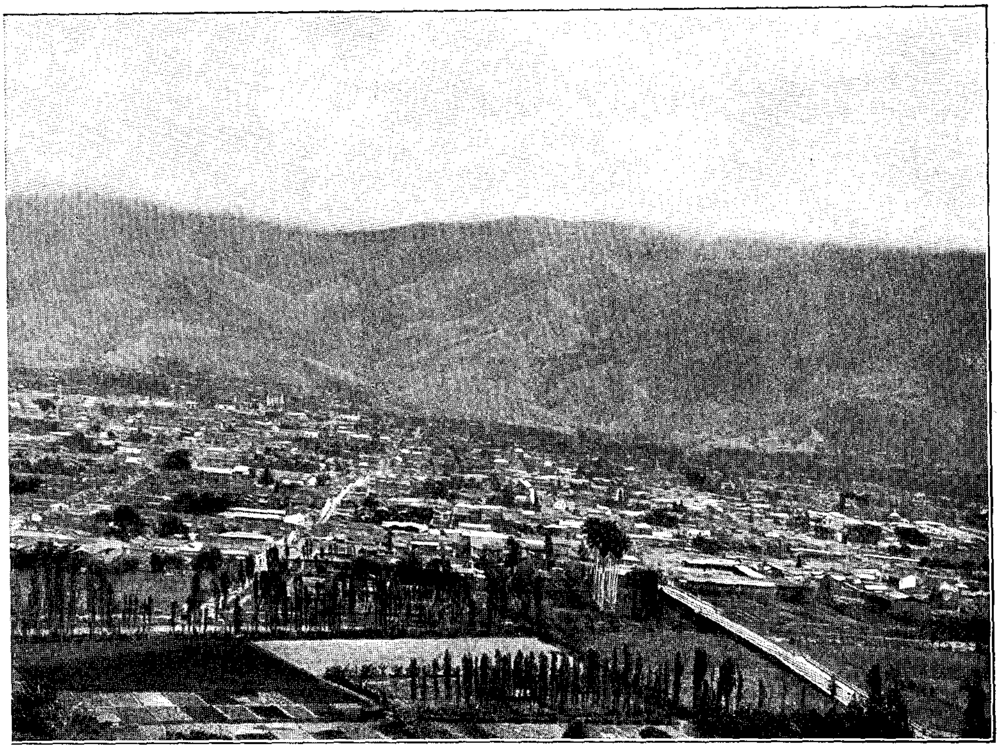
A VIEW OF CARACAS

Los Andes, and asphalt enough to supply the world in the districts of Bermudez and Maracaibo.

When Columbus, on his third voyage, in 1498, sighted the long main coast, he little knew of the country that lay behind the frowning ramparts of the mountains; he had no idea of the stretching wastes of wealth that lie back of the Orinoco's mouth; and we know little more of parts of the land to-day. On the old Spanish maps there is a vague country put down as "Castilla del Oro." It is claimed by some people now that modern civilization has touched its edge. That may be so. Even the traveler sees but the unawakened on all sides of him; the slumbering fallow ground, waiting but for irrigation and the plowshare, the same unpenetrated forests into which Drake and Pizzaro looked, are there with their treasures. Coffee, actually now the wealth and the medium of exchange, is not indigenous; but, once imported, it flourished to its present undeveloped capacity. But in fifty-five years, from 1830 to 1885, the export had increased per annum by less than 75,000 pounds. For ten years at a time it would remain stationary, owing to the revolutions, and then when peace came it would bound to soaring figures.

It is difficult, perhaps, in writing an article, with the ever-present temptation to refer to figures and statistics, to avoid them. But this is not my intention—it is but to make the reader stand with me on one of the mountain-sides and look over the grand spread of sweeping hills and narrow valleys; to have him wait at the corner of the street while the heavy carriage of a Cabinet Minister joggles and twists over the uneven, ill-paved streets of the capital; to see the idle, good-natured population basking in the sun; to glance at the señoritas who murmur their salutations from the iron-barred windows; to get a glimpse of what may be amusing, or of what may interest—but to feel, permeating all, the sense of pathos, the idea of hopelessness, that is now the keynote of the Land of Stand-Still.

Climbing over the great hills that tower above the port of La Guayra, clinging to the sides of the valleys, and following the easiest grades, once ran a Spanish road; twenty feet wide it was, paved with care-



FROM THE SOUTH

fully selected stones, in runnels and patterns that would best deflect the summer downpour and preserve the highway. Countless millions of hoofs and sandaled human feet wore the stones smooth; slaves who had built the road were the ancestors of the people who are yet as beasts of burden. The conquerors brought with them the tough Spanish jack that was the sire of the burro and the strong-backed little mule of the country. Line after line, plodding up the hill and down the valley, they still follow the same route. But the wide Spanish road is gone! It went long before the railroad came; only in short spaces of a few yards or so does it exist, and the crumbling pavements litter and obstruct the path, like the rocks at the bottom of a dry mountain torrent bed. For scores and scores of years after the Spaniard left, the Government did not attempt to repair that once noble highway. It was permitted to go to ruin.

There is one spot, on the Caracas side of the slope, where it remains intact; and a person standing there can look down the hill and imagine things as they were two hundred years ago. The buildings in the city and the valley below are of the same unchanged architecture and design. Many stood in the same place where they now stand, and the same cracked old bells clanged and jangled their calls to mass. This man coming on, bare-legged, clad in his ragged old garments, is the same whose sandals wore the cobbles smooth. The arriero, or line of donkeys he is driving, are carrying the same saddles, tied to their sore little backs in the same old way. Behind them one could almost imagine one of the old Spanish cavaliers riding up the slope. It is but the slightest stretch of imagination—against that background of distant sloping roofs and square church towers—to see him there, to catch the glint of the sunlight on his steel corselet. How easily his hand rests upon the hilt of the dagger at his belt! Mark the gay caparisons of his saddle and the heavy decorations of the leather head-stall! But no; it is only his descendant, brown-skinned and darker of eye; but he rides the same saddle, his stirrups may be of metal like the foot of a man in armor. The caparisons are there, head-stall and all; the spurs he wears over his naked heels have been handed down from generations before him; his dagger is really hanging from his embroidered belt.

You pass a little hillside plantation, and over it, to your surprise, there is flying the red and gold flag of old Spain—it is not imagination, it is fact; fully a third of these little hillside farms on the coast line belong to people who yet claim to be under the Spanish protection. It is better for them to be able to prove that they are not citizens sometimes. But in the garden a peon is working; his plow is the root of a tree, shod with iron along its pointed end; the oxen are attached across their horns with thongs of rawhide. Let the same man leave his hillside labor and work for a foreign overseer at one of the European haciendas. It would only be by watching and constant threats that any one could get him to use a wide-cutting, double-handed American plow. He prefers to do as his forefathers have done; he will insist on doing it, with the stubbornness of semi-civilized conservatism.

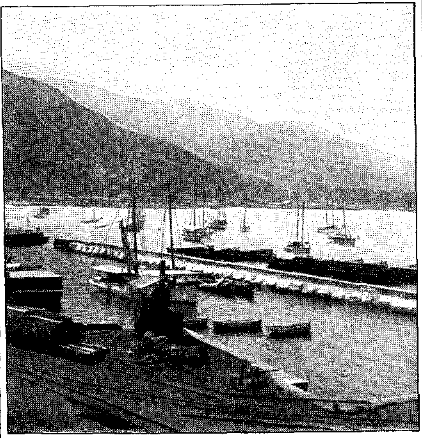
But press on. The last steep descent, and you look down upon the expanse of the red-tiled city. It stretches and fades almost into a purple tint, as the color comes against the vivid green of the cane-fields that line the river on the farther side. Evidently, ages ago, the Caracas valley must have been the bottom of some great lake. The alluvial soil stretches up to the old high-water mark on the sides of the hills and is so deep that it reaches for many feet below the surface. The plazas are marked by their squares of green tree-tops, and the gardens in the patios are marked by palms and vines. Away off toward Paraiso there lift the feathery tops of a line of royal palms. From the distance the defects of Caracas are unobserved. It might be ancient Spain, it might be one of the towns of the lost Atlantis. But from off on the right there comes a whiff of steam, and the train that climbs the steep grades of the marvelous English road from La Guayra pushes back the years. It is the Present, after all, and, almost with a sigh at the disillusioning, you descend.

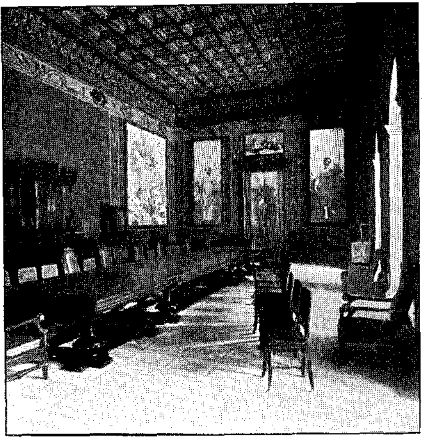
Such a street as you enter upon when once past the spot where stood the old city gates you could not have imagined. It is like the bottom of a cañon, marked and deeply seared by the erosion of rushing water. No vehicle that ever moved on wheels could travel a dozen yards on it. But wheels are not necessary for the people who live in the houses that line this end of the town. The burro or the mule can reach them with his loaded panniers, and that is all-sufficient.

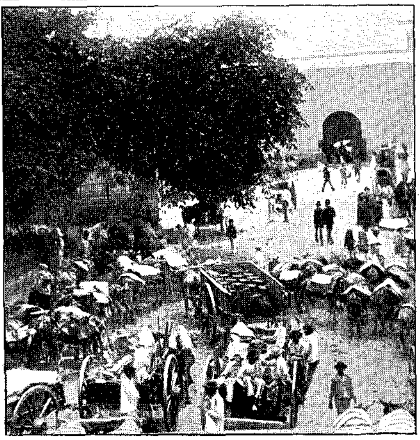
You go by an old church on the left; you circle about an ancient plaza whose flagstones are cracked and shattered by the earthquake, and through the streets, passing the succession of one-storied houses, you get deeper and deeper into the city. Mangy dogs are scratching themselves at every corner. The gutters are littered with freshly scattered and sun-dried piles of refuse. The smells vary with every turn; numbers of idle men, clad in linen or a cheap kind of khaki, increase in number. Little naked babies squat about the doorsteps; beggars, many with sore legs and husky voices, ask politely but piteously for alms. You notice, even in the faces of the young, an expression of something akin to resignation. You imagine at first that it may be resignation to the ever-present odor. But it is more than that. There is among the lower classes no glow of laughing contentment such as we see among those of other countries. It is the resignation of the poorly fed, the half-nourished—it is the hardship of no hope.

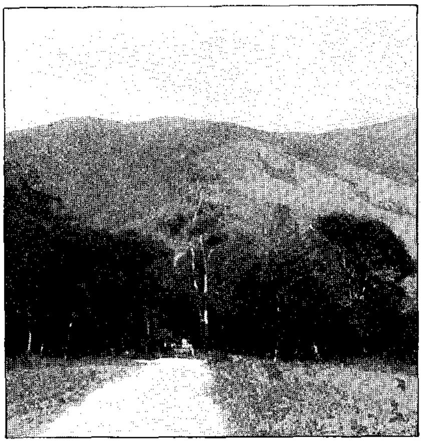
Through the iron-barred windows brown-skinned women look at you. A priest in his long black gown passes by a group of young men at one of the corners. No one lifts his hat; they do not even make room for him, so he steps out into the street. An Indian soldier boy, scarcely fifteen years of age, with the national colors tied about his straw hat, slouches by, with a suspicion of swagger, along the shady side. Behind him comes an artillery sergeant; he wears garish red trousers and a red embroidered cap. His broad black toes peep out over the soles of his alpargatas, or native sandals. You know he is a sergeant, for his chevrons dangle upside down from a safety-pin on his sleeve. He may have been a private yesterday, and his color is no bar to his becoming a general.

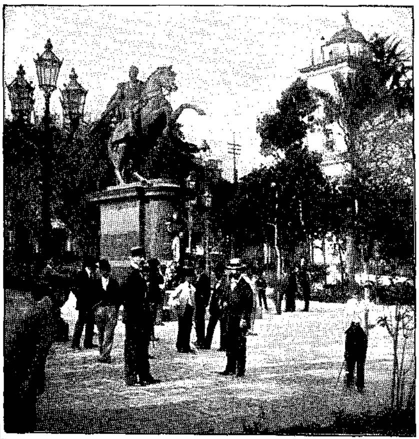
As you come nearer the heart of the town the houses increase in width and

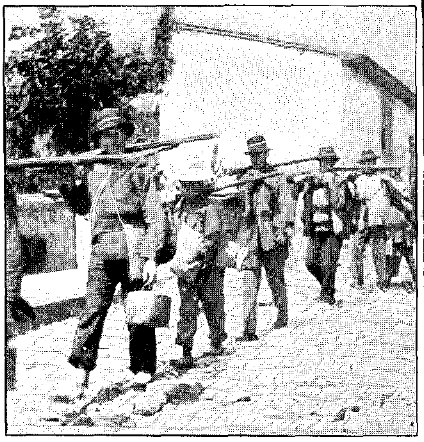

LA GUAYRA HARBOR


IN THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE


THE MARKET-PLACE


A COUNTRY ROAD


THE PLAZA BOLIVAR


THE STANDING ARMY

SCENES FROM "THE LAND OF STAND-STILL"

height, but they are all one story. In some cases beautiful black eyes look out through the ornamented gratings. Fair faces, accentuated in whiteness by a layer of powder, prove a pride in an unbroken Castilian ancestry. At one place a suitor mounted on his sleek saddle-mule has ridden up on the sidewalk and is carrying on a flirtation through the grating. He pulls his mustachios fiercely and glares at you from under the brim of his sombrero. He murmurs something, and the señorita laughs.

You come to a long, iron-trestled bridge across a deep, walled gorge. The loose bolts rattle as a heavy carriage approaches. The driver of the fine pair of horses is dressed in an old-fashioned, double-breasted coat, trimmed with gilt braid a full inch wide. A cockade ornaments his high glazed hat; he wears false boot-legs pulled over his white canvas trousers, but the shoes that protrude beneath are patched and worn, and innocent of blacking. He has driven carefully, this coachman, for there is a hole in the planking of the bridge through which the forelegs of both his horses might easily disappear. But there is not a driver in all Caracas that does not know that hole! It has come to be accepted as a fixture, with its dangerous possibilities, much as the dirt has come to be a fixture, with its threatening of disease.

In the carriage lolls a Cabinet Minister; maybe he is not the one in charge of the highways, and maybe it is seldom that he drives across the bridge, so what cares he for the menace to public life or limb! The Minister is dressed in a long frock coat; the ribbon of a decoration is in the lapel; the silk hat he wears shows the influence of France; and his air, as he leans back with both hands upon his gold-headed cane, shows the influence of prosperity.

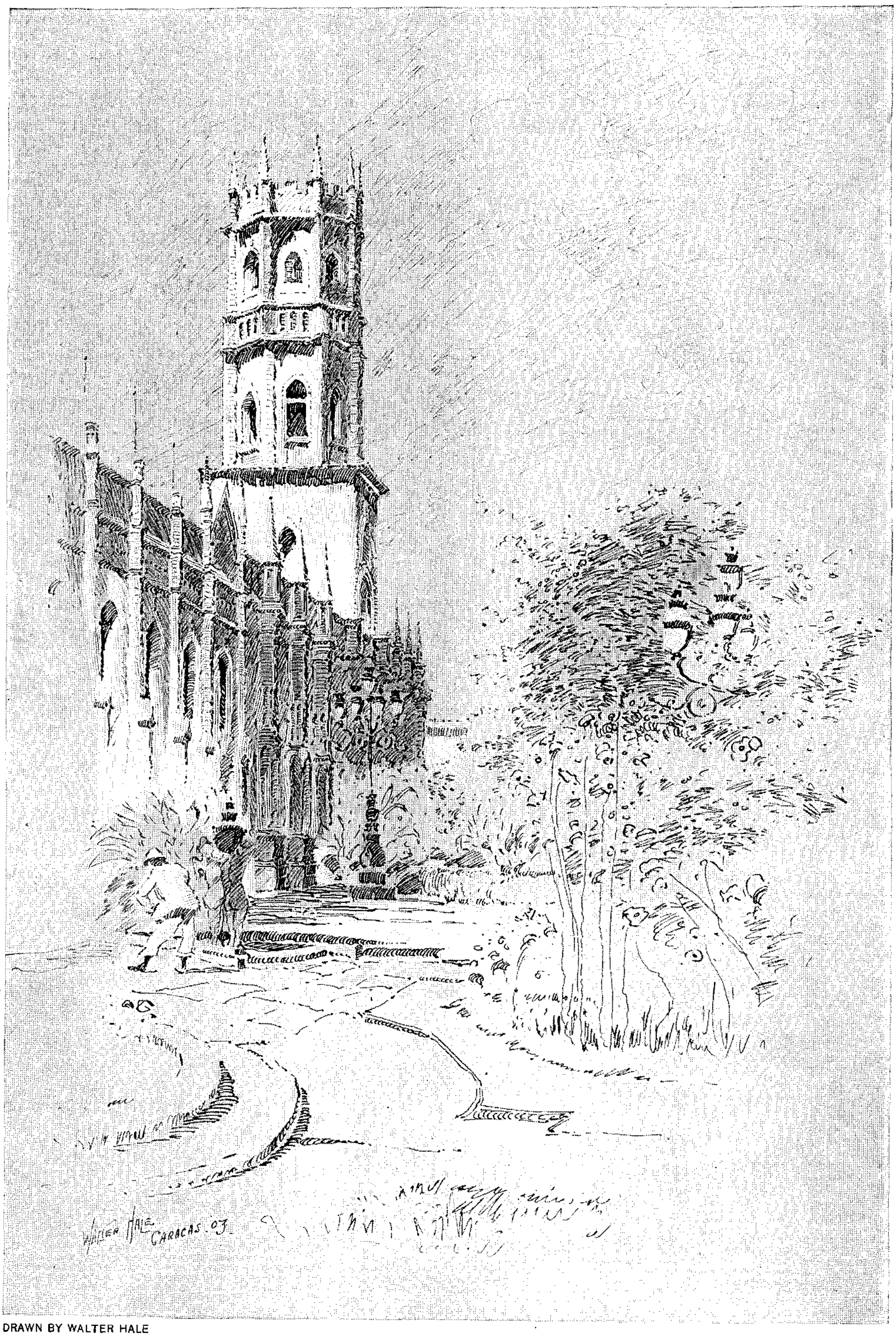
But now we are down in the city and have come to the corner of its heart of hearts, the Plaza Bolivar. The Casa Amarilla, the old government house, is on the corner; a policeman, in his faded black uniform, with his shiny Remington carbine used as a prop for his knee, leans against the wall. He belongs to an organization that earns every penny that it gets, for he stands on the street all day and sits in his usual corner at night, wrapped in his heavy red-lined cloak. But every time the bell in the cathedral opposite clanks the quarter he is obliged to blow his whistle in challenge or in answer to his nearest comrade. It is stated on good authority that he has learned to blow his whistle in his sleep. The police of Caracas have nothing to do with politics. Presidential parties may come or go, but they keep order just the same. Commanding them for some years has been a man whose head has not fallen into the political basket. Every one speaks well of him. But we digress.

Fronting the Plaza on the north are the post-office, a few cafés, and a big garish two-storied hotel, devoid for the last two months of guests; the sign on one of the cafés has recently been changed from "Allemania" to "America." On the south side of the square is the Bishop's palace, and on the east the cathedral and a few small shops. The old cathedral, chipped, scarred, and ugly, has withstood the shock of earthquake more than once. Its square tower has trembled but never fallen; it has witnessed many changes, and may witness many more.

The plaza in front lies below the street level like an Italian sunken garden; fine shade-trees line its tessellated walks. It is dominated by a prancing equestrian statue of Bolivar Liberador. There is a smaller replica of it, I believe, hidden away behind the bushes in some unfrequented spot in Central Park. The skeleton of an ancient wreath still hangs on its front, and the rust and weather have streaked the bronze body of the horse in great gashes of gray-green rust.

But what would Caracas be without the Plaza! Here beats the center of its social life; here gather the politician and his friends, to chat and mayhap to plot under the shadows of the trees. Here on Thursday and Sunday evening the big band, by no means a bad one, plays till almost midnight. Just now German and English airs are barred; grand opera is the favorite—and Spanish airs—but the people do not rise nor doff their hats at the notes of the national anthem; to do so is a matter of mere taste.

Seated about on the folding camp-chairs that can be rented for the evening for a locha (two and one-half cents) are all the beauty and fashion on the concert nights.


WALTER HALE CARACAS 03

DRAWN BY WALTER HALE

THE TOWER OF THE UNIVERSITY, CARACAS

The señoritas, with the mammas, papas, or dueñas, sit there in their best gowns. They withstand bravely the bold staring of the well-dressed men who parade before them to and fro, singly or in companies.

All the notabilities are present, the foreign Ministers and their families, the generals and minor officers, and everywhere groups of immature young swells, flourishing their walking-sticks. I say immature for want of a better word, for they mature early, in the ways of the world, in Venezuela. Lads who in our country would be at home or at their studies, or talking about football or athletic games, discuss the latest whims of their mistresses, or their losses at the recent cock-fight. Yes, indeed, here beats the city's heart, and here on the wonderful cool evenings, in the glow of the lamps and under the influence of the music, Caracas, after her own fashion, grows almost gay.

The public buildings occupy a huge square by themselves. The camera can give no hint of their appearance; even the pencil fails. It may require description to do it—the pale circus blue and faded pink of wall and cornice, the chipped and shattered stucco, the protruding elbows of the underlying brick that show at the corners and edges, and the frayed, worn patches. It all has the appearance of opera scenery after three years' service on the road. On the edge of one of the entablatures of the Federal Palace a seed has caught in the accumulated dirt and dust, and grown into a healthy tree. The lack of glazing in the windows gives the buildings the sacked appearance of a recent partial conflagration.

Let us go inside the big reception-room where the splendor-seeking dictators of the past held their ceremonious gatherings—it is the ruined play-room of the Presidents. On one side of the wall hangs a noble painting by a German artist—Bolivar and his chiefs meeting in a hut on the Orinoco; all down the wall are portraits, some fairly painted, others archaic in color and design, mirth-compelling in their stiffness and lack of symmetry. Overhead is a well-composed fresco of the battle of Corobobo, and, odd to relate, it shows the English legion and the American volunteers helping the Venezuelans drive the Spaniards into flight. The farther end of the room was where Guzman Blanco and Crespo once sat in uniformed splendor; but the ceiling has fallen here, and has been recently swept into a corner of the sunken, uneven floor. Bits of cloud and horses' legs, generals' epaulets, and Victory's wreaths lie there in huddled confusion. There was more money spent in sudden decoration than in methods of perpetuating its surroundings and supports.

Venezuela has produced two great artists—Michelena, whose work is known in Paris, and whose splendid paintings help to adorn the cathedrals and the walls of the neglected national gallery; the other, whose name has unfortunately slipped the writer's memory, has a wonderful painting of the Inferno in the old church on the top of the hill. Both men died young and have left no successors.

Directly south, across a much-cracked concrete courtyard, are the buildings of the University; if anything, they are in worse condition than the Federal Palace. They are so scaled, cracked, and battered, so chipped and scribbled up by chalk and lead-pencil, that their pseudo-Gothic intention looks almost unhealthy in its forlornness. Once there stood in the court an equestrian statue of the creator of all this tawdry magnificence, as big as Bolivar; from his horse Guzman Blanco doffed his cocked hat to admiring posterity. But the Venezuelans do the act of erasure thoroughly—they left no trace of the pedestal when they tore him down. Upon every other statue that he erected they obliterated his inscriptions; but, as I have said in a previous article, his presence and methods live to-day.

Let us hasten our steps; there is an imposing-looking plaster-trimmed theater yet to see, and several more half-bare ancient churches, the cheaply built bull ring, and at last the architectural and engineering feats about the hill that fronts the railway station. Here are a few paradoxes for you! A crumbling triumphant archway under which no one passes, a tunneled roadway through which no one drives, and a long iron bridge which no one crosses, connecting two hummocks surmounted each by a little chapel in which no mass is said. The limbs of the surmounting statuary of the arch have fallen to the ground, and we can see that the plaster was laid on cores of wood. It was probably charged for at the rate of marble, however, and the difference fell into gaping pockets.

The palace of Miraflores, an ugly square building surmounted by the three-colored flag of yellow, blue, and red, is on the hill to the northwest. It belongs to the Crespo family, and is rented by President Castro from the estate. He is supposed to pay $12,000 per year for its occupancy, but a member of the family told me that for some time the matter of payment has slipped his memory. Some of the rooms are beautiful, and the decorations are worthy of any palace in Europe. It is here that some of the best of Michelena's work is to be found. The decorations of one room cost in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars. When I looked at its splendor, I could not help thinking of the yawning hole in the bridge! There is another room that is built entirely of steel, and painted with the garishness of a lady's fan; it is called the earthquake room, and well it may be a comfort to the present occupant, for at the last earthquake he broke his leg by jumping from the window of the Casa Amarilla, his former official residence.

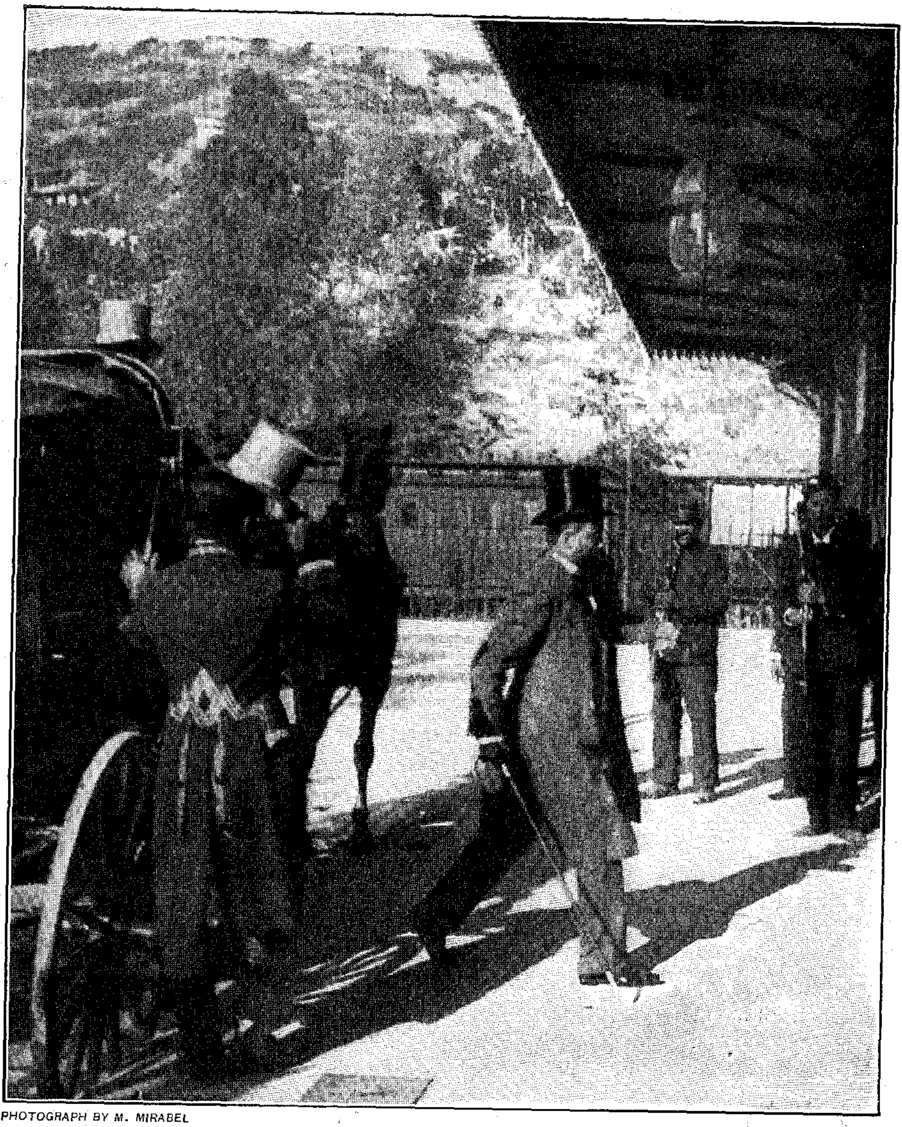
There are the barracks; the one to the north with its single gun presented to the Venezuelan Government by the Empress Eugénie, and with all its loopholes frowning at the city, like all the other "defenses." There is another near the center of the town, where the small brown soldier boys stand guard at the door, armed to the teeth. At night both places are given a wide berth, and the unknowing stranger who might not understand the peremptory "Halte, qui vive!" is in no little danger. Much afraid of these places are the peaceable inhabitants, and much right have they to be so, for the soldier that supports the reigning government is a privileged person. It does not do to complain of him. The keeper of a café frequented by the troops once spoke to the colonel of an Andino regiment and said that his soldiers borrowed his knives and forks and did not return them. "Do you mean that the soldiers of my government are thieves?" replied the colonel. The restaurant-keeper replied that it might look that way to the casual observer, or words to that effect; whereupon the colonel shot him dead, and that was an end of the matter.

Leading out of the city to the south and crossing the shallow river is the far-famed "iron bridge." It joins at its farther end with a broad road about a mile in length. Beautiful gardens and well-kept little villas, mostly the pleasure homes of politicians, are on either side. Here on holidays meet the upper classes, the old conservatives, the wealthy tradesman, and the successful politician. The pampered favorite of the latter drives here, too, lolling back in her victoria. The people bow to one another or give the cut direct, as their acquaintanceship dictates or their position in the social scale may give them privilege or not. At the eastern end used to be the gay quarter, the dance-houses and the fandangos. A little park is at the western end, where there is also, strange to say, a baseball field. A hopeful sign for the future is that a small percentage of the youths and boys have taken up outdoor sports, this within the last four years. This mile or more of good road is all that is worthy of the name of "driveway" in a country bigger than the State of Texas! The people are very proud of it.

There is the beautiful convent school for girls out in the same direction, and farther out are scattered the picturesque haciendas of the sugar-planters. Now add to all that I have described the busy market, with all its thronged stalls, its teeming life and movement, its own individual odors and sounds, the miles of stretching, close-hemmed-in streets, some traversed by little narrow-gauge street railways, and we have a quick glimpse at the capital of the Land of Stand-Still. Two miles out, and you are in the great and glorious country.

The mountains tower up between the city and the sea. They have helped to hem it in from progress, perhaps, for, geographically speaking, the country is turned the wrong way, and were the fertile slopes stretched seaward, and were not the rich tablelands and valleys for so many years so hard of access—until the railway solved the problem—the country might not have been so long at slumber.

The city can be cleaned, the roads can be improved, occupation found for the idle, if they but have peace from the evil



PHOTOGRAPH BY M. MIRABEL

PRESIDENT CASTRO ALIGHTING AT THE RAILWAY STATION TO BID GOOD-BY TO MINISTER BOWEN

to which they blame everything—the Revolution. But will the country then rise, of itself, for advancement and progress? Will the bloody quarrels of the political parties be forever ended—will the look of resignation disappear? Let us be hopeful. It is hard to believe that everlasting dry-rot can exist in the midst of such possibilities. The fault may lie in the race, and it may be predestination that has reduced the capacity of the people; but the awakening must come, and come, from all appearances just now, from the outside. From what direction, whether from across the sea from Germany, whether pushing southward through the Caribbean, who can tell?—it is not for me to predict the source of the awakening, but some day come it will. The present Land of Stand-Still will be the future Land of Movement.

There are natural forces in the people that will respond, respond most eagerly. Naturally the common people are honest; you can trust the most ignorant peon with your most precious belongings. The native servants up in the country, and even in the town, never steal. Doors are never locked nor windows closed. Highway robbery is unknown. The arrieros, with every donkey laden with gold from the mines, travel along the lonely trails without a guard in time of peace, and even sometimes in time of war. The revolutionary forces and the Government armies live on the country, as live they must, and depletion and disaster follow in their path. But you can leave your money-belt with the keeper of any wayside posada, and sleep in peace. You can send it by a barefooted messenger and feel safe. Yet the proprietor carries a revolver and the messenger a knife, and shootings and stabbings are more than common, but not for robbery.

Kindly, courteous, and hospitable are the owners of the outlying haciendas. Everything they have is at the disposal of the transient guest. Here and in the cities are to be found cultured, educated, and delightful people. You meet members of the great universal class that is the same the world over—who differ only in racial temperament, coloring of hair and eyes and skin, and whose inheritance of national customs is secondary to their knowledge of the world-wide, unwritten rules. Their sons may be graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, of Yale or Harvard; their daughters would ornament any society with their beauty and their charm of manner; but they are not the ruling class; for the most part they have scarcely had a voice in the government at any time. They are but an atom in the composite make-up of the nation. There are American and European wives and Venezuelan husbands. If a foreigner marries a Venezuelan woman, of course his immediate family take after the father, yet there are born Venezuelans in this same class, whose progenitor was so far back that they have lost all trace of him but the name—Campbell or Smith it may be, and their ancestor's tongue may be unknown to them. It is not everybody who meets them. Their existence is not obtrusive; and, alas! many who are not in trade of some sort are now so poor that there is hardly anything left them but their pride. Their beautiful country places are sold or mortgaged beyond hope of payment, their big city houses are rented or empty. The wide-open patios, with their flowers and palms, mock in their exuberance the empty larder. The family plate and jewels are long since sold; even the heirlooms of lace, the mantillas and the ivory fans, high combs and loved trinkets, have gone for almost nothing.

But the señoritas sit in the windows and chatter through the bars—poor little half-imprisoned birds—and then go back through the big, high-ceilinged rooms to their peasants' dinner. Sometimes there is hardly charcoal enough to warm the old Spanish oven, and the meal is cooked over fagots gathered in the woods.

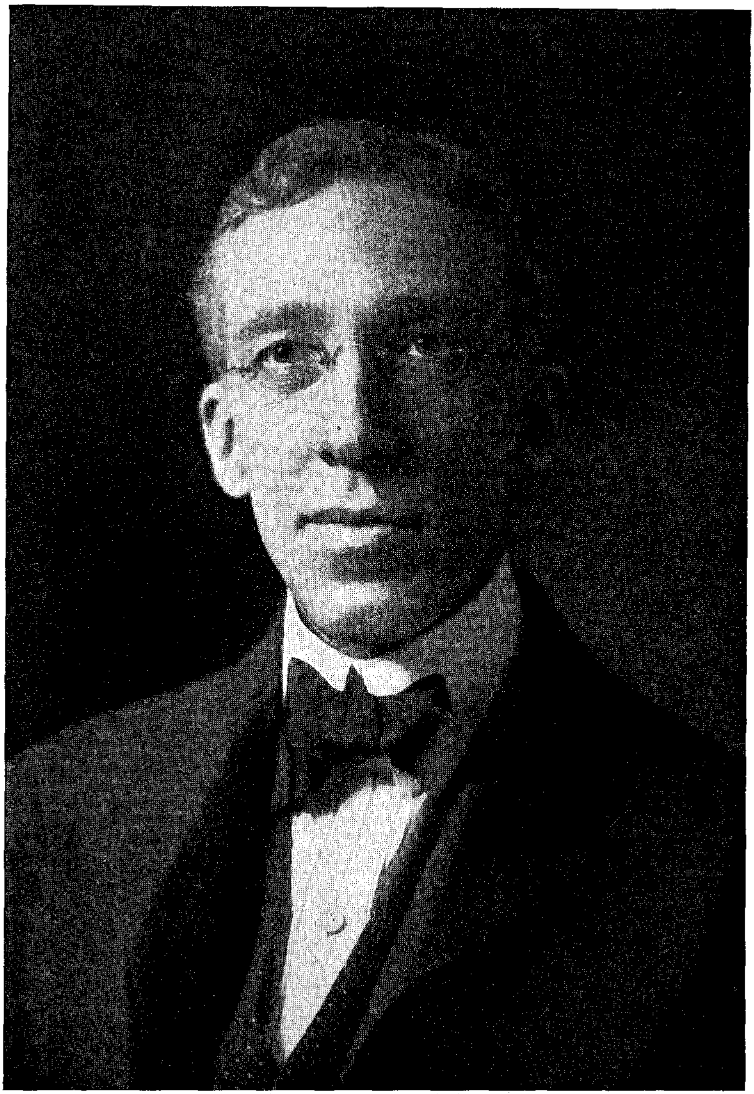
The science of living, so far as creature comforts are concerned, is still in its infancy—the pleasures of the table little known. Cookery is a forced employment, hardly a calling, never an art. Garlic and spice, spice and garlic, flavored bread and meat—the luxuries of nature, the fruits and native cereal, products of the untouched forest and half-tilled ground, kept alive the common people who only ate to live.

They are hardy, the pueblo, but leprosy and other diseases are among them; fever is frequent. But see what science and advanced sanitation have done for Cuba. Cannot the impetus that will be given to the laws of government and its proper administration be extended to the laws of living? Even the intense conservatism of the masses may yield to patient teaching. The awakening may be general.

Wish and Will

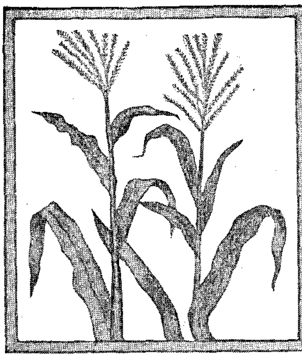
By Priscilla Leonard

Scatter thy wishes, and their arrows fall
Broken and spent, beneath Fate's frowning wall;
Forge from their fragments one sharp spear of will,—
The barriers frown, but thou shalt pierce them still!



Judge Peter S. Grosscup

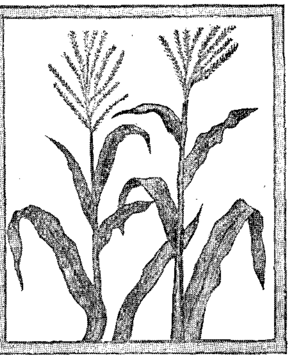
Judge Peter S. Grosscup was born in Ashland, Ohio, in 1852. In 1892 he was made United States District Judge in a northern district of Illinois, and in 1899 he was promoted to the Circuit Court. He has given a remarkable number of decisions bearing upon almost distinctively public questions. The first which attracted National attention was a dissenting opinion upon the application to close the Chicago Exposition on Sundays, an opinion afterwards sustained by the higher Court, and the next was that in which he joined with Judge Woods in issuing the famous injunction against Eugene V. Debs and the other officers of the American Railway Union. The most important recent decision was that in which he granted a permanent injunction against a combination of the beef-packers to keep their agents from competing with one another. Judge Grosscup's recent address before the University of Michigan urging closer public supervision of corporate transactions, in order to make corporate investments secure to members of the middle classes, has deservedly attracted wide attention.



THE FIRST CHILDREN'S FARM

BY

FANNIE G. PARSONS



AN unimproved site on Fifty-third Street, between Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues, in New York City, reserved for a future park, overlooking the river, and used for many years as a dumping-ground and storage-place for trucks, etc.; one green spot where there was any vegetation, and that producing plantain leaves; no shade, no water, the approaching streets filled with restless, begrimed children with nowhere to go, nothing to do—this was the home of the first Children's School-Farm in New York City.

The most level spot overlooking the Hudson, 114 feet by 84 feet, was selected, the ground plowed, prepared, and laid out in small plots, numbered, and inclosed by a three-foot-high fence.

The soil being very poor, the plow having turned up rags, wire, lime, and stones, and the season late, quick-growing vegetables were selected. Water was put in at three places. A tent accommodating about two hundred people, blackboards for instruction, seats for comfort, a circular flower-bed in the center of the farm, and all was ready for the first planting-day. Twenty-five children at a time, with tags the numbers on which corresponded with those on the sticks, staking out their claim, three feet by six feet (upon which the nearest and most friendly neighbor had no right to intrude), were lined up and given directions, then marched into the farm, forming two sides of a hollow square around a small plot, where the gardener went through the whole process of making the furrows, describing the seeds put in, covering them, etc. The children then marched to the number corresponding to their tag, and went through the same process, making the furrows with the sharp end of the stick, and covering and patting down with the spatula containing the number; then right about face and out the gate they went, faces glowing with excitement, which was not lessened when a few days later the earth began to crack open and little heads peeped out. At the same time seeds of like variety were planted in sawdust, that the process of those under ground might be watched. Here curiosity, that strongest of human traits, was satisfied wholesomely. Seven varieties of vegetables were planted in each plot, corn in the center, on either side of this string and butter beans, peas, radishes, turnips, lettuce, and a border of buckwheat around the whole farm.

The child's co-operation in preparing the ground was found to be a necessary initiative step, as its hands were not accustomed to handle anything so small and tender as a seed.

After the workmen left for the day, it was suggested to the boys and girls that they clear the ground of some of the stones in order to facilitate the next day's work. Would we sit by while they did it? Yes, indeed; and away they went with a loud shout; but throwing the stones into regular piles was by far too monotonous, and, spying an old horse a block off, they stood three deep aiming at him. The air was black with stones. All words of caution were useless. There was nothing to do but wait until they injured themselves. Before long *they* decided that it would be necessary to have either a hospital on the grounds or calmly put the stones in piles. An old horse and dump-cart were secured, and eight loads of stones removed in two hours, and the ground made ready for the second plowing in the morning. A happy, tired group, seated on the ground about our chair, together sang the good-night song, and then wended their way by moonlight across the rough lot back to the hot, close street, eager for the morrow and the farm. And so eyes, hands, feet, heart, and mind were unconsciously trained, while seemingly the hours were filled only with endless pleasure. The timid girl in her teens, so inclined to remain indoors, grew more self-reliant, the bold more modest, the rough boy more gentle. Little faces, lately so hard and prematurely old, began to assume the look of real childhood, and the farm became truly their own.

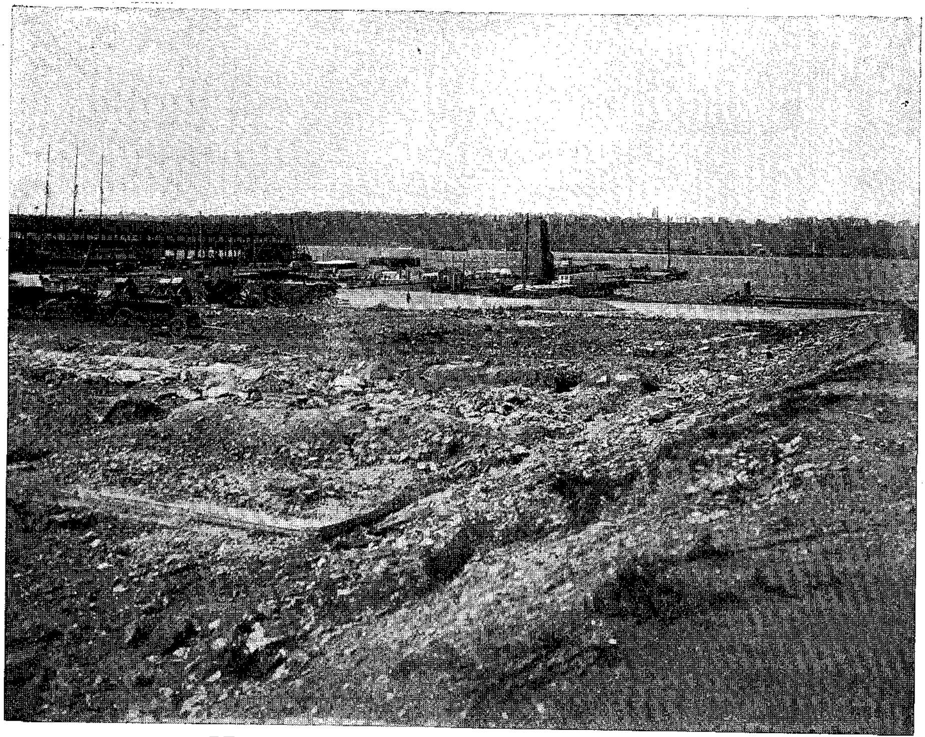
A public flag-raising seemed the least tribute that could be paid to the Park Department of Manhattan for making this vitally important educational object-lesson possible. On August 5 this took place. To the casual observer it seemed but a public function, but it proved one of the most important features of the farm, and its raising and lowering were eagerly watched for. But on the morning after the ceremony a cloud seemed to rest on the faces of many who lived down the nearest street, and inquiry as to what dire calamity had happened elicited the answer, "We cannot see the flag from our doorstep or window." In a few days the flag-pole was moved so as to be seen two blocks away.

The question has been asked, What method was used to control an unruly mob of children of various ages of non-public school attendance? After watching them for the first day or two, it was discovered that they were like thistledown before the breeze, or, more properly, like a flock of sheep. A sudden noise promising excitement, and away they all flew, one, two, three blocks, and, it proving to be a false alarm or the promise not fulfilled to the extent of their hopes, back they all came to see what these intruders were doing on their domain. On account of their noise, sometimes accidental, but as often intentional, it was impossible to be heard. We decided to seat ourselves on some stones in the center of the floorless tent and be listlessly silent. Five, ten minutes passed, while the audience of several hundred children looked on expectantly; but not even an expression of interest being visible on the faces of those thus seated, the crowd melted away and did not return, and it was then possible quietly to make plans for future work. Futile efforts were made to have the children listen to orders. The next day the happy thought of standing in their midst, with a stone held high, was tried. Curiosity was aroused at this unusual proceeding from such a source, and for just a breath silence reigned, but that second was taken advantage of to say, "Let us see who can hear this stone drop." Every one was silent. As the stone struck the ground, before the shout of "I did" came, the opportunity was seized to say a few, very few, words of instruction. This plan was carried out the second day, and the attention was held longer.

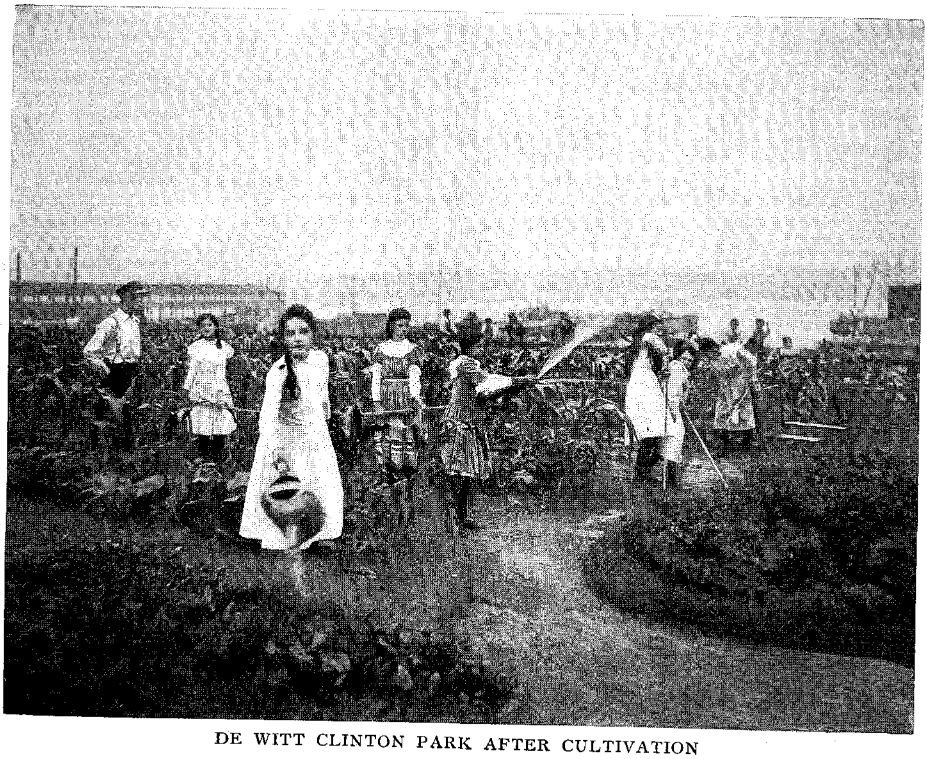
ONE OF THE FARMERS

The choice was given as to who would be farmers or policemen. Only fifteen chose to be the latter, who were quite different from our metropolitan police force, which is largely made up from the farms.

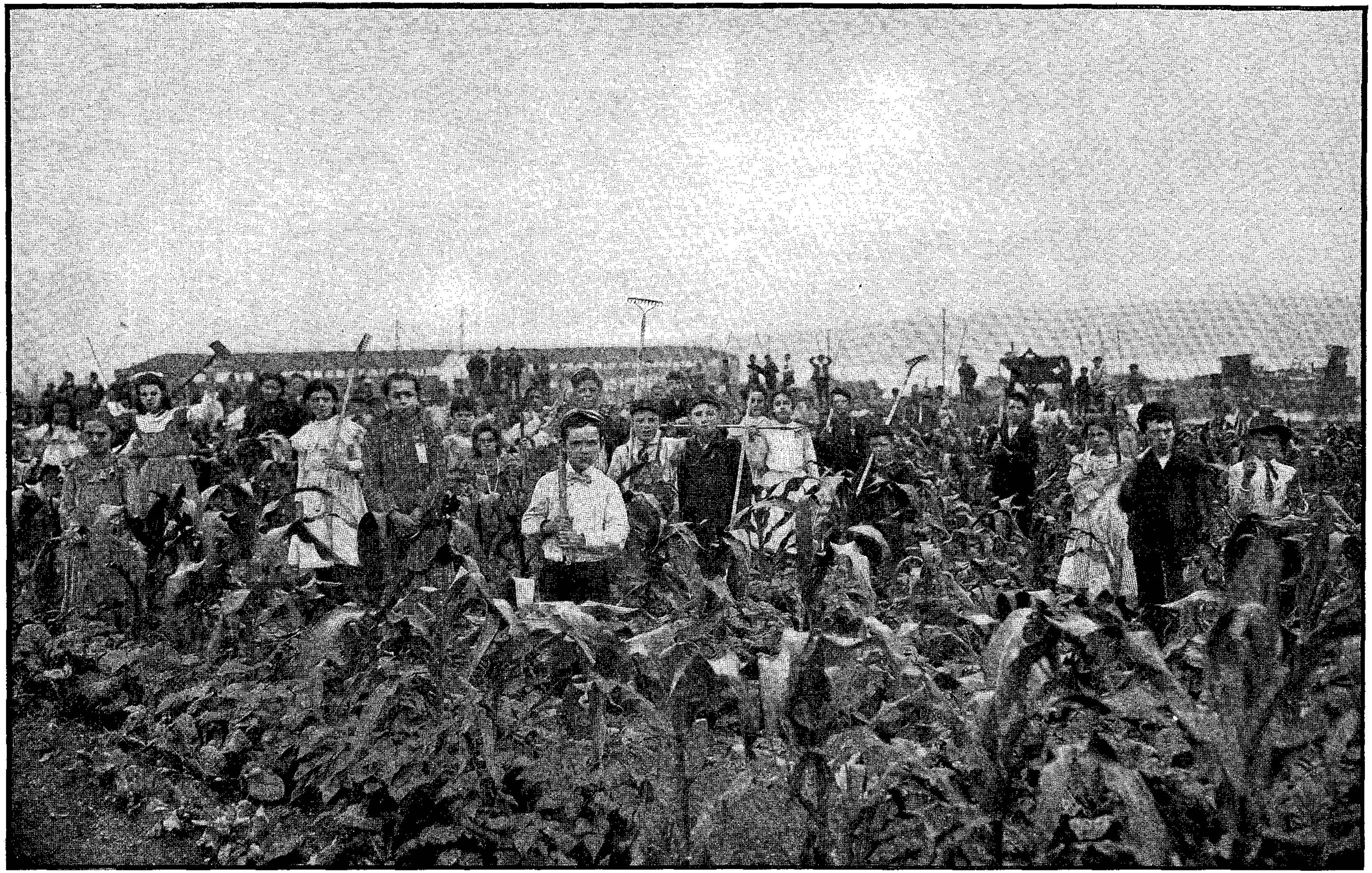
After the first few days a whistle was used—one sound meaning attention; two, farm police; three, vacate farm, tent, and perhaps lots. On the third day there was no response to the second signal. The police had all deserted and become farmers. There were two reasons for this—love of the work, and fear of being stoned if they should assert their authority. A club was formed, the dignity of which had a marked effect, from the day the



DE WITT CLINTON PARK BEFORE CULTIVATION



DE WITT CLINTON PARK AFTER CULTIVATION



CHILDREN'S SCHOOL-FARM AT DE WITT CLINTON PARK real work began, and they were allowed to help. There was no more trouble.

One of the secrets of the success of this scheme was the attitude toward the children of the men who prepared the ground ; they recognized the desire of the children to help. They would bring extra shovels and rakes for them. The head and foreman gardeners of the Park Department were Swedes, and had had the benefit of gardens connected with the schools in childhood in their own country, so their hearts went into the work as well as their hands and heads, for they understood the children and how they would love it.

The farm grew to perfection from the suggestions of these men, the parents, and police ; one of the latter saying, "These children will never obey until the tent is made more beautiful than anything they have ever seen." Following this suggestion, a floor was laid, and a box of blooming plants was placed around the whole tent, twenty-five feet by thirty-five feet. The effect was magical.

Once a week in the tent a round tub was filled with water, on whose bosom floated a mass of water-lilies in all their rich, cool, native beauty. Their subtle influence seemed to reach all. Making a beautiful park or making a beautiful garden with the "Don't touch" sign is like eating luscious fruit before hungry children ; they want some too. So at stated times a basketful of cut flowers was distributed in the tent, so satisfying the wholesome longing aroused by the boxes of plants, which were to be respected.

The boys would work like beavers, sometimes until the rain fairly forced them to beat a retreat to the shelter of the tent. As soon as the storm abated a little, out they went again.

George T. Powell, Director of Briarcliff Agricultural College, says he will never forget the day of his first nature-study talk in that tent, when he witnessed this scene and the eagerness with which the children fairly fell over each other in order to see his charts and hear his wonderful story of the strawberry plant and the worm that was its enemy.

These small farmers were drawn from the densely populated West Side, no distinction being made as to age or sex, those first applying being taken. Boys in their teens, employed as hall-boys, would work two consecutive Sundays in order to come for a few hours to the farm during the week. Others would come before their day began, help put up the flag or rake a path. Mothers would send notes saying, "Please drive my boy out of the farm. He must go to the factory. We need his earnings."

Could these delicate growing boys and girls have had a few feet of ground, they could have raised and sold enough vegetables to keep their own family, earning more than double the money they could earn in the factory, and have grown strong and courageous, instead of weak and discouraged with the long hours, shut away from God's sunshine. They would have seen the satisfactory results of their own labor, whereas in the factory their efforts are only a small part of a great whole, the completion of which they never see. The money is turned into the family and is lost to view. The child owns nothing, has no better clothes or food for his long hours, and by the time he is sixteen he does not care whether he lives or dies; and so our tramps are formed.

Mr. Powell said: "If I could have the training of the city children on these vacant lots for a period of two months, I could send out several thousand of the boys, ranging from fifteen to eighteen years of age, upon farms throughout New York and other States."

The few weeks' work on the ground, planting seeds, caring for the growing plants, the responsibility and pride of individual plots, the having an object of personal interest to them, which gave to each something to do, has done much for these children. Their activity, once destructive, has been given a turn for construction and care. They have learned something of the fact that work can also be a pleasure, and they can now be guided into doing things useful where once they could hardly be controlled. The evolution from rudeness, nervous excitement, and "scatteration" to concentration, was daily perceptible.

They also made a great stride in "private care of public property." This, which was not believed of these children, has been proved. That this has been done in this district is good evidence that it can be done anywhere in Greater New

York, and especially as it was accomplished when handicapped by lack of tools, very little money, only one teacher, and a late beginning. As in all experiments, an immense amount of detail work was done and many perplexing problems were faced. The experimental stage has passed. With the means at the disposition of the Board of Education, and with the co-operation of the Department of Parks, which showed such great willingness with this School-Farm, the successful operation of others should be merely routine work.

It was a long time before proper implements were furnished, but clam-shells just fitted little hands and made an excellent substitute for hoes. City farming on poor soil, where the ground looked very much like concrete, is quite a different matter from the same work done in the country. Our wise foreman gardener from the Park, ever ready to give us advice and aid, said, "Water, water, water," instead of hoeing.

In a neighborhood where before only vandalism reigned, this miniature farm, lying in one of New York's most congested districts, awakened an almost forgotten feeling in the hearts of the people of the neighborhood, at the same time satisfying the active restlessness of the children. To the high-school girl Hiawatha and the waving corn became a reality. The crippled child, striving to get strong enough to be brought to this wonderful fairy-land that its little companions told so much about, drew deep breaths of satisfaction. The overtaxed, weary business man, the millionaire, the laborer, the teacher, minister, longshoreman, the mother from her pressing manifold duties in a home all too small, or a home too large with no childish voices, impelled by curiosity or courtesy, came for fifteen minutes, but forgot to leave until the lengthening shadows gave warning of the approach of night.

The attraction? Children in their natural environment, in close touch with nature and allowed an opportunity to develop their own individuality, guided by simply a word. "Was that honest?" "Was that manly?" "Johnny, stand right still. Look at your feet." And when the tender lettuce-leaf was found bruised beyond restoration, if possible a fresh root was transplanted to that spot, but those wayward feet never strayed from the path again.

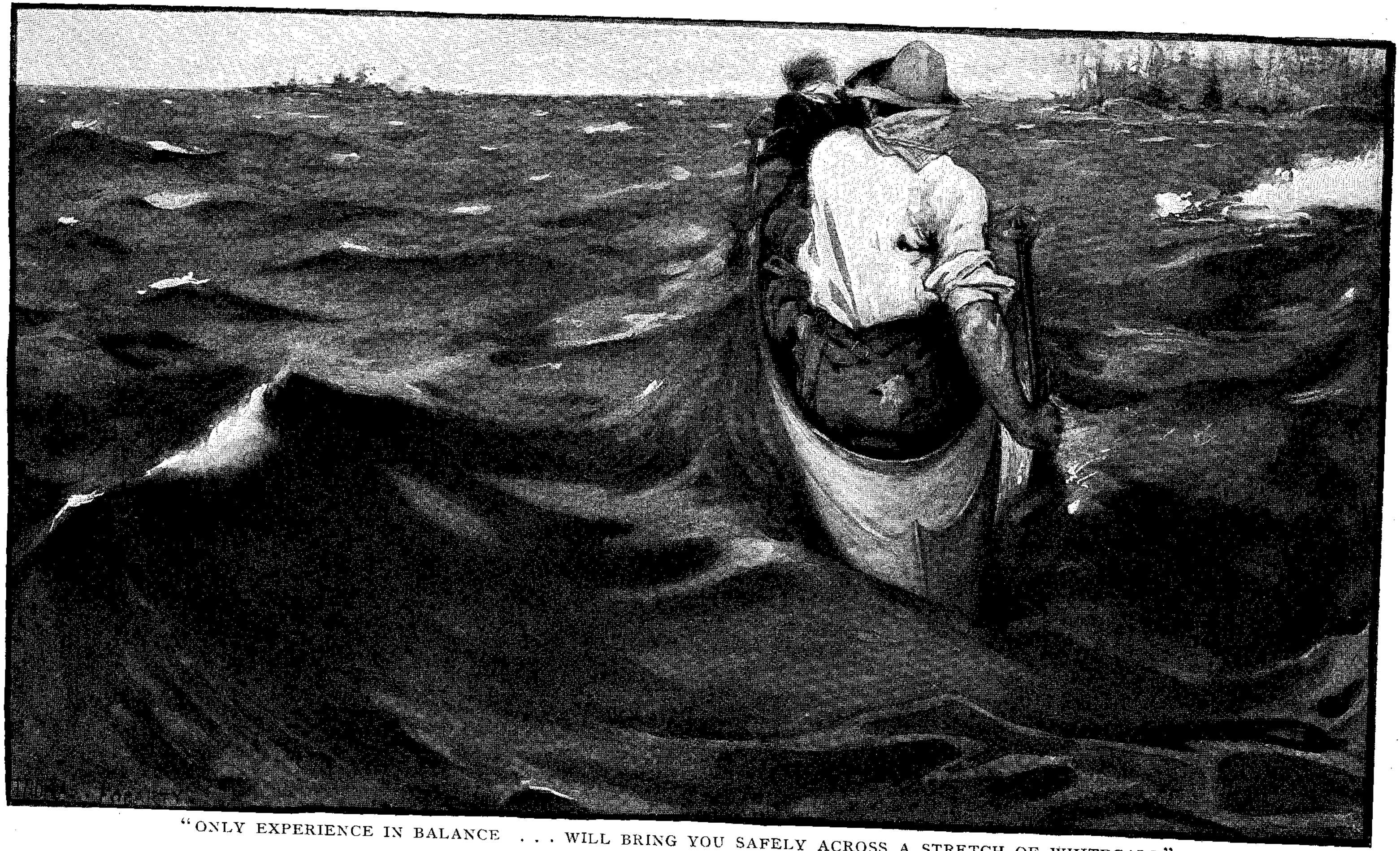
The twentieth-century child must go back to nature if it is to hold its own, for the strenuous life of its mother and father, in high life or low, has not bequeathed to it quiet nerves and strong physique.

The harvest was a rich one. The brownies certainly must have had a hand in it, for these vegetables, the seeds of which were planted on July 27, seemed to know what was expected of them, and did not fail their loving caretakers in a single detail. Fancy a bevy of happy, wondering children, who had never beheld corn before, eagerly tripping from plot to plot, counting those wonderful tassels, until sixty-five had been found. Then the ear, the silk, quarts of fresh beans, wheelbarrows full of radishes, heads of lettuce, taken home for the family meal! From every doorway or window the smiling, expectant faces of adults proved that the contagion of interest had spread, and news of *our* farm was watched for. At five o'clock, three blasts on the whistle and every little farmer went out of the gate and stood eagerly waiting to see who would be chosen to rake the paths. Those were selected who had behaved the best, one for each long path. Like soldiers they marched, rake over the shoulder, to the head of the garden. As the whistle was sounded each fell to work most dexterously, raking toward the center path where stood others with wheelbarrows ready to gather up the piles, and in a few minutes—for "many hands make light work"—our Farm was a beautiful picture with its symmetrical paths and plots left in order for the night.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN LOO & FROST

The Man Without a Party

Samuel M. Jones, who has just been elected Mayor of Toledo, Ohio, for the fourth successive term, and has been thrice re-elected as an Independent against the candidates of both of the great parties, was born in Wales in 1846, and brought to this country by his parents when three years old. He was compelled by the poverty of his family to become a wage-earner when a mere child. When eighteen years old he entered the oil fields in a newly opened Pennsylvania district; and later became the inventor and manufacturer of an improved oil-well appliance. His manufacturing business has been conducted in Toledo, Ohio. He took no part in political life until 1897, when his popularity as an employer led to his nomination for Mayor on the Republican ticket. As an employer he won the name of " Golden Rule " Jones by his insistence that no other rule was needed in the management of employees, and the same rule has been his watchword in the administration of public affairs. His interpretation of this rule has often alienated the support of good people, but no one has ever questioned his sincerity or kindness of spirit. Nearly all his political views have grown out of his belief that all people are essentially equal and entitled to equal consideration. This is at the bottom of his advocacy of the public ownership of monopolies, which has marked his administrations from the beginning. It is also at the bottom of his hatred of the rule of political machines—a hatred which has led him to denounce all party organization and conduct his last campaigns as " the man without a party."



"ONLY EXPERIENCE IN BALANCE . . . WILL BRING YOU SAFELY ACROSS A STRETCH OF WHITECAPS"

THE FOREST[1]

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY

Chapter VII.—On Open-Water Canoe Traveling

"It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to bail her—
Just one single long-shore loafer that I know.
He can take his chance of drowning while I sail and sail and sail her,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go."

THE following morning the wind had died, but had been succeeded by a heavy pall of fog. After we had felt our way beyond the mouth of the river we were forced to paddle northwest by north, in blind reliance on our compass. Sounds there were none. Involuntarily we lowered our own voices. The occasional click of a paddle against the gunwale seemed to desecrate a foreordained stillness.

Occasionally to the right hand or the left we made out faint shadow-pictures of wooded islands that endured but a moment and then deliberately faded into whiteness. They formed on the view exactly as an image develops on a photographic plate. Sometimes a faint *lisp-lisp-lisp* of tiny waves against a shore nearer than it seemed cautioned us anew not to break the silence. Otherwise we were alone, intruders, suffered in the presence of a brooding nature only as long as we refrained from disturbances.

Then at noon the vapors began to eddy, to open momentarily in revelation of vivid green glimpses, to stream down the rising wind. Pale sunlight dashed fitfully across us like a shower. Somewhere in the invisibility a duck quacked. Deuce awoke, looked about him, and *yow-yow-yowed* in doggish relief. Animals understand thoroughly these subtleties of nature.

In half an hour the sun was strong, the air clear and sparkling, and a freshening wind was certifying our prognostications of a lively afternoon.

A light canoe will stand almost anything in the way of a sea, although you may find it impossible sometimes to force it in the direction you wish to go. A loaded canoe will weather a great deal more than you might think. However, only experience in balance and in the nature of waves will bring you safely across a stretch of whitecaps.

With the sea dead ahead you must not go too fast; otherwise you will dip water over the bow. You must trim the craft absolutely on an even keel. Otherwise the comb of the wave, too light to lift you, will slop in over one gunwale or the other. You must be perpetually watching your chance to gain a foot or so between the heavier seas.

With the sea over one bow you must paddle on the leeward side. When the canoe mounts a wave, you must allow the crest to throw the bow off a trifle, but the moment it starts down the other slope you must twist your paddle sharply to regain the direction of your course. The careening tendency of this twist you must counteract by a corresponding twist of your body in the other direction. Then the hollow will allow you two or three strokes wherewith to assure a little progress. The double twist at the very crest of the wave must be very delicately performed, or you will ship water the whole length of your craft.

With the sea abeam you must simply paddle straight ahead. The adjustment is to be accomplished entirely by the poise of the body. You must prevent the capsize of your canoe when clinging to the angle of a wave by leaning to one side. The crucial moment, of course, is that during which the peak of the wave slips under you. In case of a breaking comber, thrust the flat of your paddle deep in the water to prevent an upset, and lean well to leeward, thus presenting the side and half the bottom of the canoe to the shock of water. Your recovery must be instant, however. If you lean a second too long, over you go. This sounds more difficult than it is. After a time you do it instinctively, as a skater balances.

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[1] Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.

With the sea over the quarter you have merely to take care that the waves do not slew you around sidewise, and that the canoe does not dip water on one side or the other under the stress of your twists with the paddle. Dead astern is perhaps the most difficult of all, for the reason that you must watch both gunwales at once, and must preserve an absolutely even keel in spite of the fact that it generally requires your utmost strength to steer.

In really heavy weather one man only can do any work. The other must be content to remain passenger, and he must be trained to absolute immobility. No matter how dangerous a careen the canoe may take, no matter how much good cold water may pour in over his legs, he must resist his tendency to shift his weight. The entire issue depends on the delicacy of the steersman's adjustments, so he must be given every chance.

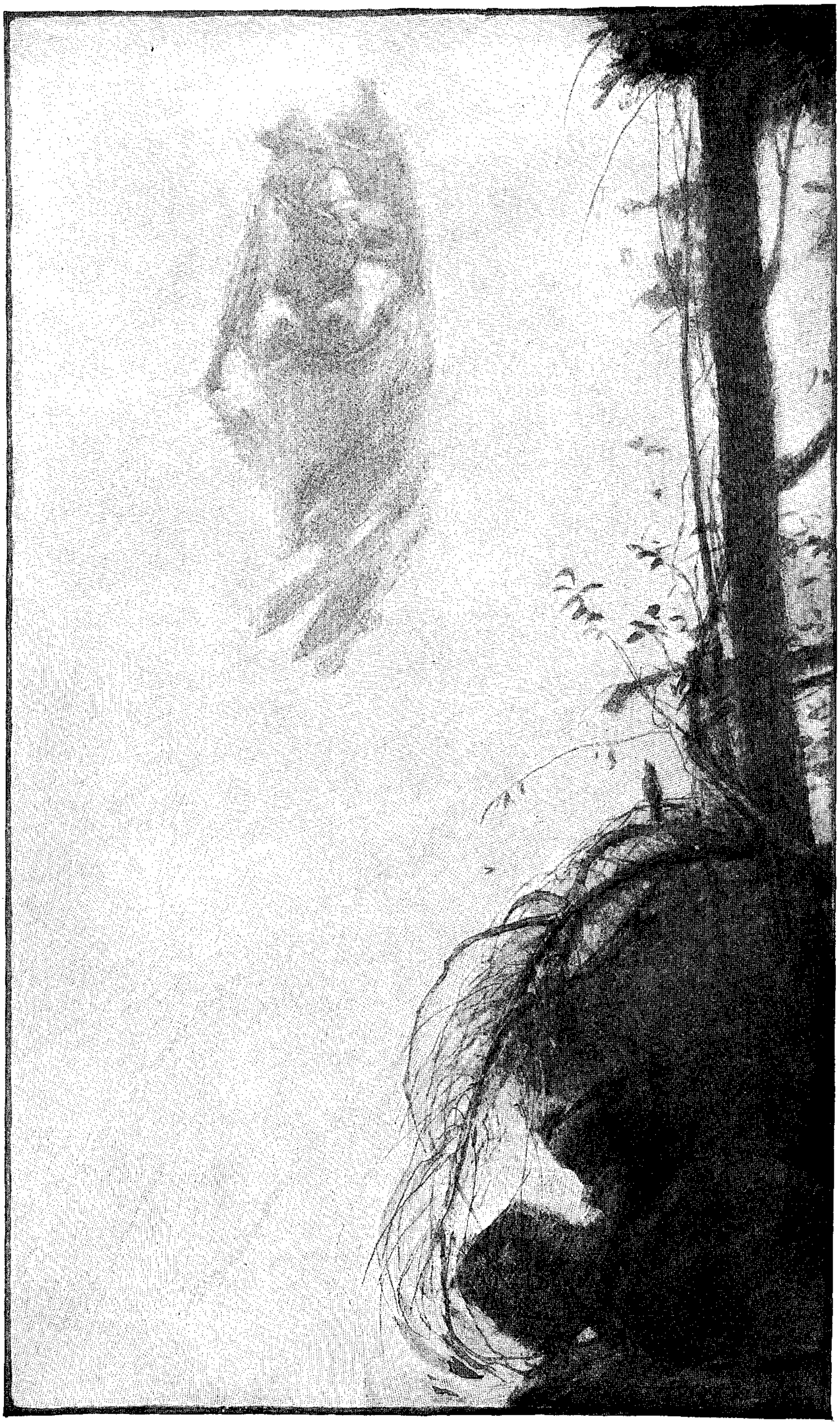
The main difficulty rests in the fact that such canoeing is a good deal like air-ship travel—there is not much opportunity to learn by experience. In a four-hour run across an open bay you will encounter somewhat over a thousand waves, no two of which are exactly alike, and any one of which can fill you up only too easily if it is not correctly met. Your experience is called on to solve instantly and practically a thousand problems. No breathing-space in which to recover is permitted you between them. At the end of the four hours you awaken to the fact that your eyes are strained from intense concentration, and that you taste copper.

Probably nothing, however, can wake you up to the last fiber of your physical, intellectual, and nervous being like some such thing as this. You are filled with an exhilaration. Every muscle, strung tight, answers immediately and accurately to the slightest hint. You quiver all over with restrained energy. Your mind thrusts behind you the problem of the last wave as soon as solved, and leaps with insistent eagerness to the next. You attain that super-ordinary condition when your faculties react instinctively, like a machine. It is a species of intoxication. After a time you personify each wave; you grapple with it as with a personal adversary; you exult as, beaten and broken, it hisses away to leeward. "Go it, you son of a gun!" you shout. "Ah, you would, would you! think you can, do you?" and in the roar and rush of wind and water you crouch like a boxer on the defense, parrying the blows, but ready at the slightest opening to gain a stroke of the paddle.

In such circumstances you have not the leisure to consider distance. You are too busily engaged in slaughtering waves to consider your rate of progress. The fact that slowly you are pulling up on your objective point does not occur to you until you are within a few hundred yards of it. Then, unless you are careful, you are undone.

Probably the most difficult thing of all to learn is that the waves to be encountered in the last hundred yards of an open sweep are exactly as dangerous as those you dodged so fearfully four miles from shore. You are so nearly in that you unconsciously relax your efforts. Calmly, almost contemptuously, a big roller rips along your gunwale. You are wrecked—fortunately within easy swimming distance. But that doesn't save your duffel. Remember this: be just as careful with the very last wave as you were with the others. Get inside before you draw that deep breath of relief.

Strangely enough, in out-of-door sports, where it would seem that convention would rest practically at the zero point, the bugbear of good form, although mashed and disguised, rises up to confuse the directed practicality. The average man is wedded to his theory. He has seen a thing done in a certain way, and he not only always does it that way himself, but he is positively unhappy at seeing any one else employing a different method. From the swing at golf to the manner of lighting a match in the wind, this truism applies. I remember once hearing a long argument with an Eastern man on the question of



"AT NOON THE VAPORS BEGAN TO EDDY"

the English riding-seat in the Western country.

"Your method is all very well," said the Westerner, "for where it came from. In England they ride to hunt, so they need a light saddle and very short stirrups set well forward. That helps them in jumping. But it is most awkward. Out here you want your stirrups very long and directly under you, so your legs hang loose, and you depend on your balance and the grip of your thighs—not your knees. It is less tiring, and more sense, and infinitely more graceful, for it more nearly approximates the bareback seat. Instead of depending on stirrups, you are part of the horse. You follow his every movement. And as for your rising trot, I'd like to see you accomplish it safely on our mountain trails where the trot is the only gait practicable, unless you take forever to get anywhere." To all of which the Easterner found no rebuttal except the, to him, entirely efficient plea that his own method was good form.

Now, of course, it is very pleasant to do things always accurately, according to the rules of the game, and if you are out merely for sport, perhaps it is as well to stick to them. But utility is another matter. Personally, I do not care at all to kill trout unless by the fly; but when we need meat and they do not need flies, I never hesitate to offer them any kind of a doodle-bug they may fancy. I have even, at a pinch, clubbed them to death in a shallow, landlocked pool. Times will come in your open-water canoe experience when you will pull into your shelter half-full of water, when you will be glad of the fortuity of a chance cross-wave to help you out, when sheer blind luck, or main strength and awkwardness, will be the only reasons you can honestly give for an arrival, and a battered and disheveled arrival at that. Do not, therefore, repine, or bewail your awkwardness, or indulge in undue self-accusations of "tenderfoot." Method is nothing; the arrival is the important thing. You are traveling, and if you can make time by nearly swamping yourself, or by dragging yourself or by dragging your craft across a point, or by taking any other base advantage of the game's formality, by all means do so. Deuce used to solve the problem of the little pool of cold water in which he sometimes was forced to lie by drinking it. When a thing is to be done in the woods, do not consider how you have done it, or how you have seen it done, or how you think it ought to be done, but how it *can* be accomplished. Absolute fluidity of expedient, perfect adaptability, is worth a dozen volumes of theoretical knowledge. "If you can't talk," goes the Western expression, "raise a yell; if you can't yell, make signs; if you can't make signs, wave a bush."

And do not be too ready to take advice as to what you can or cannot accomplish, even from the woods people. Of course the woods Indians or the voyageurs know all about canoes, and you would do well to listen to them. But the mere fact that your interlocutor lives in the forest, while you normally inhabit the towns, does not necessarily give him authority. A community used to horses looks with horror on the instability of all water-craft less solid than canal-boats. Canoemen stand in awe of the bronco. The fishermen of the Georgian Bay, accustomed to venture out with their open sailboats in weather that forces the big lake schooners to shelter, know absolutely nothing about canoes. Dick and I made an eight-mile run from the Fox Island to Killarney in a trifling sea, to be cheered during our stay at the latter place by doleful predictions of an early drowning. And this from a seafaring community. It knew all about boats; it knew nothing about canoes; and yet the unthinking might have been influenced by the advice of these men simply because they had been brought up on the water. The point is obvious. Do not attempt a thing unless you are sure of yourself; but do not relinquish it merely because some one else is not sure of you.

The best way to learn is with a bathing-suit. Keep near shore, and try everything. Don't attempt the real thing until your handling in a heavy sea has become as instinctive as snap-shooting or the steps of dancing. Remain on the hither side of caution when you start out. Act at first as though every wavelet would surely swamp you. Extend the scope of your operations very gradually, until you know just what you can do. *Never* get careless. Never take any *real* chances. That's all.

Chapter VIII.—The Stranded Strangers

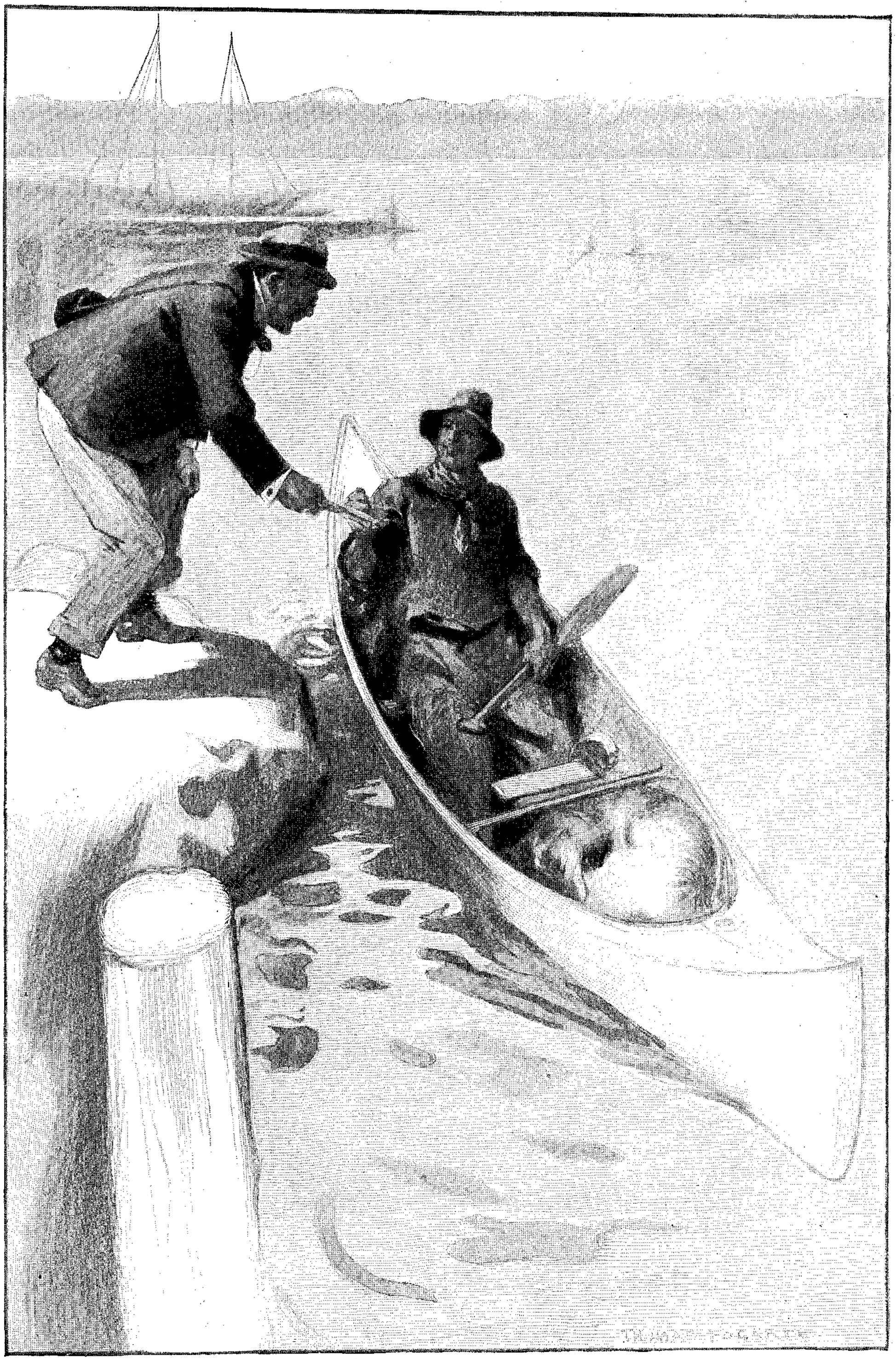
As we progressed, the country grew more and more solemnly aloof. In the south land is a certain appearance of nobility, lent by the deciduous trees, the warm sun, the intimate nooks in which grow the commoner homely weeds and flowers, the abundance of bees and musical insects, the childhood familiarity of the well-known birds, even the pleasantly constant aspects of the skies. But the North wraps itself in a mantle of awe. Great hills rest not so much in the stillness of sleep as in the calm of a mighty comprehension. The pines, rank after rank, file after file, are always trooping somewhere, up the slope, to pause at the crest before descending on the other side into the unknown. Bodies of water exactly of the size, shape, and general appearance we are accustomed to see dotted with pleasure craft and bordered with wharves, summer cottages, pavilions, and hotels, accentuate by that very fact a solitude that harbors only a pair of weirdly laughing loons. Like the hills, these lakes are lying in a deep, still repose, but a repose that somehow suggests the comprehending calm of those behind the veil. The whole country seems to rest in a suspense of waiting. A shot breaks the stillness for an instant, but its very memory is shadowy a moment after the echoes die. Inevitably the traveler feels thrust in upon himself by a neutrality more deadly than open hostility would be. Hostility at least supposes recognition of his existence, a rousing of forces to oppose him. This ignores. One can no longer wonder at the taciturnity of the men who dwell here; nor does one fail to grasp the eminent suitability to the country of its Indian name—the Silent Places.

Even the birds, joyful, lively, commonplace little people that they are, draw some of this aloofness to themselves. The North is full of the lonelier singers. A dozen species of warblers lisp music-box phrases, two or three sparrows whistle a cheerful repertoire, the nuthatches and chickadees toot away in blissful *bourgeoisie.* And yet, somehow, that very circumstance thrusts the imaginative voyager outside the companionship of their friendliness. In the face of the great gods they move with accustomed familiarity. Somehow they possess in their little experience that which explains the mystery, so that they no longer stand in its awe. Their every-day lives are spent under the shadow of the temple whither you dare not bend your footsteps. The intimacy of occult things isolates also these wise little birds.

The North speaks, however, only in the voices of three—the two thrushes, and the white-throated sparrow. You must hear these each at his proper time.

The hermit thrush you will rarely see. But late some afternoon, when the sun is lifting along the trunks of the hardwood forest, if you are very lucky and very quiet, you will hear him far in the depths of the blackest swamps. Musically expressed, his song is very much like that of the wood thrush—three cadenced liquid notes, a quivering pause, then three more notes of another phrase, and so on. But the fineness of its quality makes of it an entirely different performance. If you symbolize the hermit thrush by the flute, you must call the wood thrush a chime of little tinkling bells. One is a rendition; the other the essence of liquid music. An effect of gold-embroidered richness, of depth going down to the very soul of things, a haunting suggestion of having touched very near to the source of tears, a conviction that the just interpretation of the song would be an equally just interpretation of black woods, deep shadows, cloistered sunlight, brooding hills—these are the subtle and elusive impressions you will receive in the middle of the ancient forest.

The olive-backed thrush you will enjoy after your day's work is quite finished. You will see him through the tobacco haze, perched on a limb against the evening sky. He utters a loud, joyful *chirp*; pauses for the attention he thus solicits, and then deliberately runs up five mellow double notes, ending with a metallic "*ting* chee chee chee" that sounds as though it had been struck on a triangle. Then a silence of exactly nine seconds and repeat. As regularly as clockwork this performance goes on. Time him



“HERE,” SAID HE, “YOU ARE A JUDGE OF FICTION; TAKE THIS” as often as you will, you can never convict him of a second's variation. And he is so optimistic and willing, and his notes are so golden with the yellow of sunshine!

The white-throated sparrow sings nine distinct variations of the same song. He may sing more, but that is all I have counted. He inhabits woods, berry-vines, brulés, and clearings. Ordinarily he is cheerful, and occasionally aggravating. One man I knew, he drove nearly crazy. To that man he was always saying, "*And he never heard the man say drink and the* ——." Towards the last my friend used wildly to offer him a thousand dollars if he would, if he only *would*, finish that sentence. But occasionally, in just the proper circumstances, he forgets his stump corners, his vines, his jolly sunlight, and his delightful bugs to become the intimate voice of the wilds. It is night, very still, very dark. The subdued murmur of the forest ebbs and flows with the voices of the furtive folk, an undertone fearful to break the night calm. Suddenly across the dusk of silence flashes a single thread of silver, vibrating, trembling with some unguessed ecstasy of emotion: "*Ah! poor Canada Canada Canada Canada!*" it mourns passionately, and falls silent. That is all.

You will hear at various times other birds peculiarly of the North. Loons alternately calling and uttering their maniac laughter; purple finches or some of the pine sparrows warbling high and clear; the winter wren, whose rapturous ravings never fail to strike the attention of the dullest passer; all these are exclusively Northern voices, and each expresses some phase or mood of the silent places. But none symbolizes as do the three. And when first you hear one of them after an absence, you are satisfied that things are right in the world, for the North Country's spirit is as it was.

Now ensued a spell of calm weather, with a film of haze over the sky. The water lay like quicksilver, heavy and inert. Towards afternoon it became opalescent. The very substance of the liquid itself seemed impregnated with dyes ranging in shade from wine color to the most delicate lilac. Through a smoke veil the sun hung, a ball of red, while beneath every island, every rock, every tree, every wild fowl floating idly in a medium apparently too delicate for its support, lurked the beautiful crimson shadows of the North.

Hour after hour, day after day, we slipped on. Point after point, island after island, presented itself silently to our inspection and dropped quietly astern. The beat of paddles fitted monotonously into the almost portentous stillness. It seemed that we might be able to go on thus forever, lapped in the dream of some forgotten magic that had stricken breathless the life of the world. And then, suddenly, three weeks on our journey, we came to a town.

It was not the typical fur town of the Far North, but it lay at the threshold. A single street, worn smooth by the feet of men and dogs, but innocent of hoofs, fronted the channel. A board walk, elevated against the snows, bordered a row of whitewashed log and frame houses, each with its garden of brilliant flowers. A dozen wharves of various sizes, over whose edges peeped the double masts of Mackinaw boats, spoke of a fishing community. Between the roofs one caught glimpses of a low sparse woods and some thousand-foot hills beyond. We subsequently added the charm of isolation in learning that the nearest telegraph line was fifteen miles distant, while the railroad passed some fifty miles away.

Dick immediately went wild. It was his first glimpse of the mixed peoples. A dozen loungers, handsome, careless, graceful with the inimitable elegance of the half-breed's leisure, chatted, rolled cigarettes, and surveyed with heavy-eyed indolence such of the town as could be viewed from the shade in which they lay. Three girls, in whose dark cheeks glowed a rich French comeliness, were comparing purchases near the store. A group of rivermen, spike-booted, short-trousered, reckless of air, with their little round hats over one ear, sat chair-tilted outside the "hotel." Across the dividing fences of two of the blazoned gardens a pair of old crones gossiped under their breaths. Some Indians smoked silently at the edge of one of the docks. In the distance of the street's end a French priest added the quaintness of his cassock to the exotic atmosphere of the scene. At once a pack of the fierce sledge-dogs left their foraging for the offal of the fisheries, to bound challenging in the direction of poor Deuce. That high-bred animal fruitlessly attempted to combine dignity with a discretionary lurking between our legs. We made demonstrations with sticks, and sought out the hotel, for it was about time to eat.

We had supper at a table with three Forest Rangers, two lumber-jacks, and a cat-like handsome "breed" whose business did not appear. Then we lit up and strolled about to see what we could see.

On the text of a pair of brass knuckles hanging behind the hotel bar I embroidered many experiences with the lumber-jack. I told of a Wisconsin town where an enforced wait of five hours enabled me to establish the proportion of fourteen saloons out of a total of twenty frame buildings. I descanted craftily on the character of the woodsman out of the woods and in the right frame of mind for deviltry. I related how Jack Boyd, irritated beyond endurance at the annoyances of a stranger, finally with the flat of his hand boxed the man's head so mightily that he whirled around twice and sat down. "Now," said Jack, softly, "be more careful, my friend, or next time I'll *hit* you." Or of a little Irishman who shouted to his friends about to pull a big man from pounding the life quite out of him, "Let him alone! let him alone! I may be on top myself in a few minutes!" And of Dave Walker, who fought to a standstill with his bare fists alone five men who had sworn to kill him. And again of that doughty knight of the peavie, who, when attacked by an ax, waved aside interference with the truly dauntless cry, "Leave him be, boys; there's an ax between us!"

I tried to sketch, too, the drive, wherein a dozen times in an hour these men face death with a smile or a curse—the raging, untamed river, the fierce rush of the logs, the cool little human beings poising with a certain contemptuous preciosity on the edge of destruction as they herd their brutish multitudes to the booms. There was Jimmy, the river boss, who could not swim a stroke, and who was incontinently swept over a dam and into the boiling back-set of the eddy below. Three times, gasping, strangling, drowning, he was carried in the wide swirl of the circle, sometimes under, sometimes on top. Then his knee touched a sand-bar, and he dragged himself painfully ashore. He coughed up a quantity of water, and gave vent to his feelings over a miraculous escape. "Blast it all!" he wailed, "I lost my peavie!"

"On the Paint River drive one spring," said I, "a jam formed that extended up river some three miles. The men were working at the breast of it, some underneath, some on top. After a time the jam apparently broke, pulled down stream a hundred feet or so, and plugged again. Then it was seen that only a small section had moved, leaving the main body still jammed, so that between the two sections lay a narrow stretch of open water. Into this open water one of the men had fallen. Before he could recover, the second or tail section of the jam started to pull. Apparently nothing could prevent him from being crushed. A man called Sam—I don't know his last name—ran down the tail of the first section, across the loose logs bobbing in the open water, seized the victim of the accident by the collar, desperately scaled the face of the moving jam, and reached the top just as the two sections ground together with the brutish noise of wrecking timbers. It was a magnificent rescue. Any but these men of iron would have adjourned for thanks and congratulations. Still retaining his hold on the other man's collar, Sam twisted him about and delivered a vigorous kick. '*There*, damn you!' said he. That was all. They fell to work at once to keep the jam moving."

I instanced, too, some of the feats of river-work these men could perform. Of how Jack Boyd has been known to float twenty miles without shifting his feet, on a log so small that he carried it to the water on his shoulder; of how a dozen rivermen, one after the other, would often go through the chute of a dam standing upright on single logs; of O'Donnell, who could turn a somersault on a floating pine log; of the birling matches, wherein two men on a single log try to throw each other into the river by treading, squirrel fashion, in faster and faster rotation; of how a riverman and spiked boots and a saw-log can do more work than an ordinary man with a rowboat.

I do not suppose Dick believed all this—although it was strictly and literally true—but his imagination was impressed. He gazed with respect on the group at the far end of the street, where fifteen or twenty lumber-jacks were interested in some amusement concealed from us.

"What do you suppose they are doing?" murmured Dick, awestricken.

"Wrestling, or boxing, or gambling, or jumping," said I.

We approached. Gravely, silently, intensely interested, the cock-hatted, spike-shod, dangerous men were playing—croquet!

The sight was too much for our nerves. We went away.

The permanent inhabitants of the place we discovered to be friendly to a degree. The Indian strain was evident in various dilution through all. Dick's enthusiasm grew steadily until his artistic instincts became aggressive, and he flatly announced his intention of staying at least four days for the purpose of making sketches. We talked the matter over. Finally it was agreed. Deuce and I were to make a wide circle to the north and west as far as the Hudson Bay post of Cloche, while Dick filled his note-book. That night we slept in beds for the first time.

That is to say, we slept until about three o'clock. Then we became vaguely conscious, through a haze of drowse—as one becomes conscious in the pause of a sleeping-car—of voices outside our doors. Some one said something about its being hardly much use to go to bed. Another hoped the sheets were not damp. A succession of lights twinkled across the walls of our room and were vaguely explained by the coughing of a steamboat. We sank into oblivion until the calling-bell brought us to our feet.

I happened to finish my toilet a little before Dick, and so descended to the sunlight until he might be ready. Roosting on a gray old boulder ten feet outside the door were two figures that made me want to rub my eyes.

The older was a square, ruddy-faced man of sixty, with neatly trimmed, snow-white whiskers. He had on a soft Alpine hat of pearl gray, a modishly cut gray homespun suit, a tie in which glimmered an opal pin, wore tan gloves, and had slung over one shoulder by a narrow black strap a pair of field-glasses.

The younger was a tall and angular young fellow, of an eager and sophomoric youth. His hair was very light and very smoothly brushed, his eyes blue and rather near-sighted, his complexion pink, with an obviously recent and superficial sunburn, and his clothes, from the white Panama to the broad-soled low shoes, of the latest cut and material. Instinctively I sought his fraternity pin. He looked as though he might say "Rah! rah!" something or other. A camera completed his outfit.

Tourists! How in the world did they get here? And then I remembered the twinkle of the lights and the coughing of the steamboat. But what in time could they be doing here? Picturesque as the place was, it held nothing to appeal to the Baedeker spirit. I surveyed the pair with some interest.

"I suppose there is pretty good fishing around here," ventured the elder.

He evidently took me for an inhabitant. Remembering my faded blue shirt and my floppy old hat and the red handkerchief about my neck and the moccasins on my feet, I did not blame him.

"I suppose there are bass among the islands," I replied.

We fell into conversation. I learned that he and his son were from New York. He learned, by a final direct question which was most significant of his not belonging to the country, who I was. By chance he knew my name. He opened his heart.

"We came down on the City of Flint," said he. "My son and I are on a vacation. We have been as far as the Yellowstone, and thought we would like to see some of this country. I was assured that on this date I could make connection with the North Star for the south. I told the purser of the Flint not to wake us up unless the North Star was here at the docks. He bundled us off here at three in the morning. The North Star was not here; it is an outrage!"

He uttered various threats.

"I thought the North Star was running away south around the Perry Sound region," I suggested.

"Yes, but she was to begin to-day, June 16, to make this connection." He produced a railroad folder. "It's in this," he continued.

"Did you go by that thing?" I marveled.

"Why, of course," said he.

"I forgot you were an American," said I. "You're in Canada now."

He looked his bewilderment, so I hunted up Dick. I detailed the situation. "He doesn't know the race," I concluded. "Soon he will be trying to get information out of the agent. Let's be on hand."

We were on hand. The tourist, his face very red, his whiskers very white and bristly, marched importantly to the agent's office. The latter comprised also the post-office, the fish depot, and a general store. The agent was for the moment dickering *in re* two pounds of sugar. This transaction took five minutes to the pound. Mr. Tourist waited. Then he opened up. The agent heard him placidly, as one who listens to a curious tale.

"What I want to know is, where's that boat?" ended the tourist.

"Couldn't say," replied the agent.

"Aren't you the agent of this company?"

"Sure," replied the agent.

"Then why don't you know something about its business and plans and intentions?"

"Couldn't say," replied the agent.

"Do you think it would do any good to wait for the North Star? Do you suppose they can be coming? Do you suppose they've altered the schedule?"

"Couldn't say," replied the agent.

"When is the next boat through here?"

I listened for the answer in trepidation, for I saw that another "Couldn't say" would cause the red-faced tourist to blow up. To my relief, the agent merely inquired, "North or south?"

"South, of course. I just came from the north. What in the name of everlasting blazes should I want to go north again for?"

"Couldn't say," replied the agent. "The next boat south gets in next week, Tuesday or Wednesday."

"Next week!" shrieked the tourist.

"When's the next boat north?" interposed the son.

"To-morrow morning."

"What time?"

"Couldn't say; you'd have to watch for her."

"That's our boat, dad," said the young man.

"But we've just *come* from there!" snorted his father; "it's three hundred miles back. It'll put us behind two days. I've got to be in New York Friday. I've got an engagement." He turned suddenly to the agent. "Here, I've got to send a telegram."

The agent blinked placidly. "You'll not send it from here. This ain't a telegraph station."

"Where's the nearest station?"

"Fifteen mile."

Without further parley the old man turned and walked, stiff and military, from the place. Near the end of the board walk he met the usual doddering but amiable oldest inhabitant.

"Fine day," chirped the patriarch in well-meant friendliness. "They jest brought in a bear cub over to Antoine's. If you'd like to take a look at him, I'll show you where it is."

The tourist stopped short and glared fiercely.

"Sir," said he, "confound your bear." Then he strode on, leaving grandpa staring after him.

In the course of the morning we became quite well acquainted, and he resigned. The son appeared to take somewhat the humorous view all through the affair, which must have irritated the old gentleman. They discussed it rather thoroughly, and finally decided to retrace their steps for a fresh start over a better-known route. This settled, the senior seemed to feel relieved of a weight. He even saw and relished certain funny phases of the incident, though he never ceased to foretell different kinds of trouble for the company, varying in range from mere complaints to the most tremendous of damage suits.

He was much interested, finally, in our methods of travel, and then, in logical sequence, with what he could see about him. He watched curiously my loading of the canoe, for I had a three-mile stretch of open water, and the wind was abroad. Deuce's empirical boat-wisdom aroused his admiration. He and his son were both at the shore to see me off.

Deuce settled himself in the bottom. I lifted the stern from the shore and gently set it afloat. In a moment I was ready to start.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!' suddenly cried the father.

I swirled my paddle back. The old gentleman was hastily fumbling in his pockets. After an instant he descended to the water's edge.

"Here," said he, "you are a judge of fiction; take this."

It was his steamboat and railway folder.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Sin of Sister Veronica

By the Baroness Von Hutten

Author of "Our Lady of the Beeches," etc.

SISTER VERONICA pushed the beans down into the moist earth, each one in a hole by itself. It was tiring work, but she loved it, for she loved the damp spring air with its faint sweet smells. It seemed to her that the millions of flowers down in the darkness each moved the old earth a little in its efforts towards the light, and that the earth gave out this sweet smell as old rose-leaves do when they are disturbed in a drawer. For Sister Veronica was imaginative in spite of her great nose.

From time to time the Sister paused, and, straightening up her aching back, looked around her. It was very lovely in the old cloistered garden. Between the slender pillars, under the loggia, shone fragments of the famous frescoes by Ghirlandajo; higher up the graceful bell-tower accented the blueness of the sky, and in the middle of the garden was the well with its heavily carved stone curb.

Beyond the well lay the flower garden, but the flowers had to do the best they could by themselves, for the sisters never helped them. (The Abbess had a small garden of her own in which grew camellias, but the Sister Veronica hated camellias.)

However, the flowers got on very well by themselves. Later, there would be a tangle of honeysuckle in one corner and lilies-of-the-valley in another. And, if all went well, the rose on the wall would be covered with little yellow blossoms to charm the bees and Sister Veronica. Then there were the violets which never failed the little nun who loved them so.

Sister Veronica was tired to-day, for she had been very ill in the winter and was not yet strong. She had fasted too much and prayed too much on the stone floor of the chapel at all sorts of impossible and pious hours, and had inflammation of the lungs as a result. For three weeks she had lain in her narrow bed (almost as narrow as that dreamless one awaiting each of us), and ached and burned and coughed, and cried because she could not go to the Midnight Mass the night before Christmas.

Sister Maria Monica, the Sister with the crossed eyes, had taken care of her, and now she was better, though weak, and the doctor, who was antiquated enough to bleed her, had at least told her to be in the sun and air as much as possible. She loved the open air, but was half afraid that enjoying it so much was a sin.

This morning she felt much better. The little spikes of pale green grass poking up through the mold, the vivid blue of the sky, the smell of the eternal new life beginning all around—everything was beautiful, and made her very happy. God had meant her to be a simple-minded, nature-loving peasant, but she had carefully taught herself to be an introspective, self-torturing, nervous, Amateur Saint.

A bird began to twitter near by. Sister Veronica straightened up, sat down on her heels, and looked around. There he sat on the brink of the well—a common little brown thing with an inquisitive tail. He couldn't sing, for he had no voice, but he chattered away to Sister Veronica, and asked her if she remembered her old home by the sea, when she was a girl?

"Do you remember your father with his red cap and his brown bare feet? How he used to sing as he drew his boat up with a s-w-i-s-h through the wet sand? And your mother? Do you remember how she used to let you help her wash the clothes in the brook, on the stones? And how you rubbed a hole in your father's best shirt?"

Sister Veronica smiled, and then crossed herself hastily. "Dio, how worldly I am this morning!" she thought, catching up her stick and boring another bean-hole, coughing as she worked.

When all the beans were planted, Sist

Veronica rose and crept down the path, past the well, into the flower garden. She would rest a little before going to chapel. She sat down on the moss-grown stone bench near where the lilies-of-the-valley would soon come, and took up her rosary.

"Ave Maria, . . ." she began, when suddenly her eyes fell on a little purple flower that was standing all alone in the path, without even a leaf to protect it. The rosary dropped. Just such a flower Giuseppe had given her the day he sailed. She had never seen one in all those years. It was just another such day, too: she was walking on the beach with her brother's baby in her arms, when he came. She remembered how the wave-wrinkled sand, with its wreaths of tiny sticks and stones, had sparkled in the sun; she remembered the great flat-bottomed boats turned upside down, the smell of tar, the fishing-nets spread over poles to dry.

"Marianina," Giuseppe said, with something strange in his voice, "when I come back, will you marry me?"

And she buried her face in the moist, fuzzy neck of little Carmelo and did not answer.

"Mi vuoi bene?" he insisted, gently. "You wish me well?"

"Si."

"Then say yes, Madonna mia." He stooped and kissed the baby's fat cheek. "Oh, Marianina, if we should have such a one some day ourselves! Nina—you will marry me when I come back?"

"Si," she said again, looking up at him. Then he kissed her and blessed her.

"God bless you, dear," and she said the same to him. "Dio ti benedica, caro," and he went.

He never came back, because the boat went down off Caprera, with all hands.

. . . .

Ding, ding, ding. It was the Angelus. Sister Veronica slid from the bench to her knees, tears in her eyes.

"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ."

And when the bell ceased ringing she continued to pray. She was praying for forgiveness, for had not her thoughts been sinful?

That night Sister Veronica dreamed a dream. She was sitting by an open window about which blew long tendrils of scarlet-runners. Below her was the sea, and she was watching a fishing-boat with rust-colored sails as it bounded along towards her. And she knew that in the boat was Giuseppe and he was coming home to——them. For on her breast lay a sleeping baby; a brown, round, dimpled thing, with silky rings of hair and a red mouth. It was so warm and soft, and she loved it so much.

Just as the boat reached land the baby awoke and smiled at Marianina (for she was Marianina in the dream), and, with a rush of mother love, which warmed her all over, she stooped to kiss it. But before her lips touched the half-opened mouth—Sister Veronica awoke.

"God forgive me," she cried, feeling for her rosary; "what a wicked woman I am!" She rose hastily, and, lighting her lantern, she crept down the long corridor to the chapel.

Sister Veronica knelt down before the high altar in an agony of repentance, sobbing and praying at once. Could God ever forgive her? She who had been a nun for nearly forty years to dream that she had a husband and baby!

She knelt there until daylight was beginning to sift in through the windows, while the statues and pictures about her looked on with unmoved eyes, some of them even simpering foolishly.

. . . .

That day Sister Veronica did severe penance, eating hardly anything and avoiding the garden as though the devil were awaiting her there in person. And she went to sleep at night with her hard, bony rosary under her cheek, an Ave on her lips.

But she dreamed again of the baby. It was laughing and crowing and dancing so she could hardly hold it. She awoke with her arms folded tight across her breast, and cried when she found them empty. "Bimbo, Bimbo," she murmured. Then, with a little conscience-stricken shriek, she rose and went again to the chapel. The next night it was the same thing, and the next. Probably her intense remorse, the fasting, and the vigils were the cause; but, whatever it was, poor Sister Veronica dreamed every night of the baby that had never been, and she loved it better all the time.

She was in despair. Haggard and wild-eyed she went about, going from her cell to the chapel and then back to her cell, where she did Heaven knows what to subdue her unruly heart. And the worst of it was that she loved her dreams. In the midst of her prayers the feeling—not the thought, for her mind was bent resolutely on her prayer—but the feeling would come to her, "To-night I shall see it again and hold it in my arms."

Verily the devil must have been rubbing his hands together for joy.

And then one day the Archbishop came and said Mass with much splendor in the chapel. It was a beautiful service, with a great deal of gold embroidery and incense, for the Church, though humble in doctrine, is very magnificent in practice.

Poor Sister Veronica, as she knelt, thought of a plan whose audacity half frightened her, but to which she made up her mind, for she must have help, she thought, or she would die. Consciences are like men. When they have had too much artificial stimulation, they sometimes become unruly. So Sister Veronica went to the Abbess, who was the Archbishop's sister, and the Abbess arranged for her a private audience with his Excellency.

Sister knelt and kissed the Archiepiscopal hand, which was finely shaped and beautifully kept. But when his Excellency wished to bless her, she shrank back.

"No, no," she cried, "I am too wicked. I am a sinful woman, Eccellenza."

The shadow of a smile crossed his Excellency's face. He had seen this sort of thing before. So many bad people live their lives through thinking themselves good, that perhaps things are only balanced when some few good people imagine themselves bad.

He waited in silence for a minute, and then asked her what it was that troubled her. And she told him all about it, beginning with the bird on the well-curb.

"I tried, oh, I tried not to think, Eccellenza," she said; "but the sun, and the spring smells, and the sky, and then, Eccellenza, the flower. Just such a flower, and I hadn't seen one for forty years. I'm a miserable creature, not fit to be in this holy house."

"My daughter," said his Excellency, kindly (she was about ten years older than he himself), "you were ill in the winter?"

"Si, Eccellenza."

He paused and looked at her keenly. "I must not tell you that it would be no sin to sit and dream deliberately of things that can never be—that is a sin for those even whom God has not called to a nunnery. But in the spring—ah!" His Excellency sighed. "And you are not well yet, I see. Give me your wrist."

Sister Veronica held out her knobby, big-veined hand, and the prelate put his finger on the pulse. "Ah," he said again. Sister Veronica folded her hands in her sleeves and waited.

"You are still weak, my daughter. It is well to fast, and to mortify the body, but—not too much. And as to the dreams, no one, not even the Holy Father himself, can control his dreams. So, you cough, too?" he broke off.

"Si, Eccellenza, I always cough a little."

"H'm. You must only do your best not to think of these troubling things, and let the dreams take care of themselves. It is no sin for a woman to love children, my daughter, and you are none the less a woman for being a nun."

After a short pause he added: "Now go. I will speak to the Abbess about you, and for the present I dispense you—no vigils, and meat once a day."

Sister Veronica stared, an honest peasant stare. She had come for spiritual advice, and she was given meat. Then suddenly she said, in a timid tone of protest:

"But, Eccellenza, I like meat."

The Archbishop bit his lip. "Tanto meglio," he said; "so much the better. When you are well again, you can stop eating it."

"And you think I will be forgiven? That the good God will pardon me?"

"The good God can pardon a great deal, my daughter, or there would be no world." Then, seeing the puzzled expression on her good old face, he added: "I, as your spiritual adviser, give you absolution for your——" He paused; that shadowy something that would have been a smile had he not been a prelate crossed his face again. Then he added: "For your dreams." Sister Veronica tumbled down on her poor old prayer-worn knees and kissed his ring again. Then he raised his hand and blessed, and as the little black figure disappeared he wiped a tear from his Excellent eye. "And there is so much real sin in the world," he said aloud.

Sister Veronica, after a short visit to the chapel, went out to the garden and sat down on the stone bench. There was a group of little pale-green points at her feet. The lilies-of-the-valley were coming.

"Meat every day," said Sister Veronica. "Thank God."

But she was not thanking God for the meat.

A PREACHER'S STORY OF HIS WORK[1]

BY W. S. RAINSFORD

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City

V.

IT is quite remarkable to my own mind that I have never seen my way to modifying, to any great extent, the plans I formed for the work of a great city parish while in Toronto, quite by myself. It was simply the result of an intensely earnest desire and effort to minister to all sorts and conditions of people as I found them in a city of a hundred thousand people.

I had one great advantage in coming to St. George's—an advantage generally regarded as a disadvantage: I found positively an empty church. There had been an interim of two years without a rector. When Dr. Williams, my predecessor, resigned, he resigned because he felt that it was quite impossible to build the church up; indeed, even to hold it together. When I came, so far as I could make out, there were about twenty families of the old congregation left in the whole church, and there was a considerable floating debt. We did not advertise St. George's; we put no advertisements of any kind in the papers. I began to preach to a very small congregation; and, as I said, I think it was a great advantage to begin in this way instead of having a lot of people around I should have had to fight—people who would be sure to be opposed to the things I wanted to say and do. A certain number of people who were here when I came soon left; they did not like my way. As an usher said, years afterwards, "Those that stayed stood for work, and could stand anything." We did not open the galleries at all for six months after I came. There was none of that—I think often harmful—rush of strangers and curiosity-seekers at the beginning; we grew, comparatively speaking, slowly. I preached very badly the first six months, too; I don't know why; I did not feel as if I had any grip of things for quite a long time. But I think a slow growth is a great advantage. A great many men are broadly advertised before they come; people hear that a great preacher is coming; they crowd and rush at first, but soon melt away. So, for the first year or two, our growth was slow, as our accounts show.

I started out in the beginning to try to reach the people in the neighborhood; I knew they had never been reached before; they never could have been reached with the old pew church system. Great changes had taken place in this part of New York City. Houses that had always been occupied by one family were constantly being given up, and into these houses came four and five and sometimes more families. As long as the houses were occupied by one family, those families naturally sought a pew, and they were likely to seek a pew in the nearest church; when they moved uptown, smaller families with smaller means, people who had been neglected, took their places. That is a point I should like to dwell on; and I have taken every opportunity to present it to the clergy in my own and in other denominations. Since I came to New York, below Twentieth Street, forty churches have moved uptown, and over 300,000 people have moved into that section of the city from which the forty churches have gone. That is the great mistake the Protestant churches have made: they are all alike—Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists—their whole idea of church relation is based on the family that can live in a twenty-foot house. As soon as that social unit moves away from them,

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they are lost. The Church ought to be able to fit herself to new conditions. She is like a fisherman accustomed to earn his bread at catching herrings; presently the run of herrings goes away from that section of the sea; in their place come a tremendous run of smelts. If the fisherman could change his net, he would be a richer man than before, because smelts are better fish; but he starves because he cannot change the size of the meshes. That is putting it very simply; that is about the idiotic policy that the Protestant Church has followed. Follow the churches from the Battery up. They can minister fairly well to the family; they know, by tradition received from their fathers, how to do that; but when that element departs, they get frightened and run after it. That is precisely the situation; but the churches do not recognize it.[1]

"How do you get on?" they often ask.

By altering the machinery to the needs of the people.

It is wonderfully simple; and yet it did not seem to occur to anybody before. If the Church cannot fit itself to so moderate a change—a change wrought in the evolution of a great city—is that not a most tremendous criticism on the lack of life, development, and adaptability in the Church?

That was the problem with which I was confronted. Here was a church which, in the sixties, had been immensely successful. After 1865 it began slowly to fall off. I found a big church; empty, expensive to run, very costly to heat, most inadapted to my work in many ways, surrounded by a denser population than in its palmier days, and yet incapable of reaching that population, except through the Sunday-school; and the gulf between the congregation and the Sunday-school was a great one. How to cross the gulf between the Sunday-school and St. George's broad aisle-line of pews was a question to be solved; and it was solved; otherwise my work would have been impossible.

I took the stand, first of all (and I am more firmly convinced of this to-day than ever before), that in order to reach the people of a great city the church must be absolutely free and open. You cannot successfully preach one kind of Gospel in the pulpit if you do not practice it in the pews. I don't care how liberal you may be, or how hospitable; the Church of God is not the place to exercise mere hospitality. Every man seeking his Father has a *right* there. The thing is to open your heart and hand to every man because he is a child of God and has a right to hear of his Father; the Church was built for that purpose; it is futile for her to repeat the Gospel of freedom and practice something else. If people ask the cause of my success, so far as I know, that was one of the main things—I recognized that point; and the Church in her attitude towards the mass of people is wrong to-day—wrong, wrong, wrong. People say I'm a crank on the free church. Well, perhaps I am; but then I propose to live and die a crank. They say, "You get a lot of bums in a free church." All right; "bums"—or, I might say, religious rounders—want religion, and when one of them is converted and feels that the Church needs him, and needs what he can do, he becomes a grand working man. There is no other way to reach the middle-class people and working people than by the free church; and they make the best workers; they are not unsettled by the social engagements of an inefficient life, as are the rich; they will stand by you, work for you and with you; give you three evenings in the week and stick to it. There should be at least one place beside the grave that men have in common—the Church of God.

I think it is wrong to charge admission to any church. The Roman Catholic Church can occasionally do that because, traditionally, for so many years she has been right in her application of the free church to the people. She has established a tradition by long years of self-denying effort, persuading the people that she is working for the people, and that enables her to charge admission now. The priests go to the poor as quickly as to the rich; and now, when she puts a tax of twenty-five cents for admission, people pay it. On the other hand, her doors are always open. I can go to the Cathedral at any time, on any day, and find a place to kneel. I went one day into St. Patrick's and found there four of the clergymen who had come to my anniversary. A Protestant church cannot charge admission, because it does not fit with Protestant traditions. But I would a great deal rather make a man pay twenty-five cents to get in a church than say, "I own a piece of real estate in the floor of such and such a church, and therefore I can go in."

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[1] In this condemnation of the movement of Protestant churches north in New York, I do not wish to be understood as denying the reasonableness of, nay, the needfulness of, the departure of some churches. There are localities on the East Side, once Protestant, now entirely Jewish or Italian. The Roman Catholic Church alone can at present care for the Italians.

In St. George's Church some of the pews were owned in fee simple, by as good a title as that of real estate or a house. This idea of proprietorship in the church is all wrong. The pews were nearly all surrendered after I came, but one or two we could not buy; they are still owned; but we don't pay any attention to them; we fill the church right up, and do not keep any places; we never turn people away when there is a seat. Some owners objected at first, but they gradually dropped out; the spirit of the church was too much for them.

One of the first means I adopted in trying to reach the people of the immediate neighborhood was to start a mission on Avenue A. I hired a room at five dollars a night behind a saloon on Avenue A; and there I went, with one layman. We had printed a circular saying that a Sunday-school would be opened for boys at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon. We had boys alone at first. I went to the room with one layman, and found perhaps seventy-five or eighty boys, ranging in age from ten to sixteen. This was all the result of a placard; I had done no personal work at all. I walked in, and one of the first things I saw was that the boys had ranged themselves like a wedge, and before I could say a word I was knocked flat on the floor—full length—and for a while we had a pretty rough time, until we had cleaned out about twenty of the worst of them. We did the best we could with the boys that remained. When we got ready to go, my friend went out a little ahead of me, and when I got out, I found him astride the gutter, with two boys between his legs, defending himself from two more. I never called a policeman; though at first things of that kind happened. I remember one man in particular—a big, strong fellow. He came in and sat down in the Sunday-school (by this time I had some of the very best teachers I could find working there, and I always put the best workers I had there), and began to talk in a way that a man should not talk to a lady. He was a little drunk. I saw the lady's face flush; I walked over, and told him to get out. He would not move. I said:

"We are here to help you people; we are paid nothing for it; now, you are enough of a man to respect a lady; why do you sit here and make it impossible for her to teach these boys?"

He swore at me and would not get out.

"You don't want me to call a policeman, do you? Go out quietly."

He jumped to his feet, and I saw I was in for a row. He was as big a man as I am. I did not call a policeman, but I hit him harder than I ever hit a man in my life, and knocked him down. Then I stood over him and said:

"Have you had enough?"

He said, "Yes."

"All right," I answered; "now get out." And he went.

About three weeks after that, we got into a scrimmage outside the Sunday-school room with some toughs, and, to my horror, I saw, elbowing his way through the crowd, this same burly fellow, and I began to feel that, between him and the others, I would be killed, when, to my astonishment, he walked up to the ringleader and said:

"The Doctor an' me can clean out this saloon; you get out."

But all that sort of thing soon passed away. We carried on meetings every night for six or seven years in Avenue A. The work we did there would be characterized as entirely Gospel preaching. We had men from the McAuley Mission constantly taking charge of the services. Every single night for six or seven years we had Gospel preaching there. We had experience meetings, we had evening prayer-meetings—sometimes lasting all night. I allowed all my associates the widest liberty, even when my own convictions did not permit me to approve entirely of their methods. Dr. Wilson was with me then; he was chief among my associates; he had come to me from Canada. He had been a stiff churchman. While in Canada he had been stimulated and helped, and his own life had been greatly quickened, by the Salvation Army; he believed in those methods and practiced them, and I did not feel like doing anything to hinder him, although I became thoroughly convinced that such work did not pay, that time and energy were wasted. I should not like to say that no good came from those meetings, but I do say that little good came from them. Far more good, in my judgment, would have resulted from one well-conducted Bible class led by a capable, godly man or woman among boys and girls than came out of six nights a week preaching of the Gospel in that way in Avenue A. That is, so far as I can judge. Never was a more persistent, painstaking effort made to apply what is called old-fashioned Gospel preaching to the community than we made for six years on distinctly Salvation Army lines; and I satisfied myself that the testimonies and all the rest were mostly trumped up. The effect was bad. It was absolutely necessary to start the children's work. The only lasting good that came from the work was that we gathered the young people together; the older people who came to the Gospel meetings spread to other Gospel meetings, and are probably giving the same testimonies to-day. Here and there good is done by such methods; here and there a man is reformed; but men can be reformed in the church if she is only big enough and wide enough, and will push open her doors. I do not want to appear as condemning this style of work; I merely say that I found other work more profitable. I preached on the streets, often; my laymen—solid, capable, first-rate men—preached on the streets again and again; we worked for six years, and there was nothing to show for it worth speaking of.

The times had changed since I had done my work in Norwich, England. The conditions were different. I am sure the methods I employed there would not succeed to-day. I could not do that sort of thing now; I could no more do it than I could put a butterfly back into the chrysalis. That method would not succeed anywhere to-day; the men I stood alongside of years ago, if they are preaching that way now, are preaching to diminished audiences—there is no question about that. Another illustration of the fisherman who would not change his net to the fish. They had a message that appealed to a decade, but that decade has changed; it lies behind us; people want the Gospel, but not in that way. That is my profound conviction; and I believe that I have had probably a larger experience in that line than any other clergyman in our Church. I do not think I could gain the ear of the people here to-day using the means I employed in Norwich years ago—I do not know anybody who does; I do know I can get the ear of people by using the means I do use. I have often stopped and listened to a street preacher; and while I honor their devotion and take off my hat to their Christian character, I have never heard one with a message likely to meet the needs of all sorts of men as they pass on the street. It seems to me they have mistaken the spirit of the time. Some people think I am reacting too far; I cannot help it; I am working on the lines that seem to me right.

For several years we had very delightful work in the Mission among the young. The ladies' work among the mothers of the neighborhood was excellent; and when we found we had sufficient hold there, and our new building was ready, I gave up Avenue A and drifted the people up here. When I first came, there was no building, only a little old-fashioned chapel seating about four hundred children, where Sunday-school had been carried on. We did not have much difficulty in getting the people to change and come up here; although at first it was a little hard to get the adults—the very poor men and women. But I have already said that the chief result of our work on the East Side here in New York was that we got hold of the young. I emphasize that, because my experience leads me to feel strongly that the way to reach a neighborhood is to reach the children. I do not think a man's ministry in a district begins to tell until the end of ten years; that is, until the children he has taken hold of as little fellows begin to reach young manhood and womanhood. So, if I were asked how to reach a neighborhood, I should say, "Get hold of the young—the children." I was talking the other day with some gentlemen about the extraordinarily unique opportunity afforded by the development of the city on the north; and some one asked, "How would you manage it?" I said, "I would take six stables, or rent space above stables, pick out half a dozen godly, able, capable young men, give them $1,500 a year, and tell them to start Sunday-schools in those stables." I would pick out places where the population was coming in; I would go where real estate people thought property was likely to advance; and in ten years I believe that half of those Sunday-schools would have developed into big churches. I know I could do it myself; I know I could pick out men to do it. That is my idea of how churches ought to be started in a great city. Of course New York offers a unique opportunity; an opportunity which our Church (I will not criticise other Churches) is not taking—or taking very imperfectly.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Bee and Other Essays (The). By Oliver Goldsmith. (Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Company, New York. 4×6 in. 281 pages.

Belle-Nivernaise (La). By Alphonse Daudet. By Frank W. Freeborn. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×6¾ in. 68 pages. 25c. (Postage, 5c.)

Bishop (The). By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 301 pages. $1.50.

Stories partly fictitious, partly from real life. They tell strange experiences in the professional life of a Bishop in the Far West, who in some ways resembles the late Bishop Whipple, especially in that he gets close to the life of rough men and is beloved by them. The tales are decidedly uneven in force and probability, but taken together they make a lively, vivacious, and entertaining volume.

Botticelli. By A. Streeter. (The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 167 pages. $1.75.

Reserved for later notice.

Charlotte Mary Yonge: Her Life and Letters. By Christabel Coleridge. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 391 pages.

An adequate and generally readable account of the life of the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," of the really better if not more famous books, "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest" and "The Daisy Chain," and of a long list of stories and other writings which were a distinct influence for character and truth upon the generation for which they were written. An uncompleted autobiography has many quaint glimpses of English life in the early years of Miss Yonge's long and useful life. There are also many letters, which have the rare quality of being natural as well as gently humorous and observant. Altogether this is a pleasant record of a sweet and gracious personality.

Child's Religious Life (The): A Study of the Child's Religious Nature and the Best Methods for its Training and Development. By Rev. William George Koons, A.M., B.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×7½ in. 270 pages. $1.

This is a book neither of mere theory on the one hand nor of mere precepts on the other. It is rather a statement of principles in relation to the practical effort of training the religious side of children's nature. There is no argument to prove the existence of the religious nature; no attempt to explain or analyze it. The existence of instinctive and acquired spiritual traits is assumed; just as in a medical work the existence of the body is assumed. In one sense, therefore, this is not a book of psychology. It, however, uses the results of psychology in determining what is really efficient religious education and what is not. Here, for instance, are some of the subjects considered: the child not a miniature adult; how to destroy the religious instinct; child sympathy for others; the motor side of religious training. Subjects like these are grouped under three main divisions: the child's religious nature; its formation; and methods of training. Men like William James, G. Stanley Hall, and G. A. Coe are frequently quoted. Every church ought to have a library of books designed for the use of teachers in the Sunday-school. This book might well find a place in any collection of that sort, as well as in the home.

Colomba. By Prosper Mérimée. Edited by Albert Schinz, Ph.D. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×6¾ in. 50c. (Postage, 5c.)

Contrasts. By Florence Henniker. John Lane, New York. 5×8 in. 292 pages.

Short stories of English life; some are vivid and appealing to the sympathies; others are feeble and machine-made.

Correspondence of the Colonial Governors of Rhode Island, 1723–1775. Edited by Gertrude Selwyn Kimball. In 2 vols. Vol. II. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 498 pages. $5, net.

Dawn of the New Era (The). By Abbie Daniels Mason. The James H. West Co., Boston. 4¾×7 in. 140 pages. 75c.

Diary and Letters of Wilhelm Müller. Edited by Philip Schuyler Allen and James Taft Hatfield. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5¼×8 in. 201 pages.

This charming book contains excerpts from the diary and letters of Max Müller's father. Three years ago the great Indian philologist discovered among his mother's papers the diary and letters; but he himself passed away before the fragments could be published. They afford a glimpse into the life of a notable German poet and into the German society (particularly the literary society) of the early part of this century—a time of great significance for the future of the Fatherland.

Elementary Studies in Insect Life. By Samuel J. Hunter, A.M. Illustrated. Crane & Co., Topeka. 5×8 in. 344 pages. $1.25.

Elizabeth's Children. John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 364 pages. $1.50.

One is prejudiced against this book at the outset by the very peculiar announcement on the cover. If this involved statement is not intended to lead the reader to suppose that the author of the book is the author of "Elizabeth's Visits" (now known to be Elinor Gwyn), or at least to suppose that this may or might be the authorship, one does not know what it does mean. A reading of the book does not dispel this prejudice. It is forcedly facetious and abounds in trying baby dialect and slang.

Faithful Unto Death: A Word of Admonition to the Confirmed Youth of the Evangelical Church. By the Rev. J. H. Horstmann. The Eden Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. 4×6 in. 112 pages.

First Makers of England: Julius Cæsar, King Alfred the Great. By Lady Magnus. (Dutton's Home and School Library.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 136 pages. 60c., net.

Gentleman from Everywhere (The). By James Henry Foss. Illustrated. Published by the Author, 22 Claremont Park, Boston. 5¼×8 in. 318 pages.

Handbook of Climatology. By Julius Hann. Translated by Robert De Courcy Ward. Part I. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 437 pages. $3, net.

Helps to the Holy Communion. From the Writings of Phillips Brooks. Compiled by Caroline A. Derby. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 3×4¾ in. 106 pages. 50c., net.

A very helpful little book, in which the office of the Communion in the Prayer-Book is supplemented by meditations taken from the writings of Phillips Brooks.

Hermann and Dorothea. By Johann Wolfgang Goethe. Edited by Arthur H. Palmer. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 202 pages. 50c.

Heroes of the Norselands: Their Stories Retold by Katharine F. Boult. Illustrations. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Company, New York. 4×6 in. 211 pages.

House on the Hudson (The). By Frances Powell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 416 pages.

Somewhat overwrought and long drawn out.

Introduction to the History of Western Europe (An). By James Harvey Robinson. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 714 pages.

A cursory examination of this book shows that in arrangement and division of subjects, as well as in typographical appearance and illustration, the volume is attractive and admirably adapted for reference use. A closer examination shows also that it is written in a readable style, and that Professor Robinson has been unusually successful in combining the merit of concise historical statement with that of an easy, readable style. In its essence the book is rather a history of the development of European culture, as the author hints in his preface, than a point-to-point history of political and military events. For this reason, and because the book deals with the personal and anecdotal side of history, it is calculated to entertain in a dignified way as well as to instruct.

Keys of the Kingdom and Other Sermons (The). By R. J. Campbell, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 121 pages.

Kindergarten Building Gifts (The). By Elizabeth Harrison and Belle Woodsen. Illustrated. The Sigma Publishing Co., St. Louis. 5×8 in. 226 pages.

Light in Dark Places: A Spiritual Imagination. By Newman Smyth. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 26 pages. 30c. (Postage, 5c.)

Literary Landmarks of Oxford. By Laurence Hutton. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 274 pages. $1.20, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Living for the Best. By James G. K. McClure. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 175 pages. 60c., net.

Loves Labour's Lost. By William Shakespeare. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. (First Folio Edition.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 265 pages. 50c., net.

The second volume in the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare commented upon at length in these columns some time ago. The characteristic feature of this edition, as readers of The Outlook will remember, is its use of the text of the First Folio. This volume, dealing with one of the most difficult of the Shakespearean plays, supplies the reader with all possible information relating to the play, its text, its sources, and its relation to its time. This information is conveyed in a preface and introduction, a glossary, variorum readings, and a series of very full notes.

Manual for Christian Instruction (A). By Wilson R. Buxton. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 4½×7 in. 98 pages.

Memorial Collection of Sermons. By Edwards A. Park, D.D., LL.D. Compiled by his Daughter. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 6×9½ in. 321 pages. $1.50, net.

Those who were personally acquainted with Dr. Park and those who are interested in the historical development of New England theology will find this volume especially valuable, for it contains sermons that are characteristic of Dr. Park and representative of his thought. Some of the most suggestive matter in the book is to be found in the appendix, consisting of notes on four of the sermons.

Modern Secret Societies. By Charles A. Blanchard, D.D. The National Christian Association, Chicago. 4×6 in. 310 pages. 75c.

More Bible Stories Without Names. By Rev. Harry Smith, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7 in. 168 pages. 75c.

More Letters of Charles Darwin: A Record of His Work in a Series of Hitherto Unpublished Letters. Edited by Francis Darwin and A. C. Seward. In 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. $5, net. (Postage additional.)

Reserved for later notice.

New International Encyclopedia (The). Edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Vol. VIII. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 7×10 in. 955 pages.

Notes from Nature's Lyre. By Howard Beck Reed. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 339 pages. $1.50.

Overtones: A Book of Verse. By Joseph Cook. The Knickerbocker Press, New York. 5½×8 in. 184 pages.

Pathway to Reality (The): Being the Gifford Lectures Delivered in the University of St. Andrews in the Session 1902–1903. By Rt. Hon. Richard Burdon Haldane, M.P., LL.D., K.C. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 316 pages. $3, net.

Dr. Haldane had no easy task in following such lecturers as Professors Royce and James. Their work, and that of their colleague, Professor Münsterberg, has suggested to him that the next great advance in speculative thought may be made on this side of the Atlantic. His great masters are Aristotle and Hegel, the former of whom was first truly interpreted by the latter. For himself he essays to interpret Hegel's fundamental principles and clear them of misconceptions. In the first place he considers at length the nature of Reality; subsequently to this comes an extended criticism of the Categories, or fundamental forms of thought employed by the sciences. The general character of the discussions is expository and critical, and, accordingly, cannot well be summarized here. The Aristotelo-Hegelian doctrine, that the real is the individual, defended and illustrated so elaborately in Professor Royce's work, " The World and the Individual," receives strong emphasis; likewise the doctrine that it is not in causes but in purposed ends that the explanation of phenomena is to be sought, and reality found in its varying degrees. In other words, the Cosmos, as a manifestation of mind and a revelation of purpose, can only teleologically be explained.

Phillips Brooks: As His Friends Knew Him. From " The Congregationalist." Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 10×8 in. 91 pages. 75c.

Plato's Republic. By Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D. (Dutton's Home and School Library.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 184 pages. 60c., net.

Poems. By Marie Van Vorst. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 122 pages. $2.50, net.

Poems and Verses. By Carl Norton. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 33 pages. $1.

Poland: A Study of the Land, People, and Literature. By George Brandes. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. 310 pages. $3, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Yellowplush Papers. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7 in. 456 pages. $1.

Quaint Family of Three (The). By Duncan McRa. The Tribune Company Print, Charlestown, W. Va. 5×7¼ in. 71 pages. 35c.

Ronald Carnaquay: A Commercial Clergyman. By Bradley Gilman. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 374 pages. $1.50.

The interest of this story comes, not from its plot or its literary quality—although it is of at least average merit in both respects—but from the novelty of its subject. This is what may be called the inside history of a church. The "commercial clergyman" is a popular and eloquent preacher who takes hold of a struggling church, builds it up materially, caters to every one's tastes, seeks to please every one, and in the end makes out of a struggling but spiritually-minded congregation an ambitious, extravagant, ostentatious people. The book is full of sharp hits on typical church characters, such as the woman who tries to run everything, the trustee who makes an advertisement for his business out of his church work, the faithful drudge who is clerk of every committee and stays up nights writing up reports, the critics and carpers on doctrinal points, and so on and so on. Probably almost every one who reads the book will constantly be inclined to fit the different characters on actual persons. As a contrast to the "commercial clergyman "—but, it must be admitted, less interesting—is the faithful, industrious, spiritual minister who in the end finds his reward, not in any flattery and praise, but in actual accomplishment.

Siege of York (The): A Story of the Days of Thomas Lord Fairfax. By Beatrice Marshall. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 318 pages. $1.50.

A historical romance dating back to the struggle between Cavaliers and Roundheads, given in autobiographical form, the narrator being the heroine, a Royalist maiden whose lover is a Roundhead. " The great Lord Fairfax," Charles I., Prince Rupert, and other famous personages figure in the story; the illustrations as well as the word pictures of York in the seventeenth century and of society as it was then are of interest.

Some Useful Animals and What They Do for Us. By John Monteith, M.A., and Caroline Monteith. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 232 pages. 50c.

Studies in the Apostolic Church: A Year's Course of Thirty-five Lessons, Providing a Daily Scheme for Personal Study. Adapted also to Class-Work. By Charles Herbert Morgan, Thomas Eddy Taylor, S. Earl Taylor. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati.

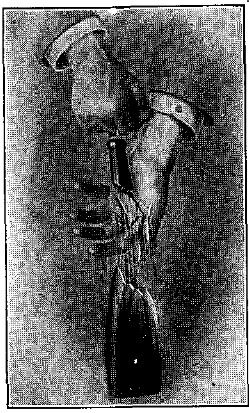
This manual is very well planned for its purpose—a thorough study of the progress of Christianity during the first century, as exhibited consecutively in the Acts of the Apostles and their writings. It is rather more thorough for the practical Christian purpose in view than for a scholarly purpose. Its bibliography of useful reference-books has some significant omissions; and variations from traditional opinions, even when most strongly supported, *e. g.*, as to the authorship of the Pastoral Epistles, are not even mentioned. This does not seem really wise, and is the more regrettable, so good is the book in other respects.

Until Seventy Times Seven. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7¼ in. 180 pages. $1.

Verses. By Bertha Gerneaux Woods. The Neale Publishing Co., Washington, D. C. 5×8 in. 120 pages.

Whence Cometh Help: An Aid to Home and Individual Devotions. Prepared by John Wright Buckham. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 4¼×7½ in. 65 pages.

Written in Florence: The Last Verses of Hugh McCulloch. J. M. Dent & Co., London. 5½×7½ in. 107 pages.



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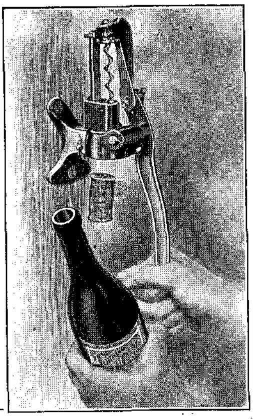

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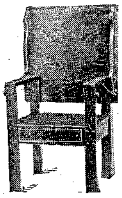

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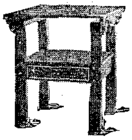

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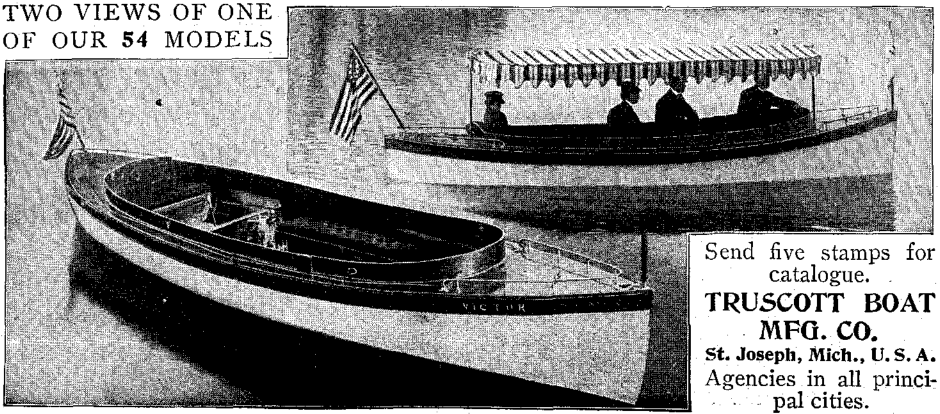

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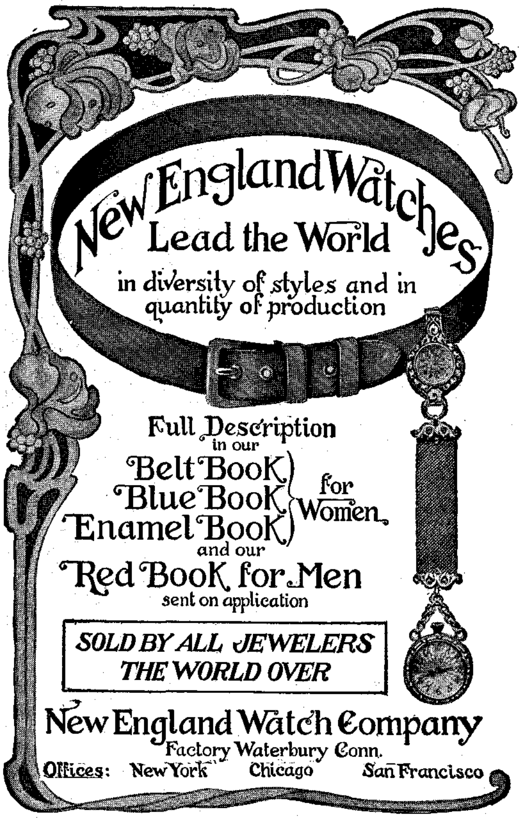

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Ninety-Ninth Semi-Annual Statement, January, 1903

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

Cash in Banks	$ 427,046 49
Special Deposits in Trust Companies	545,527 84
Real Estate	1,593,892 06
United States Bonds	2,040,000 00
State and City Bonds	2,869,000 00
Railroad Bonds	1,375,430 00
Water and Gas Bonds and Stocks	519,000 00
Railroad Stocks	6,174,550 00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks	456,250 00
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate	112,750 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents	985,872 94
Interest due and accrued on 1st January, 1903	9,315 79
	$17,108,635 12

LIABILITIES:

Cash Capital	$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund	5,986,873 00
Unpaid Losses	757,114 48
Unpaid Re-Insurance, and other claims	853,608 95
Reserve for Taxes	75,000 00
Net Surplus	6,436,038 69
	$17,108,635 12
Surplus as regards policy holders	$9,436,038 69

John H. Washburn, President; Elbridge G. Snow, Vice-Pres.; Frederic C. Buswell, 2d Vice-Pres; Emanuel H. A. Correa, 3d Vice-Pres.; Areunah M. Burtis, Secretary; William H. Cheney, Secretary; Henry J. Ferris, Assistant Secretary.

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